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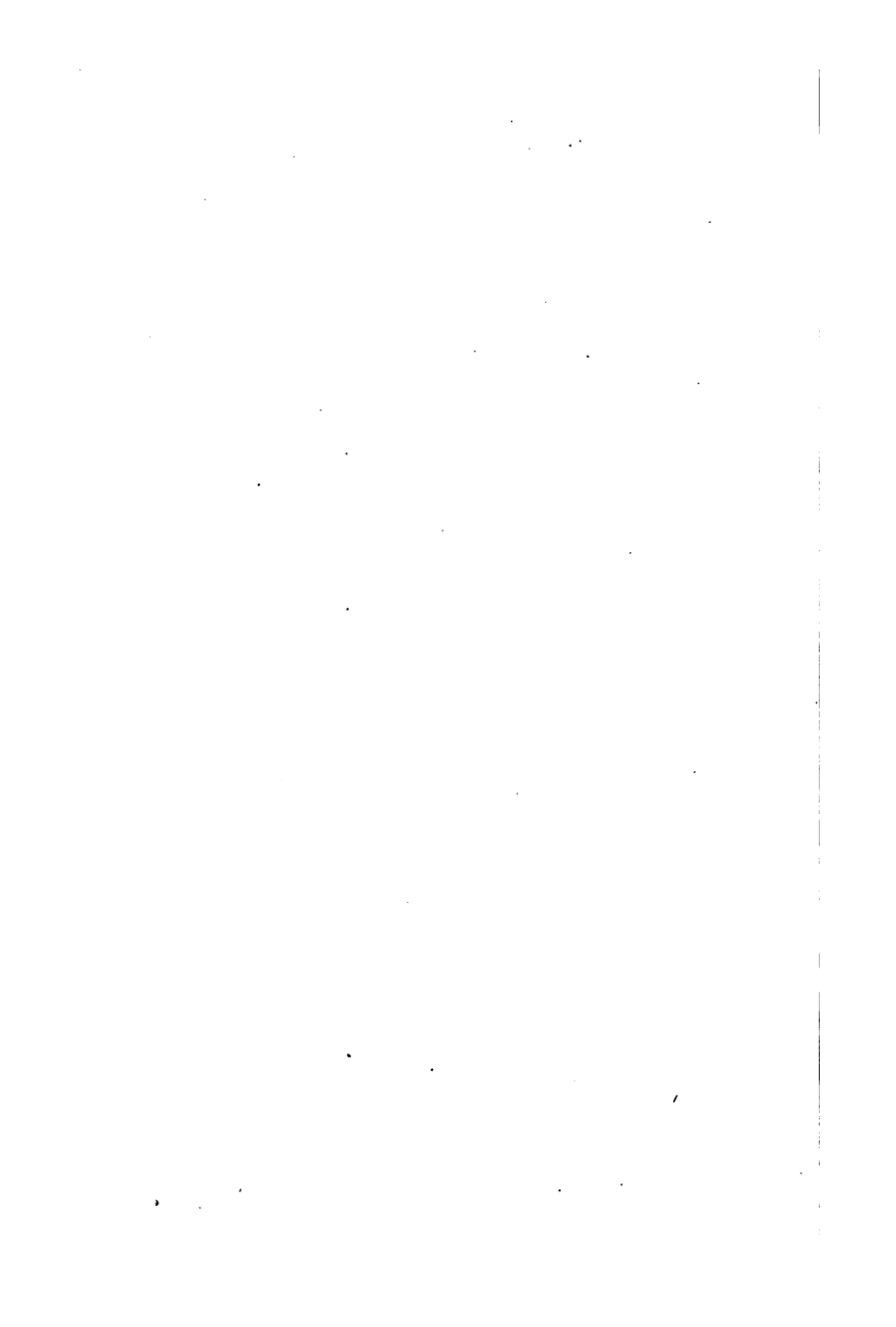
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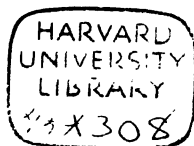
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Her Majesty's Government.

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THE EARL OF DERBY,

First Lord of the Treasury.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

ATTAINING power for a second time towards the close of February, 1858, Lord Derby, at the period of his re-accession to office as First Minister of the Crown, naturally assumed, by right of that position, the foremost place among his contemporaries. It happened, however, oddly enough, that about the same time the new Premier was otherwise brought rather conspicuously under the notice of his fellow-countrymen. It so chanced, of course, by the merest coincidence, by a purely accidental combination of circumstances—yet the incidents somehow occurring together so very opportunely, concentrated the public gaze for awhile in a most unusual manner upon this one prominent individuality.

As a statesman, his rank has been such for a considerable number of years past, that his sovereign has five times selected him—twice effectually—to be the chief of her constitutional government.

Early in 1858, however, Lord Derby—at the moment when power came anew within his grasp—found himself, in a manner, pre-eminently placed, socially as well as politically, among the national sports of the field, no less than among the imperial toils of the administration. His cabinet being constructed during the interval which elapsed between the death of Bertram Arthur, seventeenth earl of Shrewsbury, and the recognition of the validity of the title of Henry John Chetwynd, third Earl Talbot, claiming, as his collateral successor, to be eighteenth earl of Shrewsbury, the Premier of England was also (until those claims were allowed) Premier Earl of England, by simple right of the order of precedence. His hand, moreover, had scarcely closed once

more upon the reins of government, when he seemed to hold no less securely in his possession the guarantee of proving at length the winner of the highest prize in the Olympic games of Englishmen.

It was altogether a conjunction of events so curious and even whimsical of its kind, that sporting men, unknown to have ever fingered a page of *Hansard*, found themselves abruptly becoming politicians; while politicians, who never before had an eye for the turf, began to look askance day after day with lively interest at the varying quotation of the odds at Tattersall's. Lord Derby's name was not only audible continually at the Clubs, it resounded during many weeks together as a word of momentary utterance at the Corner. Nay, as the critical 19th of May approached, the First Lord of the Treasury became in a great measure subordinate to the owner of *Toxophilite*. And, what has of late years become sufficiently noteworthy to be particularized as by no means a mere matter of course, the favourite in this instance continued to be the favourite up to the last moment of starting,—up to the last frenzied babel of the ring,—till the breathless cry, "They're off!"—till even the tail of the ruck had passed Tattenham Corner, and Beadsman had shot ahead when within a few strides of the chair, amidst an universal buzz of astonishment. Lord Derby winning the Derby—the investiture of the true-blue Premier with "the blue ribbon of the turf"—was, up to that instant, matter of pretty general anticipation. It is doubtful even now whether the majority of the non-sporting and non-political world were not really somewhat chagrined by the unexpected eclipse of the glory of *Toxophilite*. Since that event, however, the noble earl has signalized in a somewhat unusual manner his own high estimate, at once of his political security and of his all-absorbing responsibilities as head of the new Government. The sale of his stud on Saturday, the 18th of September, intimated his total withdrawal from the turf, or, at any rate, temporary retirement.

Precisely the very man, therefore, who has the reputation

of most scorning the more vulgar evidences of popularity—the *digito monstrari*—was the very man towards whom every finger was pointed, at that period of anxious solicitude, when he was a fifth time invited, and a second time consented, to organize a new administration. Already, six years previously, Lord Derby had evidenced his ability to preside over the destinies of the British government. His capacities as a statesman he had signalized during twice six years, by guiding the councils and marshalling the ranks of his party, as its honoured and authoritative chief, both in office and opposition. His intellectual repute, combined with his great social *status*, had led, moreover, in another direction, to his being unanimously chosen to preside over the most ancient seat of learning in the land—his own *alma mater*, the University of Oxford: at the head of which venerable institution his name has been now during five years past enrolled as Chancellor.

As an orator, his reputation stands almost (in some particulars altogether) unrivalled among his contemporaries: far beyond which, however, it should be added that he has perhaps never in all the past had any superior among the most gifted debaters in parliament. In many of the subtler devices of oratory he has long been recognized as an exquisite proficient; while to an acquired but perfected mastery of that art of arts, he has brought those manifold natural endowments which are so essential to complete the influence, the charm, the glamour of the accomplished rhetorician. And what more admirable intellectually than qualities like these?—"Quid subtilius, quam acutæ crebræque sententiæ? Quid admirabilius, quam res splendore illustrata verborum?"* Not that his diction is ever ornate, being at all times, indeed, superb in its graceful simplicity; but that in the very terseness and lucidity of his "silver style" there are witcheries of sound far beyond the reach of mere verbal adornment. His language, in truth, is always as devoid of ornament as it is replete with a nameless and irresistible fascination. It is to

* Cicero, De Oratore, ii. 84.

the manly purity and strength of his Saxon English that he owes much of his extraordinary power in discussion—the vital force of one surpassed by few as an orator, by none as a debater.

The Derby ministry sits nowadays, in 1858, as formerly in 1852, thirteen at the council-board: consisting, as it has done upon both occasions, of the very number not usually regarded as auspicious. It was agreeably observable, however, upon its first construction, six years ago, that out of those thirteen members of the cabinet, there were actually not two who could claim kindred with each other,—a wonderful consideration, remembering the snug Family Parties gathered together under the form of successive Whig administrations! Recollecting, for example, that out of the two latest specimens the nation has had of Whig cabinets, each extending to the full complement of fifteen,—ten under the Palmerston rule were distinctly related to one another, and eleven under Lord John Russell's peculiarly touching and affectionate organization of government. Bearing these melancholy truths in mind, it is really pleasant to revive the memory of that unusual fact—namely, that the first ministry of Lord Derby included within it no two members in any way connected one with another by the familiar bonds of relationship. As with the first, so with the second Derby cabinet—saving and excepting the one notable instance of the eldest son of the Prime Minister: an obviously exceptional instance in every particular, seeing that Lord Stanley has for a considerable time past been eagerly sought as a ministerial colleague, on all sides, and by all parties—the last of these preceding lures to office having been proffered to the gifted offspring of the now First Lord of the Treasury, by his immediate predecessor, the noble viscount at the head of the late administration. The nomination of Lord Stanley, therefore, to a seat in his father's cabinet is no evidence of the Prime Minister's even momentary toleration of Nepotism—it is rather the result of a happy Necessity. We may reiterate, indeed, in allusion to the second Derby cabinet,

what has been already remarked in respect to the first—that its members trace their origin to no common genealogy: their houses are neither related by blood, nor connected by marriage. Six out of these thirteen ministers of state are not members of the hereditary aristocracy; another, a seventh—giving the balance to an equal division of the cabinet between peers and commoners—entered the House of Lords only, as we have seen in the instance of the Chancellor, at the date of the original formation of the government.

The Right Honourable Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, was born on the 29th of March, 1799, in the ancestral home of his family, at Knowsley Park, near Prescot, in the county palatine of Lancaster. His father, Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby, K.G., popularly known during the greater portion of his lifetime as Lord Stanley, was (unlike his more distinguished son) in politics a thorough-going Whig, but (in this more like his filial successor) in personal habits a lover of manly sports and rural pastimes.

The heir to the ancient earldom of Derby, and future Prime Minister of England, was educated in the first instance at Eton College, and was thence removed to Christchurch, Oxford, where, as George Canning and the Marquess of Wellesley had done before him, he signalized his success in scholarship by the elegance of his Latin versification. Insomuch so, that, at the Commemoration in 1819, while still a minor, he obtained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, reading his poem,* according to custom, from the rostrum of the Sheldonian theatre, the very building which was to witness, thirty-four years afterwards, his own stately installation as Chancellor. The incident of his writing thus early this prize poem, the subject of which was Syracuse, we remember, indeed, to have been thus gracefully reverted to upon the latter occasion, in the Latin ode delivered before the noble earl, on Tuesday, the 7th

*Syracuse: a Poem. By the Hon. E. G. S. Stanley. Oxford, 1819.

of June, 1853, as he sat there, in the old theatre, in his robes, as Chancellor of the University :—

Te fronde cinctum tempora Delphicâ,
Inter catervas laude faventium,
Testes Syracusæ beatam
Carminis abripuisse palmam.

Eminently successful, and even distinguished, though his academical career had been otherwise, Lord Derby, then, of course, the Hon. Edward Stanley, nevertheless quitted the university, strange to tell, without taking his degree as B.A. It has been conjectured, in explanation of this circumstance, that, with a haughty reserve, in every way characteristic, he abstained altogether from entering his name for examination, because uncertain at the moment of eclipsing *all* competitors; the "first place," according to his ambitious view, being alone worth the toil of acquisition.

Immediately upon attaining his majority, namely, in 1821, Mr. Stanley entered the House of Commons as member for Stockbridge, an insignificant borough, since then judiciously disfranchised. His maiden speech, however, was not delivered until three years afterwards; when, upon Tuesday, the 30th of March, 1824, the Manchester Gas-light Bill came under the consideration of the popular branch of the legislature. In reference to the debate upon this question, it is recorded, upon the eleventh page of the eleventh volume of *Hansard*, that Mr. Stanley, addressing the House for the first time, opposed the motion of the hon. member for Sussex (Mr. Curteis) "in a maiden speech of much clearness and ability." The success achieved, indeed, was so far unmis- takable that it elicited the instant yet elaborated encomium of a master of oratory, no less authoritative as a parliamentary critic than Sir James Mackintosh. Another and more studied display of his rhetorical powers the hon. member for Stock- bridge gave not long afterwards during the same session; the subject under discussion being connected with the complex problem involved in the maintenance and organization of the

Irish church establishment. The young patrician's science as a debater appeared to be intuitive. It has since then, indeed, been sagaciously remarked by Lord Macaulay, when speaking of the Earl of Derby's knowledge of that profound science of parliamentary defence and attack, that it resembles rather an instinct than an acquisition; and that he alone, among all our great senatorial reputations, seems to have made himself, upon the instant as it were, master of his art, instead of effecting this—as in other instances—slowly, and “at the expense of his audience.” Triumphant though the noble earl's career as an orator unquestionably was, however, during the chief portion of his twenty years' continuance in the House of Commons, his true arena has proved beyond a doubt that “other place,” so often mysteriously and awfully mentioned as such among the popular representatives. Hence has it been sung of him by one of his appreciative colleagues in the epic upon our English Charlemagne,—

“How like the vigour of a Celtic stream
Comes Lolod's rush of manly sense along,
Fresh with the sparkles of a healthful beam,
And quick with impulse, like a poet's song.
*How listening crowds that knightly voice delights—
If from those crowds are banish'd all but knights!*”

While scarcely yet in the first flush of the early dawnings of his parliamentary reputation, Mr. Stanley married, on the 31st of May, 1825, the Hon. Emma Caroline Wilbraham second daughter of Edward, first Baron Skelmersdale: the offspring of this union being, besides two infant sons and a daughter deceased, the noble lord the member for King's Lynn, heir to the earldom, and now ruler of our Indian empire, together with the Lady Emma Charlotte and the Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, now an ensign and lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. A twelvemonth after his nuptials, namely, in 1826, Mr. Stanley was chosen M.P. for Preston, his grandfather, the twelfth Earl of Derby, having considerable influence in that perhaps the most ancient of all the old boroughs of Lancashire.

During the spring following—to be precise, upon the 11th of April, 1827—George Canning's brief but memorable cabinet was suddenly called into existence. It was in his capacity as a subordinate member of this four months' administration that the present Prime Minister of England first participated in the labours of government. His position was that now occupied by the young Earl of Carnarvon under her Majesty's Secretary of State Sir Bulwer Lytton; namely, the arduous and to some extent responsible post of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Upon the premature and lamented death of the Premier, the then chief of the Colonial department, Viscount Goderich, previously known as Mr. Robinson, and subsequently, and still surviving, as Earl of Ripon, undertook, on the 10th of August, 1827, to reconstruct the cabinet; and afterwards, during five months, continued to preside over what has since been held in rather dubious repute as the Goderich administration. Mr. Stanley throughout those five months retained his place as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the new Secretary of State being no other than the Right Hon. William Huskisson.

Subsequently came the three remarkable years—1828, 1829, and 1830—of the Duke of Wellington's demi-military, semi-aristocratic government, during which the Whigs remained uninterruptedly but hopefully, and from first to last giving signs of pertinacious activity, in opposition. At length came to them, on the 22nd of November, 1830, the blissful signal for the formation of Lord Grey's all but four years' administration. It was then that Mr. Stanley strode forth more prominently to view than hitherto upon the arena of public life, assuming to himself a more conspicuous rank among the recognized leaders of Parliament. His appointed office was one at that moment surrounded by no inconsiderable difficulties, requiring at times exquisite adroitness, but more frequently yet, consummate audacity. This was the delicate post of Chief Secretary for Ireland during the anxious period defined by the vice-royalty of the Marquess of Anglesey, when the parliamentary vindicator of the policy of Government, in regard to the affairs of the sister country, was perpetually called

upon to encounter in discussion alike the keen and dazzling sword-play of the Celtic Saladin of debate, and the terrible and burly blows dealt by the brazen club of the Milesian Cœur-de-Lion. The matchless intrepidity, the perfect self-possession, the instant tact and inimitable dexterity displayed by the Right Hon. Edward Stanley throughout the whole of those frequent and stormy encounters with Richard Shiel and Daniel O'Connell have long since become matters of history, and still illuminate many of the otherwise sombre pages of the annals of Parliament.

On presenting himself anew to the electors of Preston as a candidate for their suffrages, Mr. Stanley had the mortification of finding his fair fame eclipsed by the tawdry popularity of Henry Hunt, the ultra-Radical Boanerges. The demagogue was returned, and the statesman rejected. Thanks to the courtesy of Sir Hussey Vivian, however, who resigned his seat as M.P. for Windsor in favour of the Irish Secretary, the ex-member for Preston came in immediately afterwards for the royal borough, retaining his seat till 1832 as its representative; namely, until the date of his election for one of the divisions of his native shire, the county of Lancaster. Subsequently to which last-mentioned period, Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Stanley, sat in the house exclusively as member for Lancashire.

It was during the session of 1832 that the Reform Bill was under discussion; and it is especially worthy of remembrance—now that we are on the eve of the session which is to witness the introduction of its successor, the Reform Bill of 1859—that to Mr. Stanley's resplendent talents as a debater that earlier measure was largely indebted for the successful defence of many of its most important, and therefore, most seriously opposed, provisions. He it was, moreover, who had the glory, in his official capacity, of carrying, during the same remarkable year, the first bold measure securing to Ireland the benignant boon of National Education.

The following session, however (that of 1833), is the one especially deserving of commemoration in Mr. Stanley's

regard, constituting as it did for him the year in which his extraordinary powers, both as an orator and as a debater, were the most brilliantly signalized. By the sheer force of his withering and crushing invectives he overwhelmed the arrogance of the Irish repealers, led on against him by their giant chief, the Liberator. Often and often did that Goliath among his assailants bite the dust, struck down by the pebble of his irony. His intolerable hauteur and patrician scorn at length extorted from the principal victims, complaints against his pride of bearing, complaints openly articulated in Parliament, and thus repelled by Sir Robert Peel with a sententious and sarcastic disdain in every way congenial: "Often," said Sir Robert, "have I heard the right hon. gentleman taunted with his aristocratic demeanour. I rather think I should hear fewer complaints upon that score if he were a less powerful opponent in debate." No wonder his foes winced, indeed—the shafts of his ridicule were so dexterously winged, and barbed, and poisoned.

Besides carrying the Church Temporalities Bill, Mr. Stanley secured the triumph of the far grander measure for the emancipation of the West-Indian slaves,* having, to that end, and with this one object especially in view, been previously nominated Secretary of State for the Colonies. His earliest admission into the cabinet as one of the chief ministers of the Crown was thus nobly and signally inaugurated.

Having heretofore acted cordially with the Whigs, while the Whigs were really proving themselves, for once during that halcyon interval, in truth as well as in name, Reformers—having voted for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, for the Reform Bill, for Catholic emancipation, for Negro emancipation—Lord Stanley (his father having now succeeded to the earldom, Mr. Stanley thenceforth became known by his title of courtesy) abruptly, in 1834, seceded from office,

* Speech on the Emancipation of the Slaves, 14th May, 1833. By the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley. Re-published in "Speeches of Eminent British Statesmen." Second series. Griffin & Co. 12mo. pp. 23—82. 1857.

resigning his Colonial Secretaryship. His ministerial resignation was no insulated proceeding; for he was accompanied to the benches below the gangway by three of his late official colleagues, statesmen at that time noticeable as foremost among the ex-secretary's train of political followers: these companions in his retirement from the ministry being Sir James Graham, the late First Lord of the Admiralty; the Earl of Ripon, Lord Privy Seal; and the Postmaster-General, his Grace the Duke of Richmond. They constituted what was then familiarly known as the "Canning leaven of the Whig administration." And the reason for their secession was their undoubted conscientious alarm at the ministerial project for the still further diminution of the Irish Church establishment. That conscientious alarm drew down upon the little cluster of the resigned the whimsical derision of one who was in every sense of the word their arch antagonist. It is yet to this day the theme of traditional merriment down yonder in the parliamentary precincts at Westminster—that ludicrous application by Dan—with a twitch of his wig and a twinkle of his eye,—while he trolled the words with his unctuous and irresistible brogue—that preposterous application to the ex-secretary and his ex-colleagues of the thenceforth more than ever famous couplet from Canning's "Loves of the Triangles," in the witty pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*,—

"Still down thy steep, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby Dilly, with its six insides."

Thereupon, unleavened by the Canningites, the Whig cabinet, reconstructed under the premiership of Viscount Melbourne, became, in four months' time,—namely, between the July and November of that same twelvemonth, altogether unpalatable at any rate to the sovereign. During nearly a month—that is, from the 16th of November until the 8th of December—the Iron Duke held gathered up in no silken glove, but in the firm grip of his mailed gauntlet, the various reins of the king's government. During that unwonted interregnum his Grace

occupied the factotum place of My Lord High Everything in the burlesque. Sir Robert Peel was posting across Europe to assume the responsibilities reserved for him as leader of the new administration. A fortnight before the Christmas of 1834 he had completed the hasty formation of his cabinet, Lord Stanley declining, however, to take part in it in any capacity whatever. On Wednesday, the 17th of December, he consented, nevertheless, to assume the honorary and somewhat less onerous post of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, delivering a masterly harangue* upon the day especially set apart for the ceremony of his inauguration.

Everybody knows how rapidly the radiant vision of the first Peel ministry faded away within little more than a quarter of a year from the time of its apparently auspicious establishment. It "paled its ineffectual fires" before the glare of the new Whig Parliament, and from the April of 1835 until the September of 1841, during a whole golden age of Whig domination of from six to seven years' consecutive continuance, Lord Melbourne may be not inaccurately said to have ruled the roast as a loyal diner-out, chief of a grand *laissez-aller*, *laissez-faire*, do-nothing, routine, red-tapist administration. There, during more than half a dozen delightful years, sat the ruler of the British empire, reclining negligently upon his accustomed bench in the House of Lords, conducting all the complicated affairs of state with the ready grace of a perfect gentleman. Then, for six years and upwards, beamed upon the nation, in the person of Viscount Melbourne, that extraordinary spectacle, depicted with such poignant wit by Sydney Smith—"Everything about him seeming to betoken careless desolation;" so that any one might suppose from his manner, "that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness, that he would giggle away the great Charter, and decide by the method of tectotum whether my lords the bishops should retain their seats in the House of Lords!" There he *posed* and *reposed* imperturbably from the first to the last,—that "man

* Inaugural Oration as Lord Rector of the University. Glasgow, 1834.

of good understanding and good principles, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political *roué* ! ”

Throughout the whole of this long interval, it is worthy of especial note in Lord Stanley's regard, that he acted consistently and persistently with the Conservative Opposition.

At length arrived the close of the long Whig surfeit upon the loaves and fishes of government. In 1841 ministers were brought down with the partridges. Scarcely had the effete and expiring cabinet prepared the way for getting somehow or another through the session, when Lord Stanley administered to its *magnum opus*, fiscal and financial,* one of those merciless and crushing blows with which he was wont (with which, upon occasion, he is still wont) to demolish the labours of an antagonist. On the 3rd of September Sir Robert Peel formed his second and more-renowned administration. It was built up, at the very outset, upon the broad basis of an immense majority in both houses of parliament. It survived, with the exception of one stormy month towards the close of 1845, for a period of very nearly five years' duration—during upwards of four of those years, with the power of the Premier strengthened to the authority of a parliamentary dictatorship. Throughout that more extended and vigorous epoch of Sir Robert Peel's government, Lord Stanley occupied the post of the Colonial Secretaryship. Already, with the hereditary disease creeping upon him prematurely, he contrived, invariably, in spite of even the sharpest twinges of the gout, to sustain, and, in some instances very materially to enhance, his high and haughty repute both as an orator and as an administrator. His were the repellent powers most dreaded in debate at every *sortie* adventured upon by the pining Opposition. Dreaded sometimes even by his own party were the side-blows dealt about him with unhesitating audacity by the most thoroughly independent of all the great ministers in

* Speech on the Ministerial Financial Budget, delivered in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, May 21, 1841, by the Right Hon. Lord Stanley. 12mo. pp. 36. John Murray. 1841.

the Government. Lord Stanley was to the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel what the Earl of Durham had been in Lord Grey's administration—its glory and its terror, the conscious genius of a chief restrained for a while in the irritating trammels of a subordinate.

Wherefore, in 1844, Lord Stanley—until then, as we have said, Lord Stanley only by courtesy—was, at the instance of his political chief, summoned to the House of Peers, in his father's barony, as Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe. Thenceforth the noble lord assumed the high position he has since occupied there uninterruptedly as leader of his party, alternately either in office or on the benches of the Opposition.

The ministerial changes consequent upon the adoption of a free-trade policy by the Protectionist Premier are matters of such universal notoriety as to need not one syllable by way of explanation. Familiar though the fact is in itself, however, it is here deserving of particular mention, in regard to Lord Stanley's resolute adherence at that crisis to his former principles and preconceived opinions in regard to the maintenance of prohibitive duties upon foreign corn and other cereal importations, that immediately upon Sir Robert's resignation, upon the eve of that momentous Christmas of 1845, her Majesty was, according to constitutional usage, recommended by Lord John Russell—then himself in a minority painfully undeniable—to send for Lord Stanley, as leader of the Opposition, to the end that that nobleman might endeavour to construct a Protectionist administration. It was only upon Lord Stanley's respectfully but resolutely declining the opportunity proffered by his sovereign, that Lord John, in loyal obedience to the exigencies of the time and of his position, with that constitutional pluck attributed to him by the author of "Peter Plymley"—a pluck compounded of the resolution of a statesman, and the heroism of an admiral, and the daring of a lithotomist—raised, like a house of cards, the cabinet having three whole weeks as the term of its un-natural existence. Upon the subsequent reconstruction of Sir Robert's govern-

ment, the one determined administrator who remained true to the very last to the fiscal and financial dogmas marking out the plan of its original and deeply-rooted foundations, returned no more to his former office as Secretary for the Colonies. At the commencement of 1846, on the contrary, he appeared as the avowed champion and leader of the Protectionist Opposition, the interests of that Opposition being notably sustained in the House of Commons—we must acknowledge this much perforce, even as free-traders—by the indomitable zeal and industry of Lord George Bentinck, enforced by the genius, the wit, and the eloquence of his successor and future biographer, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Stanchly supporting the hopes of his political adherents, through periods apparently fraught to them with incentives only to despair, if not, at moments, with auguries of their absolute extinction, Lord Stanley illustrated his public career, during the six or seven years in which he sat at the head of the Conservative ranks on the benches of the Opposition, by a course that was never factious, that was always characterized, from first to last, by its frankness and its magnanimity. His sedulous regard to the interests of the nation, both at home and abroad, during this protracted interval—namely, throughout the last half-year of Sir Robert Peel's chequered administration, and during the several successive sessions from June, 1846, until February, 1852, in which Lord John presided over the destinies of the Whig government—was manifested by his yet well-remembered participation, from time to time, in the discussions of the hereditary branch of the legislature. His zealous solicitude for the happiness of Ireland, already signalized years before by his administrative labours as her Chief Secretary, was indicated anew on the 9th of February, 1849, by his comprehensive speech upon the Irish poor-laws,* as afterwards, in the year following—viz. on the 18th of February, 1850—by his statesmanlike oration in

* Speech on the Irish Poor Laws. By Lord Stanley. 8vo. pp. 39. Ollivier. 1849.

regard to the lamentable affair at Dolly's Brae.* In evidence that his attention was not less vigilantly directed to the fluctuating phases of our foreign policy, it is only necessary to glance cursorily at one striking example, to wit, his remarkable harangue in reference to the affairs of Greece,† —affairs which at that precise period had just contrived to attain one of their periodical, and at this time more than usually delicate, complications.

Another glimpse of power came to the now Premier while yet Lord Stanley, at a moment of no little confusion—in the early spring-time of 1851, immediately upon the eve of the great Hyde Park International Exhibition. On Thursday, the 20th of February, the Russell cabinet was defeated by a majority of forty-eight in the House of Commons, upon the Hon. Locke King's motion for an extension of the franchise. The coveted seals of office were again placed at the disposal of the ambitious statesman, who had been but yesterday, and during so many previous yesterdays, at the head of her Majesty's Opposition. Again the tempting symbols of power were declined, through motives, moreover, as patriotic as ever actuated a minister in their acceptance. Those motives the noble lord took an early opportunity of publicly reiterating. Having explained the reasons for his non-acceptance of the premiership in an impressive speech, delivered from his place in the House of Lords on Friday, the 28th of February, he repeated that explanation, accompanying it with an elaborate exposition‡ of what would have been the policy of his government, supposing it to have been then formed, upon the occasion of a banquet given in his honour on Wednesday, the 2nd of April, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, in the city of London.

* Speech on the Affair at Dolly's Brae. By Lord Stanley. 8vo. pp. 23. Ollivier. 1850.

† Speech on the Affairs of Greece. By Lord Stanley. 8vo. pp. 69. Ollivier. 1850.

‡ Speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall. By Lord Stanley. 8vo. pp. 16. 1851.

Another quarter of a year had not elapsed, when (upon the demise of his father, on the 30th of June, in the 76th year of his age) the future Premier succeeded to the earldom, as fourteenth in direct descent from the valiant Lord Stanley who was its first recipient. The present earl, it is observable by the way, is on both sides, through both parents, essentially by blood a Stanley; his father having espoused a cousin in Charlotte Margaret, second daughter of Geoffrey Hornby, by his wife (one of his lordship's aunts) the Hon. Lucy *née* Stanley. Intellectually and morally, the influence of Lord Derby over his party, and through that party over the country at large, scarcely admitted at that moment, and long before that moment indeed, of any appreciable enhancement. His social position was inevitably affected, however—could not possibly have failed to be so—by his transformation from the heir into the actual possessor of that ancient title, together with those ample territorial possessions. As fourteenth Lord Derby, he inherited (besides a baronetcy more than two hundred years old) an earl's coronet, dating back to a period nearly four centuries anterior, namely, to the year 1485, when King Henry VII. gratefully recompensed by its bestowal the bold baron who had, on the field of Bosworth, torn the crown from the helmet of the dead Richard, and placed it, in the midst of the yet reeking battle-field, upon the head of the new sovereign. As descendant from that first Earl of Derby, the Premier is representative of the heroic race, the founder of whose fortunes was that Sir John Stanley who, in 1375,—now nearly five centuries gone by, in the days of our Third Edward,—married Isabella, the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Latham; by that union constituting the Stanleys one of the most powerful and wealthy of all the great families in the land. A race long afterwards not simply possessors of broad and princely domains, but exercising sovereign rights in one portion of the British archipelago, as Lords of the Isle of Man—the earls of Derby, as such, according to Blackstone, “maintaining a sort of royal authority therein; by assenting

or dissenting to laws, and exercising an appellate jurisdiction.”* *Sans changer* is the antique motto emblazoned upon the heraldic banners of the house : and so England witnesses nowadays, in regard to the Stanleys under Victoria, what she has never once witnessed since the time of the first Cecils under Elizabeth—a father and son members of the same cabinet, the father as Prime Minister of the Crown, the guiding genius of the State, the dominant intellect of the Government. An enactment passed through the legislature during the reign of her Majesty’s royal grandfather,† it may be further remarked, unalienably vested at last in the Crown the island of Man and its dependencies. But, in spite of an Act of Parliament, the Stanleys‡ are true to their ancestral device,—the Earl of Derby being at the head of her Majesty’s government, and the heir to his fortunes ruler of from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 of her Majesty’s subjects in Hindostan.

Within less than a year from the date of his succession to the earldom, Lord Derby had, at length, consented to undertake the weighty responsibility of forming an administration. Another defeat had been experienced by Lord John Russell’s cabinet, and again, as it had chanced to fall out during the previous session, upon the fatal 20th of February ! It occurred, this time, upon Lord Palmerston’s amendment upon the Militia Bill, when the discomfited Ministry, as in duty bound, at once gave in their resignation. The Earl of Derby, a third time called upon by his sovereign to assume the reins of government, undertook to do so within two days afterwards, on the 22nd of February, 1852, and forthwith organized his first, comparatively shortlived, but busy and energetic administration. His ministerial statement in the House

* Blackstone’s Commentaries, book I. § iv. p. 105.

† 5 George III. cc. 26 and 39.

‡ For a succinct account of this remarkable family, see “The History of the House of Stanley, from the Conquest. By — Seacome.” A romantic and authentic narrative, full of heroic adventure. 8vo. pp. 616. E. Sergent: Preston. 1793.

of Lords on Friday, the 27th of February,* exactly one week after the downfall of his Whig predecessors, closed, after a candid and succinct foreshadowing of his intended policy, with a peroration eloquently expressive of sentiments not very soon, we believe, to be forgotten in his regard by the more thoughtful of his contemporaries. "Be the period of my administration," he said, "longer or shorter, not only shall I have attained the highest object of my ambition, but I shall have fulfilled one of the highest ends of human being, if in the course of that administration I can, in the slightest degree, advance the great object of peace on earth and goodwill among men; if I can advance the social, moral, and religious improvement of my country, and at the same time contribute to the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and her dominions." That he spoke thus with conscientious truthfulness, the simple record of the ministerial achievements illustrating the brief period of his first tenure of office, distinctly enough and signally enough attested.

As reformers sympathizing not one iota in what is signified by the old-world word of Toryism—as liberals, abhorring root and branch everything that is implied in these latter times by that most monstrous humbug and *blague*, in an age not wholly free from impostures, Whiggery—we cannot but recall vividly to remembrance the chief among the ministerial achievements accomplished six years ago during the ten fruitful months of Lord Derby's government.

Foremost among them all, those bold and comprehensive measures of Chancery reform,† which were the despair of "Bleak House," and the cherished day-dream only of confirmed visionaries.

* Ministerial Statement in the House of Lords, Friday, 27th February. 8vo. pp. 16. Ollivier. 1852.

† Measures of legal reform, conducted throughout under the wise and vigilant supervision of the greatest lawyer and one of the most profound and subtle intellects of his age, the Right Hon. Edward Sugden, Baron St. Leonards, then Lord High Chancellor.

Simultaneously with the carrying of those wholesome and sweeping changes through the Angean precincts of the law, there were the rapid and effectual strengthening of the hitherto neglected and dilapidated national defences: a militia bill of a rational kind, not merely talked of but actually and rapidly passed—creating a national guard suddenly, by the magical words *la reine le veut*, among the teeming ranks of our insular population! And, meanwhile, the true palladium of the land, the wooden walls of the snug little island, were so energetically advanced, extended, and multiplied, that besides the extraordinary circumstance of a Channel fleet no longer existing merely upon paper, the maritime resources of England were enhanced to such an extent, during that restricted interval, that when war seemed imminent, towards the close of the ensuing year, England found herself happily prepared for the emergency,* thanks, literally, to the forethought of Lord Derby's zealous and prescient administration.

Beyond all this, moreover, it was during the same narrow span of time marking the limits of the Derby government in 1852, that the Anglo-French alliance was secured and consolidated. It was to the frank and cordial recognition of the Emperor Napoleon III.,—it was to the acceptance, as a lawful European event, of the lawless *coup d'état*, legalized immediately upon its successful accomplishment by the approbation of 8,000,000 out of the 10,000,000 of the adult male population of France,—it was to the ready and instant acknowledgment of a rule founded literally upon the basis of a heroic conspiracy, of which the avowed ringleader was the thrice-chosen chief of the state, having a whole nation as his accomplices,—it was to this simple and manly course of proceeding on the part of Lord Derby and his colleagues, upon the morrow of the revival of the Napoleonian empire, that the

* It is due to the gallant sailor-peer to recall to remembrance in this place, now that he no longer occupies a seat in Lord Derby's cabinet, that the affairs of the Admiralty were then presided over by Vice-Admiral his Grace Algernon Percy, Duke of Northumberland.

world became indebted for that alliance which has since then subsisted uninterruptedly during the greater portion of one entire *decade*, during war, during peace—the alliance with which are so intimately and inextricably bound up all the sunnier and more golden hopes of civilization. The incident furnished at once the most signal vindication of the great principle of non-intervention upon which England had ever yet adventured. It was the expiation at last of the old kingly confederations. It was the deliberate recognition, at length, of the inalienable right possessed by every independent state—the right of constituting and modifying at pleasure its own internal form of government.

It must be remembered that the Derby ministry of six years ago existed from the outset with an unmistakable minority in the lower branch of the legislature. This necessitated, in the end, what was indeed effected on the 1st of July, 1852,—the formal dissolution of Parliament. The succeeding House of Commons had not been long assembled, however, when by an adverse decision of its members, in a committee of ways and means, the Ministry still found themselves to be in a positive minority—a clear minority of nineteen—upon a division of very nearly six hundred of the newly-elected representatives. It occurred—this division—on Thursday, the 16th of December, and resulted, as a matter of course, in the instant resignation of the seals of office by Lord Derby's government. Thereupon followed the redoubtable Ministry of All the Talents, the grand hocuspocus cabinet of the Aberdeenites! An administration so excessively clever, and so exceedingly perverse, that one longed at last for that rule of "little wisdom" by which men are so easily governed, according to witty old sardonic Mynheer Oxenstiern.

A fourth time—upon the occasion of the long-delayed but inevitable, expiatory, ignominious downfall of the Aberdeenites in 1853—the wand of ministerial power was proffered for Lord Derby's acceptance by his sovereign. A third time the noble earl abstained from grasping it; again, as in each former instance, upon the ground that the only ministry he could

reasonably hope to form at the moment must have depended for its existence upon the forbearance of political antagonists. Three years later on, however, that sufficient reason was in truth no longer valid. The majority of nineteen, by which Lord Derby in 1852 had been compelled to tender the resignation of himself and his colleagues, was avenged in 1858 by that other majority of nineteen, suddenly striking down in its "pride of place" the vaunted strength of Lord Palmerston's dictatorial administration. Oddly enough too, it transpired upon that same mysterious 20th of February which had twice witnessed—once in 1851, once in 1852—the overthrow of Lord John Russell's government. It was on Saturday, the 20th of February, 1858, that by the whilome decisive majority of "nineteen" the Great Minister was suddenly shorn of his power, and awoke on the morrow to find himself stripped also of his popularity.

The second Derby administration was within a week afterwards formally installed in office, and, though hastily summoned into existence, it was in all essential respects satisfactorily organized. At the very outset, one of the bitterest but one also of the least formidable of its foes, the whimsical ex-Secretary to the Admiralty, said of it candidly in the hearing of his own political chief, then moodily observant upon the front bench of the Opposition—"For ability, the present Ministry may fairly challenge comparison with any of its predecessors:" an admission so superfluous, however, under the circumstances, that one might say with Hamlet, "It needs no ghost to tell us that"—not even the ghost of a House of Commons wag! Half a year, howbeit, has already elapsed since the cabinet of an emergency was hurriedly called into existence by a sort of political impromptu, and already it has long ceased to be a ministry upon sufferance. It has already won for itself a reputation. It has traversed a busy, energetic, and laborious session without a single reverse, with scarcely one solitary blunder. It has added various and important reforms to the statute-book. It has reorganized, and by reorganizing reconsolidated, the whole fabric of our Indian government. It has in a totally

opposite direction driven home the wedge for the subversion of another monstrous anomaly in the conduct of the affairs of our vast and scattered possessions. For by resolutely summoning a new colony into existence, in the instance of British Columbia, it has secured to the empire a guarantee for the ulterior overthrow of the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly, and for the opening up to Anglo-Saxon energies of our gigantic but hitherto neglected North-American dominions.

Fiscally, moreover, the Cabinet has met the deficiency of £4,000,000 bequeathed to them by their Whig predecessors, by faithfully adhering to the pre-arrangement of a graduated diminution of the income-tax, evading, at the same time, the apparently inevitable alternative—that of inflicting additional imposts upon any single article of general consumption. The maintenance of our alliances—the preservation of European tranquillity—the vindication of the national honour (here by the penning of a despatch, there by the extorted liberation and compensation of our imprisoned countrymen)—these are already among the fruits of the foreign policy firmly but dexterously developed by a cabinet that twenty-four hours before the division upon the 20th of February was certainly altogether unpremeditated.

The abrogation of the law relating to property qualifications, the admission of Jews into the House of Commons—these, and less striking, though hardly less important innovations effected during the late session of Parliament, if not distinctly originated, have most assuredly, we must admit, been in no way perversely obstructed, by the members of Lord Derby's government.

The professed Liberals, the nominal Liberals, those dear old Torified Whigs pining miserably with Lord Palmerston behind the table, with Lord John Russell below the gangway, all of them on that chill, shivering side of the house to the left hand of Mr. Speaker, as a matter of course cried out with one choral voice, that ministers in all these doings were mere plagiarists and pilferers.

It is an old story, truly, a senile song, a most trite and

vapid retaliation. It was directed, that same specious and formidable accusation, now more than half a century ago, against Mr. Canning's policy in the Foreign Secretaryship. He was taunted with that systematic purloining by one who possessed then a grand reputation as a reformer—Henry (now Lord) Brougham. What said Mr. Canning in scornful and sarcastic repudiation of the charge? It was one of the happiest of his many brilliant rejoinders. He said, "It is not very easy for ministers to do anything without seeming to borrow something from the honourable and learned gentleman. Break away in what direction we will, whether to the right or left, it is all alike. 'Oh,' says the hon. and learned gentleman, 'I was there before you; you would not have thought of that if I had not given you a hint.' In the reign of Queen Anne," continued Mr. Canning, "there was a sage and grave critic of the name of Dennis, who, in his old age, got it into his head that he had written all the good plays that were acted at that time. At last a tragedy came forth with a most imposing display of hail and thunder. At the first peal Dennis exclaimed, 'That's my thunder!' So with the hon. and learned gentleman; there is no noise and stir for the good of mankind in any part of the world, but he instantly claims it for his thunder." It is precisely the same now with that Dennis of politics, your true Whig—immemorial monopolist of wise change and sagacious liberalism. After (thanks to the ex-ministers) a dull, protracted, wearisome interval of silence and stagnation, there breaks upon us the late storm of reforms which are calculated at the very least to clear the political atmosphere—when lo—"That's my thunder!" cries the Opposition.

And now, what have we here before us prospectively? A reasonable hope that there will be an end, at last, of the long and often reiterated grace, delivered annually with so much pious unction by the Whigs, before that eagerly awaited banquet of reform, that even yet, during all these dozen years past, has never once actually been commenced—leaving us still famished at the close of every session, without the solace of one momentary nibble, though it were but at the driest old

mouldy crust of innovation ! Sanchos hungering in the midst of plenty in a new island of Barataria ! Starveling guests, year after year gathered together ostentatiously at the feast of the political Barmecides ! "Thrift, thrift, Horatio !" throughout the melancholy reign of these same tantalizing Whig economists, have we not, in every successive February, seen the "funeral baked meats" of each dead session, in its turn, "coldly furnish forth the marriage-table" of the two houses on the re-assembling of Parliament ?

Happily, however, there is to be an end at length of this distracting display every twelvemonth of a legislative anticlimax,—this plethora of promises, followed by an actual atrophy in the way of anything like performance.

Instead of those "fine words" that, according to old vulgar-minded Lord Duberley, in the *Heir at Law*, "butter no parsnips," we are to have Acts, that, when laid upon the tables of the Lords and Commons, will certainly prove fare at once abundant, substantial, and wholesome.

As the *pièce de resistance*, there will be, let us hope, a resolute and comprehensive measure of Parliamentary Reform ; no longer kept "dangling," like bob-cherry, before the yearning gaze of the community, but deliberately placed before the country for—discussion. Hitherto these so-called reformers (who were virtually for no reform at all), these *quasi*-advocates of the advance movement (who were really for the pleasant alternative apparently either of retrograding or remaining obdurately stationary)—hitherto, we say, these arrogant pretenders to a monopoly in patriotism and enlightenment, have kept this question (to employ once more Lord Derby's admirable phrase) "dangling" thus perpetually before the eyes of the nation, because of their regarding it simply as a literal *pendant* to the enactment of the 7th of June, 1832. The cabinet now holding office—not merely to talk, but to do, not to promise but to perform—has, we know, undertaken, if not to accomplish, at any rate to attempt, the conscientious solution of this eminently difficult problem of Parliamentary Reform, heretofore the Shibboleth of Whitehall, with no servile remem-

brance of the inadequate scheme first sketched now more than six-and-twenty years ago, but with a vigilant eye to the particular exigencies of the time, and with a philosophic and statesmanlike regard to the intricate and exquisitely-balanced mechanism of the constitution. So considered by ministers bent upon governing their fellow-men according to the dictates of reason, not in blind and slavish obedience to the mere rote of certain wretched, old-world, worn-out party dogmas, the Reform Bill of 1859 will not, by inevitable necessity, lead, like the Reform Bill of 1832, to much instant, and to more ulterior, disappointment. Examined thus, prepared thus, with the design of benefiting the whole mass of the population, and not alone one favoured and insulated section of it—the new scheme of reform gives promise of realizing the more cherished aspirations of the general multitude. **Loyally conservative in character**, the Administration has already shown, nevertheless, that it has wisely appreciated the secret of Danton—to dare ! Otherwise, for example, North America would still be under the taboo of one trading company, while Hindostan, because of another, might still be groaning under the old, agonizing, dislocating ban of a double government. As in the latter instance they had the moral audacity to weigh scrupulously in the balance, one after another, each of the far-famed Resolutions, and out of the enlarged knowledge thus sagaciously acquired, to build up for our Indian empire the complicated fabric of an entirely new organization ; so, with regard to Parliamentary Reform, ministers are prepared doubtless to deal with its several divisions boldly, frankly, and resolutely. Demonstrate the advisability, and with that, the applicability, of the ballot, and, we doubt not, even the ballot will be given ungrudgingly. A considerable extension of the elective franchise, a cautious modification in the distribution of the electoral districts, a judicious solicitude for the equitable recognition of the claims of property, of intellect, and of industry—these characteristics of the forthcoming measure may, we trust, be already regarded as certain, and not simply hypothetical.

Elsewhere, moreover, may be recognized in Lord Derby's colleagues, and in the manner in which the various offices of administration have been distributed amongst them, happy auguries of other reforms—reforms for the most part as important as they are miscellaneous. National education is secure of no mean advocates at the cabinet council-board, where are seated side by side the noble lord the member for King's Lynn and the right hon. baronet the member for Droitwich—champions of the cause, as true and earnest as have ever trodden the pathway first marked out in all its devious windings by the adventurous footprints of her Majesty's present ambassador to the Greek government. Improvements in the law, we may feel perfectly well assured, are not necessarily abandoned, now that a *nisi prius* advocate has been installed in the Court of Chancery. Never was any ministry more rich in lawyers. And lawyers, be it said to their honour, are not simply the right, but the only wise (or almost, we had said, possible) law reformers. Instance this, the greatest of all living law reformers, Lord Brougham, and hardly less remarkable theoretically, as a law reformer, practically, in many important particulars, Lord St. Leonards, the Derbyite ex-Chancellor. The organization of an efficient and sufficient maritime force; the amelioration of the hitherto, in several respects, most lamentable condition of our warriors by sea and by land; above all, the systematic continuance of a tender and reverent regard for the social wants of the multitude, more especially of the industrial population—these, while they are the peculiar requirements of our age, are also not merely themes, but favourite themes, to the consideration of which, and to the development of which into philanthropic measures, several members of the cabinet of Lord Derby have a natural, it might even be said, an instinctive and resistless tendency.

That Lord Derby himself should now prove an energetic reformer is, indeed, only reasonable and consistent in one who, as we have seen, has been mainly instrumental during the last thirty years in carrying through Parliament some of the most judicious and comprehensive measures of legislative improve-

ment. As a chivalrous chieftain of the senate, not as a mere stubborn obstructive, in him has long since been recognized "the Rupert of debate." The magnanimity of the emancipator of the slaves, the liberalism of the supporter of the Reform Bill, the generous sentiments actuating the advocate for the removal of disabilities from both Catholics and Dissenters, still, judging from the obvious policy of his cabinet, remain vital in the nature of the leader of the Derby government. His antagonists in discussion still find, no less, that there, in the midst of his varied oratorical powers, lurks yet the sting of sarcasm which extorted from O'Connell the designation of "Scorpion Stanley,"—an epithet, coming from the outspoken lips of Dan, complimentary rather than the reverse, remembering those other charming flowers of rhetoric flung about him with such lavish prodigality and such refined taste by the Liberator; such as "the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," or, as "old buccaneering Wellington!"

Happier phrases, scarcely, have not been fathered upon any one than those somewhat more refined ebullitions of good-humour attributed to the Prime Minister himself,—*bon-mots* which he has given utterance to precisely at the right moment, here and there, at intervals during his energetic parliamentary life, upon the rare temptation of some most alluring opportunities.

What more felicitous in this way than his comment upon that first among the many notable occasions on which the noble lord the member for the city of London has caused the blundering overthrow of a cabinet?—"Johnny's upset the coach!" It was a momentary flash of fun, as vividly ludicrous in effect as the drollest woodcut of Leech or the whimsicalist lithograph of Phillipon.

What more fantastically ridiculous again, remembering the Greek *imbroglio*, and the fire-and-fury reputation of the diplomatist, than his christening Lord Palmerston, once upon a time, "Don Pacifico"?

Incidentally it has been here already remarked, that the Earl of Derby occupies, either by birth or by genius, in many

particulars, a high, in some a supreme position, among the ranks of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. Together with his ancient title, he has inherited the patronage of seven livings, besides ample estates in Ireland, at Ballykisteen, near Tipperary; in England, at Knowsley, in Lancashire: the latter a seat, some of the peculiarities of which the noble earl has himself indicated through one of his own authorized publications.* He has won for himself, however, by his chivalrous character and his splendid talents, far more than he has in any way inherited—his influence over his fellow-countrymen, his name in history, his power, now greater than ever, of moulding the fortunes and guiding the destinies of his fatherland.

His election as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, already mentioned, was consequent upon the death of Arthur, the great Duke of Wellington: the installation of the new chancellor beginning on Tuesday, June 7, 1853, and terminating on the Thursday following. Besides this, the noble earl occupies several other honorary posts—posts of distinction, if not of responsibility. He is, in this way, an elder brother of the Trinity House, a governor of the Charter House, a trustee of the British Museum, and a trustee of the Hunterian Museum. His literary abilities, but more than that, the fervour of his religious convictions, he has impressively indicated through the pages of a little volume written by him several years ago—a book relating to the “Parables of our Lord,”† eulogistic allusions to which effusion of his ethical scholarship, allusions uttered in a formal oration by one of the high academical authorities of the University of Oxford, formed not one of the least interesting incidents in the stately ceremonial of the earl’s inauguration as Chancellor.

Nothing is more strikingly characteristic at once of the

* Gleanings from the Menagerie and Aviary of Knowsley Hall. 59 coloured plates, from drawings by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, and 74 pages of letter-press. Taylor. Folio. 1850.

† Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament. By Lord Stanley. One vol. 18mo. New edition. Nisbet. 1849.

whole genius and temperament of Lord Derby, than his manner in the House of Peers upon the night of some great discussion—upon the occasion, let us say, of one of his important ministerial statements. Every one is in expectation. The building is comparatively crowded—the Lords in unusual attendance, the Commons clustered below the bar, strangers grouped upon the steps of the throne, or to the right and left upon the floor of the house behind the woolsack. Although the Premier is seated, in the midst of his colleagues, upon the front Treasury bench, he among them all is at once readily distinguishable. You recognize him at once by the watchful glance—that frequent look of vivid and vigilant observation. If you mark him keenly before he rises, moreover, you fail not to note the nervous anxiety betrayed in his every lineament, in the compression of the firm lip and the knitting of the broad forehead. When at length, amid the breathless silence of the assembly, he has gained his feet, how, through the clear and unstudied exordium, he rapidly, yet by imperceptible gradations, wins upon the sympathy of his audience by his evident sincerity and earnestness. Later on, when he has passed the outskirts of his argument, and has fairly warmed to his theme, all the more genial qualities of his mind become apparent, shining out winningly, delightfully, playfully, with an air of exhilaration. It is a vivacity with him “ever young” in its easy animation. Yet, suddenly, in the midst of this, if he is desirous at any moment of reverting to a more serious tone, of recalling himself and his hearers to a mood of gravity befitting some impressive and emphatic declaration—his look, his voice, his bearing are instantaneously invested with the dignity of the senator and the statesman. The management of his harmonious voice, above all, is throughout marked in every turn and inflection by an almost perfect art, and a nearly matchless dexterity; more especially, as we have heard it inimitably described, when—upon occasion—it is so managed that “the cadence falls like the running bullet in a loaded bludgeon.” And, peculiarly noticeable in all these orations of the Premier, from the first syllable uttered

to the ringing close of the peroration, the language is always so pure and idiomatic, so wonderfully terse and translucent!

Personally, Lord Derby is a favourable specimen of a patrician Englishman: his figure tall and well-proportioned: his eyes eagle in their glance: his features, under their more agreeable aspect, expressive of a disposition distinguished above all things by frankness, dignity, and resolute determination. Deighton's sketch of the Premier, though slight and touched off lightly with a careless hand, is perhaps, of all his portraits, the most life-like and characteristic. It gives the manner, the bearing, the expression, not less distinctly or less accurately, than the grizzled whiskers and the spectacles. It is the very man himself, the same familiar form so often seen passing through the porch of Westminster Hall, on his way to the House of Lords, sauntering thither, perhaps to deliver a great speech in some historic debate, without one pencilled note in his pocket, or a single set phrase in his memory.



THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI,

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

SINCE the death of George Canning, no such remarkable instance of a man of the people elevating himself to the dignity of leader of the British House of Commons has been witnessed as that afforded by the career of the right honourable gentleman now for a second time her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Beginning life, like Canning, as a lover of letters, but without the advantages of a university education, he has attained his present eminent—in many respects pre-eminent—position by the pure exercise of his intellectual powers, by indomitable energy, and unflagging perseverance. Perhaps no leader of party has ever lived down so much laughter, or lived it down so triumphantly. Somehow he always has the laugh with him nowadays; and the derided “new member” of 1837 has long since become the most dreaded antagonist in discussion, and in several particulars, among all his surviving contemporaries, the most accomplished debater in Parliament. Woe be to him, indeed, who rashly crosses foils now with this dexterous fencer, and, doing so, lays himself open to a home-thrust from that poignant ridicule! At a lunge, the button has flown off, and the keen weapon, pointed with wit, and poisoned with satire, quivers to the hilt in the transfixed.

The later, and in every way incomparably the most remarkable, successes attained by Mr. Disraeli,—those won by him not as an aspirant for literary honours, but as one of the most conspicuous of the political chiefs of Parliament,—are attributable, in a great measure, to the absolute dedication of all his energies, unreservedly and unconditionally, to the further-

ance of one grand ambition,—that of assuming the foremost place in the House of Commons, as leader of the popular branch of the legislature, and representative there of the supreme councils of her Majesty's Government. Everything in any way calculated to interfere with the advancement of this lofty purpose, the right honourable gentleman has notoriously, long since, and, we dare say, without one momentary pang of regret, voluntarily sacrificed. Predilections and partialities, whims and fancies, habits seemingly engrained by custom, preferences apparently altogether ineradicable, have all been swept aside by the inexorable mastery of this one dominant and absorbing aspiration. Recollect for a moment what the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was, even before he first learnt to call himself B. Disraeli, M.P.; namely, in that earlier stage of his career when he loved to sign his name Disraeli the Younger.

Remember him as he was then, in appearance and temperament, as his individuality is still vividly preserved to us by the graceful pencil of Chalon, or by that whimsical etching-needle with which Maclise, long before he became an Academician, adorned the earlier pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Chalon's sketch—that delicate sketch of the oval face, the Byronic collar, and the Sidonian ringlets—is well enough known to the generality. It still occasionally appears in the windows of the printsellers, and has been prefixed to the popular edition of "Coningsby," as a frontispiece. Not so the serio-comic etching by Maclise,—a portraiture, in its peculiar way, infinitely more characteristic. There it lies, buried away in that early volume of "Regina," among an ingenious little biographic series, one instalment of which astounds us with the very surprising intimation that a man of letters still living, Mr. Jerdan, to wit, of the *Literary Gazette*, must be now somewhere about 130 years of age, in fact, only just a little below Parr; the contributor to *Fraser* announcing this remarkable fact through the simple device of a misprint of 1730 for 1780, as the date of the birthday of the veteran journalist. In a companion embellishment to the same series, moreover,

appears that fantastic limning by D. M. of the author of "Pelham," standing with his back to you, before a cheval glass, in the midst of his toilet, lather on chin, razor in hand, shaving! Turning the sere old pages of the magazine, we come at last to the artist's waggish outline of Disraeli the Younger, as he appeared and was then, while his name still bore upon it the gloss of "Vivian Grey's" showy and sudden popularity. Ringlets, of course, as in the miniature of Chalon, as afterwards in the profile by Count d'Orsay, as later on, indeed, in the admirable portrait by Francis Grant, the Royal Academician. But beyond the mere external adornments of the countenance, Daniel Maclise has here caught, with the point of that wicked etching-needle of his, the evanescent peculiarities of the air, the manner, the bearing, what the French call the *je ne sais quoi*, constituting the individuality. The likeness, which is full-length, represents the young novelist leaning negligently upon a mantel-shelf, clad, among other gorgeous articles of costume, in a radiant vest, and trousers of velvet; smoking contemplatively from a meerschau, the bowl of which is nothing less than Brobdignagian. By the time Disraeli the Younger had merged into B. Disraeli, member for the county of Buckingham, an extraordinary change had become perceptible. That change has now grown into something almost bearing about it the semblance of a transformation. The fashionable loungeur in the "gilded saloons" of Mayfair and Belgravia is forgotten in the statesman, orator, and administrator, whose every thought, hope, or aspiration has long been directed exclusively to the precincts of the legislative palace at Westminster. No more has he leisure now for burning the weed in whose pungent incense there are floating daydreams. No longer has he time, or, possibly, even inclination, for penning three volumes octavo of sparkling fiction, political novel, or ethical romance. The imaginative writer has for now more than ten years past fixed his whole ambition—not a considerable portion of it, but the whole of his manifestly large and lofty ambition—upon the practical

labour of not simply influencing, but leading and guiding, the destinies of the British Government.

The remarkable consequence of this undivided dedication of the whole of his intellectual powers to the development of this one paramount design, is assuredly by this time sufficiently apparent. It was strikingly demonstrated, indeed, as far back as six years ago, when, in 1852, Mr. Disraeli first occupied the high position he again assumed in 1858 under Lord Derby's premiership. The unappreciated M.P. for Maidstone, who closed his maiden speech in the House of Commons amidst shouts of scornful merriment, is once more the recognized and authoritative leader of that great assembly; he is there, moreover, continuously, whether seated on the front bench of the Treasury, or on that of the Opposition, at the head of the country gentlemen of England, a knight of the shire represented by John Hampden in the Long Parliament, a member of the Privy Council, and at the present moment, in his ministerial capacity, her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, born in London during the December of 1805, is descended from one of those Hebrew families known by the venerable title of the Sephardim. According to the most simple definition, the Sephardim were those among the children of Israel who never deserted the shores of the Mediterranean until driven thence by adverse circumstances. The majority of these took up their abode in the cities of Arragon and Andalusia, where they continued to reside until expelled by the authority of Torquemada. The ancestors of the member for the county of Buckingham were, in this manner, compelled to emigrate from the Peninsula towards the close of the fifteenth century, in consequence of the extraordinary severities then inflicted by the Inquisition. Thereupon they selected the Venetian republic for their place of residence, and having assumed, instead of their Gothic surname, the more suggestive and appropriate Hebraic title of D'Israeli, flourished as merchants, under the banners of St. Mark, for upwards of two centuries.

A little more than a hundred years ago the great-grandfather of the subject of this biography sent his youngest son Benjamin to these islands, in order that he might push his fortunes under the shelter of a more liberal and enlightened system of administration. Mr. Pelham being then prime minister of England, and favourably disposed towards the descendants of Abraham, Benjamin Disraeli—grandfather of the present leader of the House of Commons—became, in 1748, an English denizen. Having married, in 1765, he appears to have ultimately settled down at Enfield in comparative luxury. There it was that he continued for many years to amuse himself during the intervals of leisure snatched from commercial avocations sufficiently profitable in their results,—occasionally playing whist with Sir Horace Mann, sauntering through an Italian garden he had planted, and eating macaroni prepared by the hand of the Venetian consul,—down even to a period as recent as 1817, the year of his dissolution.

There is a pleasant story told of the parent of Bartholdy, the composer, whose grandfather had previously been scarcely less renowned as a metaphysician; namely, that he used to remark, not long before his decease, "I am, as it were, a link of mediocrity connecting together the genius of two distinct generations: in my youth I used to be pointed out as the son, as now, in my old age, I am pointed out as the father, of the Great Mendelssohn!" Although different in some respects, the position of Benjamin Disraeli the Elder might in others have been somewhat analogous to the position of the elder Mendelssohn. At ninety he was cheered by the celebrity of his son. Had he passed yet further beyond the allotted age of man, he might have found still greater reason to exult in the reputation of his grandson.

At the period of his arrival in England, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Disraeli of Enfield, merchant and dilettante, had discovered in this country representatives of other families of the Sephardim; such as the Medinas, and the Villa Reals, and the Laras (kinsmen of the Disraelis), and the Mendez da Costas. At the time of his

demise, only the last-mentioned are believed to have left survivors; whereas, with himself, his name has not only been perpetuated through two generations, but imperishably inscribed upon the scroll of our national literature, and emblazoned even upon the records of the national administration. His son, Isaac Disraeli, besides giving to the world many other luminous volumes, in which he analyzed with much subtlety the joys, and the sorrows, and the peculiar and hitherto bewildering idiosyncrasy of the student, has written the most classic miscellany in the language,—“The Curiosities of Literature.” His grandson and namesake, on the other hand, has combined a brilliant success in letters with an undeniable triumph over the almost countless difficulties besetting a political gladiator in the arena of the legislature. A popular novelist, he has, nevertheless, ventured to aspire to the highest offices within the grasp of a statesman; and, what is yet more, his aspirations have long since been fully realized.

During his minority, Disraeli had not only travelled through the principal cities of Germany, but had published his novel of “Vivian Grey,”* which, by the freshness of its manner and the originality of its very impertinence,—girding, as its strippling author had done throughout, sometimes at the most venerable foibles, sometimes at the most venerated absurdities of the social system,—at once fixed upon him the attention, if it failed to secure to him permanently the admiration, of his contemporaries. The work, appearing originally without any author’s name upon the title-page, was conjectured by some to be a posthumous effusion of Lord Byron, who had expired then but little more than a year previously at Missolonghi. The narrative was grotesquely inscribed “To the best and greatest of men;” this mysterious dedication being accompanied with the pert, odd, explanatory words following:—“He for whom it is intended will accept and appreciate the compliment; those for whom it is not will—do the same.” The sparkling vivacity of the work rendered it the rage for

* Vivian Grey. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1826.

more than one season, and at once drew down upon its precocious writer the favour of the gay world of fashion.

Simultaneously with the production of his maiden fiction, young Disraeli formally made his appearance in the political circles as a London journalist. He undertook, in fact, while yet under twenty-one, the editorship of a new morning newspaper, entitled *The Representative*. It was an enterprise then boldly adventured upon by John Murray, the late eminent publisher; and although the journal terminated its existence within the first half-year from the date of its commencement, it is said to have involved the expenditure altogether of fully £70,000 sterling. The costly half-year in question was the earlier moiety of 1826, the first number of the journal appearing on the 25th of January, and the last number on the 29th of July. *Sic transit—The Representative*. Whatever anecdotes may yet be laughingly told in its regard, it is only fair to remember that its editorial "we" was but the symbol of a stripling.

Subsequently, on attaining his majority, Mr. Disraeli, in 1827, traversed the classic regions of Italy and Greece, ultimately witnessing some of the incidents of the civil war then desolating the fair fields of Albania. During the year following appeared his second work, a single volume,* recounting, in nineteen chapters, the surprising adventures and whimsical experiences incident to "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla." Having wintered in 1829-30 at Constantinople, the young novelist travelled through Syria in the spring, crossing the desert into Egypt, and proceeding up the Nile until he had penetrated into Nubia, along the route already familiarized to the English scholar by Abyssinian Bruce, and eventually brought home still more vividly to our insular imaginations by the vivid pages of Böthen Kinglake. During these oriental peregrinations, the future romancist of "David Alroy, the Prince of the Captivity," drew doubtless from the suggestive scenes then traversed, but more especially from the sacred

* *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." One vol. 12mo. pp. 243. Colburn. 1828.

regions regarded by him as his ancestral fatherland,—the land governed of yore by the tetrarch and sung by the troubadour,—those original fantasies out of which rose, a summer or two later, as spectral shapes in a magic circle, the forms of Honaim the Hakim, and Jabaster the Cabalist; of Kisloeh the Kournd, and Calidas the Indian; of Miriam and Bostenay, of Hassan Sabah, the governor of Hamadan, and Scherirah, the captain of the robbers. It could only have come, one would say, from the influence of actual wanderings like these, that casual meditations over the old rabbinical and talmudic annotators could evoke those mystic warnings of the Daughter of the Voice, the Beth Kol, or *Filia Vocis*, or those grisly phantoms of the ghouls, swarming and muttering in the Cimmerian darkness of that grimly cave of Genthesda.

Immediately prior, however, to the production of the gorgeous and fantastic romance here indicated as the ulterior fruit of his travels in Africa and Palestine, Mr. Disraeli produced another three-volumed novel of modern society,*—“a moral tale, though gay,”—entitled “The Young Duke.” He had by this time returned homewards, where, in 1831, he found the people of England agitated by the influence of a great political movement.

His ambition now received an impulse in an entirely new direction. He aspired—at first ineffectually—to obtain a seat in Parliament; his efforts to this end being vainly, though strenuously, concentrated at the outset upon the one particular enterprise of securing, if possible, the representation of the borough of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire. The Wycombe electors, however, entertaining a preference for the two other (more common-place) liberal candidates, pertinaciously rejected the young literary aspirant for legislative honours, notwithstanding the circumstance of his having been formally introduced by Joseph Hume to the especial notice of the constituency. It was an incident, this introduction last mentioned springing directly from Mr. Disraeli’s profound and ineradicable animosity to the Whigs,—that one

* The Young Duke. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn & Bentley. 1831.

dominant conviction of his life (with him at once a passion, a principle, and a sentiment), running afterwards uninterruptedly, but deviously, through all the phases of his parliamentary career, and furnishing (through all) the clue to his political consistency. Hence, distinctly and deliberately as an anti-Whig, Disraeli associated his own name thus conspicuously with the most stanch among all the ultra-reformers,—with that radical, outspoken Joseph Hume, who had given the watchword or battle-cry of the whole reform agitation,—“The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.” Twice the would-be M.P. for Wycombe had the mortification of appearing upon the local hustings in the character of a discomfited candidate: and from a recollection of these incidents, we may presume that he turned with additional zest from the dusty highroad of politics to the cool and sequestered garden of literature.

Precluded, as yet, by adverse circumstances, from realizing his design of taking his place among the national representatives, Mr. Disraeli, in 1832,—the memorable year of the Reform Bill,—issued from the press his next imaginative effusion, a fiction emphatically pronounced by Heinrich Heine to be “one of the most original works ever written,”—a production extending to the length of seven parts or books, the first edition being published in four octavo volumes. It was entitled “Contarini Fleming,”* and received from its author the supplementary and explanatory designation of a Psychological Autobiography. Appearing in this avowedly autobiographic form, it endeavoured to portray the gradual and almost imperceptible development, not merely of a generous and passionate nature, but of an elevated and poetic temperament. It was suggested, it cannot but be conjectured, not so much by the marvellous reveries of “Wilhelm Meister,” as by that more sombre effusion of the genius of Goethe, the “Sorrows of Werter,” in which it is impossible not to discover the germ of what subsequently expanded into the “Apprenticeship.” There

* Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Autobiography. 4 vols. 8vo. Murray. 1832.

is discernible, moreover, a wonderful resemblance between the diplomatic career of Werter before he first had the rapturous happiness of beholding Charlotte, and those passages in the life of Fleming which involved him for a while in the subordinate avocations of government ;—the same distaste for office, the same volatility, the same restlessness. There is a graceful reminiscence of Disraeli's own origin in the genealogy of his hero,—deriving the name of Fleming from the Saxons, and that of Contarini from the Venetians. In the yearning of the young child for nature, when he exclaims, "And I too will fly to Egeria!" the author dreams again the sylvan dream of Pompilius, the exquisite dream of the pure and the beautiful. When, however, he imagines that the spirit of Egeria becomes incarnated in the woodlands, he does more than revive the visions of antiquity,—he anticipates those bewitching revelations *d'Outre Tombe* among which was long afterwards recognized the phantom seen in solitude, and loved with an unutterable and more than earthly tenderness by René de Chateaubriand.

More remarkable in every respect, howbeit, than the foregoing production, was the romance from the same pen, which, in 1833, made its somewhat eccentric appearance. This was the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy,"* the purely oriental story to which we have already referred, and to the third volume of which was appended (pp. 115—291) a miniature fiction entitled "The Rise of Iskander." The larger work, although replete in several parts with rhetorical extravagance, and overladen with the barbaric pomp of a gorgeous and even at times meretricious decoration, may be considered as, in some respects, the most remarkable contribution made by the younger Disraeli's hand to the stores of our romantic literature. Its style was a mistake,—blending prose with rhythm, and interrupting this rhythm with an occasional jingle of rhymes,—a style calculated more than any other to alternate between the rapid and the hyperbolic. Otherwise, "Alroy," in the splendour

* The Wondrous Tale of Alroy.—The Rise of Iskander. 3 vols. 12mo. Saunders and Ottley. 1833.

of its descriptions, might be regarded as perhaps the finest Oriental fiction written in our language since the incomparable "Vathek" of Beckford. It was a noble and touching tribute, moreover, offered by the romancist to the memory of his Hebrew ancestors, recounting, by events dating back to the twelfth century, the rise and fall of "David Alroy, the Prince of the Captivity."

It is a gorgeous romance, in which a descendant of a family of the Sephardim has celebrated the career of a Hebrew adventurer. Its barbaric pomp is not the least appropriate characteristic of a narrative, the glow of which is a reflex from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Over the stirring fortunes of Alroy, his love for the beautiful Schirene hangs like the roseate haze enveloping the magic palace of Aladdin, investing with a new splendour the precious stones on the pavement, the ceilings of spicewood, and the columns of porphyry. The various passages relating to this tenderness between the Princess of Bagdad and the Prince of the Captivity are coloured with a truly oriental magnificence. The love that inspired them, one might conjecture, was not the offspring of the Cyprian Venus, but rather that Hindoo Cupid, the gaudy and fantastic Monmadi, with a bow of sugarcane, and arrows tipped with flowers, sailing among the branches of the palm and the cypress, between the wings of a parrot!

Still ambitious of gaining a seat in Parliament, still striving pertinaciously to grasp the tantalizing *ignis fatuus* down among the constituencies of that implacable little borough in Buckinghamshire, Disraeli heard of the taunting query, "What is He?" uttered one day (in reference to himself as a politician) at one of the London clubs, by one of those dear old detested Whig antagonists. Forthwith, a little pungent pamphlet,* "a thin acid pamphlet," pertinently entitled "What is He?" was issued across the counter of Mr. Hatchard, in Piccadilly. It was a sixpenny *brochure*, in which the young writer explained his political views as frankly, though necessarily not as fully and succinctly, as he afterwards contrived to do in his

* What is He? An 8vo pamphlet. 6d. Hatchard. 1834.

more popular and more elaborated literary performances—his triad of political novels and his one important political biography.

Singularly inferior to the least worthy among his foregoing effusions was his next volume—a literary production, given to the world, we cannot but think, in a moment when judgment was suffering eclipse from ambition. The author must long since have repented the publication of the quarto volume entitled “The Revolutionary Epick,”* regarding it, as he infallibly must, as the ill-fated fruit of an unlucky hallucination. Although the prefatory remarks commenced with the somewhat pretentious declaration, “It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work,” and closed with the seemingly arrogant assumption, that if read aright it might “teach wisdom both to monarchs and to multitudes,”—the writer, in another part of his introductory observations, candidly and modestly confessed that, in the event of the “Epick” being condemned by his contemporaries, he should “without a pang hurl his lyre to limbo.” Three books, constituting we may presume, merely a quarter of the entire composition, were issued in 1834; since which period no further instalment has been demanded even by the malicious curiosity of the reviewers. Demogorgon is revealed upon a throne surrounded by celestial beings “with amethystine wings and starry crowns,” in the opening of the poem, which subsequently relates to the rivalry exercised on earth by Magros, the genius of Feudalism, and Lyridon, the genius of Federalism. The interest, as is but natural, breaks down altogether under the weight of a cumbrous allegory. Against its deadening and depressing influences are required, indeed, either the elevating expansiveness of a faith like that of Bunyan, or the vivifying sensuousness of a genius like that of Spenser.

Shortly before the Christmas of 1836, namely, on the 16th of December, the indefatigable candidate for the votes of the borough electors of High Wycombe again addressed himself—still however in vain—to that most dogged and immovable

* The Revolutionary Epick. One vol. 4to. pp. 206. Moxon. 1834.

constituency. His speech was immediately afterwards published in a separate form, under the title of "The Crisis Examined."*

Discouraged as a poet, Mr. Disraeli adventured anew (through the medium of an ambitious treatise) upon the homelier labours of a pamphleteer. Submitting his arguments to the general public in the shape of a letter addressed to a noble and learned lord,—the then Chancellor Lyndhurst,—he pronounced what he designated on the title-page a "Vindication of the English Constitution,"† the argument extending over upwards of 200 pages, and claiming for itself, not without reason, the importance of a political disquisition. Besides vindicating the English constitution, it comprised two subordinate vindications; namely, a vindication (pp. 193—197) of the Tories, and a vindication (pp. 199—201) of Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues. With a variety of shrewd comments upon the relative value and diversity of our institutions, the work fails to combine what would have at once constituted it an authority,—a concise and specific definition of the manifold forces of government. Clever as one of the more remarkable among the "paper pellets" of Party, the volume afforded no insight into what may be termed the science of political dynamics.

During the same year which witnessed the appearance of his political treatise, Disraeli became a candidate for the borough of Taunton, the Tories having once more resumed the reins of government. Nevertheless, again his attempt to enter the House of Commons proved signally unsuccessful, his opponent, Mr. Labouchere, obtaining a majority of nearly two to one in a constituency still remarkable as one composed chiefly of the most Whig-loving pot-wallopers in all Somersetshire. What was yet more unfortunate in regard to this rather irritating contest, was the circumstance that the electioneering excitement brought him into collision with the Irish

* The Crisis Examined. 8vo. pp. 31. Saunders and Ottley. 1834.

† A Vindication of the English Constitution. One vol. 8vo. pp. 210. Saunders and Ottley. 1835.

Liberator, all but leading to a duel, and productive of—what it is unnecessary here to revive—an angry correspondence, ending in a series of the most bitter recriminations.

The grotesque phases of this quarrel have long been sufficiently notorious. Everybody remembers O'Connell's scornful conjecture as to young Disraeli's pedigree—the challenge that instantly followed, only to be instantly refused—the episodic but equally ineffectual squabble with Dan's eldest son—all ending with a threat like a flourish of trumpets, or what we may call a pleasant little example of epistolary fanfaronnade. Any one who still cares to hear the whole story related anew—with all the zest, too, of a malignant scandal-monger—may find it told, with every kind of circumstantial detail and particularity in that “thing of shreds and patches,” called a Political Biography,* the maiden work (as it was designated by one of the popular critics immediately upon its first appearance) of Mr. Randal Leslie, a masterpiece of sneering scurrility and atrabilious vituperation.

Still denied access to the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, in 1836, avenged himself as a politician by publishing in the *Times* newspaper a series of witty and caustic letters, signed “Runnymede,”—a series read at the time of its appearance with lively interest, but never subsequently issued as a separate publication.

Towards the close of that same year appeared his impassioned love-story, in three volumes, entitled “Henrietta Temple,”† a work genially dedicated to the then arbiter of fashion, the Count Alfred d'Orsay, as the memorial of an “affectionate friendship.” Early in the following spring—namely, in May, 1837—came forth the attractive fiction in which our novelist has shadowed forth, under fictitious names, the forms and characters of Byron and Shelley,—a romance called “Venetia,”‡

*The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.: a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the New Generation. By Thomas Macknight. One vol. 8vo. pp. 646. Bentley. 1854.

† Henrietta Temple : a Love Story. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1836.

‡ Venetia. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1837.

subdivided into seven books, and inscribed, as a tribute of "respect and affection," to the noble and learned lord to whom had been already addressed the epistolary Vindication of the English Constitution.

At length, in 1837, Benjamin Disraeli, then thirty-two years of age, entered Parliament as the representative of Maidstone, Wyndham Lewis being his colleague in the representation of that Conservative constituency. The failure of his maiden speech—extorting from him a distinct prediction that the time would yet come when he would be listened to by the members of the legislature, and reminding one in this of Sheridan's well-known exclamation under the like circumstances, "It *is* in me, and by — it shall come out!"—is certainly not the least interesting among the many similar anecdotes related in the annals of the British Parliament.

It was delivered—this notable maiden speech of the now formidable and official leader of the House of Commons—towards the close of an important debate upon the Irish election petitions, on the evening of Thursday, the 7th December, 1837. It is recorded—this startling failure (really inaugurative of a most brilliant future success)—in an almost forgotten volume of that same *Hansard*, long afterwards, wittily dubbed by Mr. Disraeli "the Dunciad of Politics!" Taking down the old dusty volume from the book-shelf, and turning the yellowing leaves until we come to the debate already specified, how the names of the parliamentary chiefs taking part in this discussion recall to mind a legislative epoch long since faded out of the recollection of the generality! Every name upon the list of the debaters of that evening is famous, historical,—the name more or less of a celebrity. Half of the number—the elders among this group of orators—have long since been swept away into their graves; the other half, then inspirited by the earlier and halcyon visions of a youth kindling with ambition, still survive,—one alone among them soured and disappointed, the others with many, at least, of their more golden hopes realized,—statesmen at this moment both renowned and powerful.

The solitary unfortunate is no other than poor, crack-brained Smith O'Brien, who, *Hansard* tells us, opened the debate on that evening of Thursday, the 7th of December. He is followed immediately by a future minister of the Crown,—now her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies,—Mr. Bulwer, then also in his thirty-second year, and in the first radiance of his varied reputation, meditating the sequel of "Ernest Maltravers," potent, though so young, as a politician, if only by reason of his pamphlet on "The Crisis," fresh from the successful completion of the two first volumes of his history of "Athens and the Athenians," already standing midway in his brilliant career as a novelist, having even then produced half the number of his far-famed works of imagination. The speech delivered by Mr. Bulwer on this December evening, 1837, is altogether manifestly one of the most effective he has yet uttered within the walls of Parliament. He is followed in turn by Sir William Follett, the great advocate, destined to expire, a few years later on, in the very act of extending his hand to grasp the seals of the Chancellorship. A once-familiar figure rises directly afterwards—Old Glory yonder, in the blue coat, the buckskins, and the top-boots—pleasant-featured, bald-headed Sir Francis Burdett. Afterwards wigged, and often it might be said also wiggling,—the Celtic Thunderer of the house, the hon. and learned "member for Ireland," Daniel O'Connell,—the very man the member for Maidstone has threatened to meet here in this House of Commons, "at Philippi."

Scarcely is O'Connell reseated, when Disraeli rises for his maiden speech. It is worthy of particular remembrance now,—the total and absolute failure of this maiden speech!—to the leader of the House of Commons himself assuredly an especial subject, in one sense, of proud and exultant recollection. Glancing down the pages of *Hansard* that record this foreshortened harangue, we see sprinkled plentifully in parentheses, laughter, loud laughter, renewed laughter; and ultimately, towards the end, this unwonted intimation, "The shouts that followed drowned the conclusion of the sentence." But—

what followed the shouts of laughter? The New Member is still speaking. The words—reading them nowadays—are without doubt sufficiently remarkable. They are these, and *Hansard* is our authority:—

“I would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from a political opponent. I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me.”

It is, we repeat, a distinct prediction, a prediction of which we have long since witnessed, of which we are still witnessing, the brilliant fulfilment.

Immediately those indignant and prophetic words were articulated,—it is interesting to note that the debate was at once continued by no other than Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby, and First Minister of the Cabinet among the foremost chiefs of which Mr. Disraeli is now, for a second time in his parliamentary career, leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer: the last important speech in the discussion being the one pronounced by Sir Robert Peel, then assuredly all unconscious that in that silenced New Member lurked his future dread antagonist!

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Disraeli has since then himself observed (“*Tancred*,” book iv. c. 11), “a failure is nothing; it may be deserved, or it may be remedied: in the first instance, it brings self-knowledge; in the second, it develops a new combination, usually triumphant.” His failure being of the second class, produced, accordingly a new combination, and that combination, it must be admitted, has proved in every way unusually triumphant.

Eighteen months later on, indeed, Mr. Disraeli began already to win his way with the House of Commons. In the July of 1839 he so spoke as to produce a noticeable impression upon the auditory he was ultimately (before the close of thirteen years) to bring under his unquestioned leadership. In the month immediately preceding his first appre-

ciable parliamentary success,—that is, in June, 1839,—he published his next literary effusion, a five-act tragedy, founded upon the very same theme upon which Lord John Russell has also written *his* five-act tragedy entitled “Don Carlos,” the story recounted in the old Spanish ballad of “The Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa.” Dramatized by the member for Maidstone, the hero’s name was preserved upon the title-page, and “The Count Alarcos”* appeared with a courtly dedication from the English playwright to the late Earl of Ellesmere, then Lord Francis Egerton. Familiar though the ballad had been rendered, not merely by the accurate version of Dr. (now Sir John) Bowring, but by the nervous and impassioned paraphrase of the late Mr. Lockhart, it was agreeable to remark the skilful employment in a dramatic form of the materials analyzed with so much subtlety by Bouterwek in his “History of Spanish Literature.” Whatever vagueness there was in the ballad became necessarily dissipated in the tragedy. Time and place had alike to be selected. The time chosen was the thirteenth century; the scene Burgos and its picturesque vicinity; Burgos being at that period the capital of the kingdom of Castille. Among the characters introduced, it is amusing to observe the name of Sidonia, a name afterwards rendered sufficiently famous by the pen of Disraeli, as that of a Hebrew Crichton with the wealth of a Rothschild, the knowledge of a Humboldt, and the capacity for languages of a Mezzofanti.

Distinguished as the year which witnessed the appearance of his tragedy and the commencement of his parliamentary reputation, 1839 was rendered yet more agreeably remarkable to the dramatist-politician, by witnessing his marriage with Mary Anne, daughter of John Evans, Esquire, of Branceford Peak, in Devonshire, and relict of one whom we have already mentioned as Mr. Disraeli’s colleague in the representation of Maidstone, the late Wyndham Lewis, Esquire, of Greenmeadow, in Glamorganshire. The happy influence of this union upon his after-life he himself has gracefully

* The Count Alarcos: a Tragedy. 5 acts. Colburn. 1839.

celebrated by that tribute to "A Perfect Wife," which constitutes one of his most charming dedications.

Returned for Shrewsbury in 1841, the author became more than ever assiduous in his application to his parliamentary duties; yet the M.P. did not altogether absorb the energies of the man of letters. Having thoroughly acquainted himself by practice with the qualities most acceptable in a novelist, Disraeli, nineteen years after the appearance of "Vivian Grey," and consequently when his faculties had been matured by his having doubled the age at which he first adventured into the literary arena, issued a work from the press, which, by its immediate and sustained popularity, reduced all his previous successes to insignificance.

It still remains, among all his various writings, his undoubted masterpiece. It appeared in 1844, and was entitled "Coningsby; or, the New Generation."* Within a quarter of a year three large editions were exhausted. Translated into several of the European languages, it was circulated forthwith extensively upon the Continent. Across the Atlantic, fifty thousand copies were at once sold in the United States alone. Without depreciating in any way its literary merits, it must be allowed that what obtained for "Coningsby" its almost instant reputation was the fact of its pages being crowded with sketches of well-known characters, not less unmistakable in their way than the caricatures of H.B., with as much eccentricity and as little exaggeration. Nor were the individuals thus portrayed simply politicians, although the fiction itself was eminently political in its tendency. Lucian Gay, whom "Nature had intended for a scholar and a wit," but "Necessity had made a scribbler and a buffoon," was no less true to the life than Messrs. Taper and Tadpole, and the rest of the mob of place-hunters frequenting the lobbies at Westminster. But the merit of "Coningsby" is far from being restricted to that of mere exactitude in the resemblance traceable through these singularly cunning

* Coningsby; or, the New Generation. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn, 1844.

delineations. People laughed heartily, of course, at that outline of the Right Hon. Nicholas Rigby, burnt in, so to speak, with lunar caustic—the pencil of your true satirist. They were no less amused with every circumstance relating to that personage with the “harsh voice and arrogant manner,” than with the momentary glimpse of the gentleman whose train starts at 9.15—Mr. G. O. A. Head, of Staleybridge. Sidonia, however, among all the diversified characters introduced, most quickly fascinates the reader’s observation. From the moment of his reining in his Arabian, the Daughter of the Star, at the forest tavern in the thunderstorm, he piques the reader’s curiosity by his extraordinary peculiarities. His preference at the frugal repast for perry and crusts, the corn and wine of England, affords the first inkling of his originality. Corn and wine, he sententiously reminds Coningsby, have been deified; but the Chinese have never raised temples to tea, nor the Irish to potatoes. Fervid in his declamation upon the text, “Genius when young is divine;”—startling in the announcement of his religion at the porch of the farmhouse when departing, “I am of the faith that the Apostles professed before they followed their Master,”—all are indications consonant with the nature of Sidonia, as later on revealed, in Sequin Court as the greatest financier in Europe, and in Carlton Gardens as the luxurious but not effeminate millionaire.

Altogether, however, among the more remarkable portraits scattered through the work, the Marquess of Monmouth is unquestionably of all the most ingeniously elaborated delineation. Every glance, every attitude, every syllable, is scrupulously, but without an effort, characteristic. A selfish voluptuary from the commencement, but princely withal in his habits, he has the manners of the “grand seigneur,” and the temperament of the epicurean. He receives his grandson for the first time with the bow of Louis Quatorze; and if he is assisted up a flight of steps at Paris by “La Petite,” it is with an acknowledgment of no less punctilious courtesy. Once only the heart of the man seems to throb perceptibly

under the robe of the luxurious patrician. It is when Harry, having arrived at Coningsby Castle, greets the marquess in the midst of a crowded and distinguished assembly, with the inquiry, "How do you do, grandpapa?" Yet even then, says the author, with a subtle sense of truthfulness in the portraiture, "It would be exaggeration to say that Lord Monmouth's heart was touched: his good nature effervesced, and his fine taste was deeply gratified." The conclusion of the narrative, it may be added, by the way, is conceived in a spirit eminently dramatic and picturesque.

Another twelvemonth, and "Coningsby" was followed by "Sybil; or, the Two Nations,"*—a fiction somewhat loftier in purpose, being illustrative, not only of the diversities of party, but of the social privations and political miseries of an entire population. What the "Epick" writer had unsuccessfully attempted, the novelist here effectively accomplished. He depicted, not merely "the age and body of the time" in vivid colours, but, far more than that, described, occasionally with almost painful distinctness, "its form and pressure." Nevertheless, in spite of all its tragic under-currents, the fiction was superficially as remarkable for its vivacity as its predecessor. The denizens of Belgravia moved as gaily as ever, though in a more sombre atmosphere; and the epigrammatic wit with which each person was sketched in a sentence, or an epithet, rendered the work no less acceptable than "Coningsby" to the admirers of what is merely sparkling in light literature. Conspicuous among the individuals thus delicately sketched with a dexterous pencil, Lord Marney—"a man who was conscious you were trying to take him in, and rather respected you for it, but the working of whose cold, unkind eye defied you," and from whom you shrunk accordingly. Disagreeable though several of the patrician characters in the book, others are no less amusingly delightful,—from Alfred Mountchesney, "the Cupid of May-fair," to Captain Grouse, strutting over the product of the looms of Axminster "in very tight pantaloons, to show his very celebrated legs:" from Kremlin, "who had only one idea,

* Sybil; or, the Two Nations. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1845.

and that was wrong," to Wriggle, "who went with the times, but took particular good care to ascertain their complexion:" from Floatwell, who swore by Lord Dunderhead, to Mr. Ormsby, demurely observing, as a diplomatist moves past, highly starred and ribboned, "The only stars I have got are four stars in India stock." It is particularly observable, moreover, in regard to "Sybil," that, although the writer discourses at times, as the nature of his undertaking required, about twaddlers like Bombastes Rip, and about such themes of tedium as debates in the House, when "Wishy is up, and Washy follows," the narrative repeatedly becomes invested with an absorbing interest, rising at intervals into a strain of solemn and pathetic eloquence. The closing passage of the first book, relating to the young Queen's accession, is, in this manner, elevated to the dignity of a noble and affecting peroration. Altogether the fiction is one which has visibly stamped upon it the imprint of an age the matrix of which was a revolution.

Returned to the House of Commons at the general election of 1847, as knight of the shire for Buckingham, Disraeli, in the same year, published the last of his series of novels, "Tancred; or, the New Crusade,"* a work expressing some of his most cherished views upon religion, and some of the loftiest among his political aspirations. Incongruous though its materials were, and these, moreover, connected together somewhat inartistically, the work, nevertheless, commanded attention by its very singularity, while it won the respect of many by its unaffected enthusiasm. Here, too, we are led saunteringly through the fashionable circles, where we are again introduced to several of our favourites in "Sybil" and "Coningsby," the thread of the narrative straying through an entangled plot, and trailing across the Desert into the Holy Land, until abruptly broken off at Jerusalem. Conspicuous among the "familiar faces" seen before our departure for Palestine, is that of Edith, strangely transmuted into a sarcastic lady, who can "describe in a sen-

* Tancred; or, the New Crusade. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1847.

tence and personify in a phrase." In the employment of this twofold capacity as a satirist, the author himself proves in "Tancred" that he has become more than ever a proficient. Speaking of Lady Valentine, for example, he depicts her after this amusing fashion,—as a personage "who had once been a beauty, with the reputation of a wit, and now set up for being a wit on the reputation of having been a beauty." While of Lady Hampshire he contents himself with remarking that she "spoke in a sawney voice of factitious enthusiasm." As a couple of titled *parvenus*, Lord and Lady Mountjoy are in like manner branded as persons "who, with a large fortune, lived in a wrong square, and asked to their house everybody who was nobody." Colonel Brace is humorously delineated as "robust, a little portly, but well-buckled, still presenting a grand military figure;" while the clever and beautiful Lady Constance Rawleigh, who is said to have "guanoed her mind with French novels," is described as having possessed the reputation of "breathing scorpions as well as brilliants and roses." Even Hillel Besso, although an Asiatic, and, what is more, a Caucasian, does not escape the accusation of "uttering common-places, as if they were poignant originalities." It is in the more serious portions of the romance, however, that its principal attraction is discoverable, where the writer illustrates anew his sympathies for that sacred and ancient race of whose descendants he had already mournfully asserted that they had too long "laboured under the odium and stigma of mediæval malevolence." His veneration for the memory of his forefathers may surely be comprehended by those who, like the Gentile nations of Christendom, are indebted to the Hebrew prophets for the light, and the music, and the poetry of so many august revelations. Reminding his readers how profoundly they are under obligations to the children of the Chaldean Abraham, the author at last conducts his hero to the tomb where the Prince of the house of David has for eighteen centuries been adored by pilgrims from the remotest quarters of the earth,—in Jerusalem. There he descants eloquently enough upon that ancient and mystic race,—ubiquitous in spite of

persecution, and flourishing although expatriated ;—that venerable race, out of which grew originally, like the leaves, and the flowers, and the fruit of a tree, the virtues, and the precepts, and the beneficence of Christianity.

Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine !

Principally because of its earnest advocacy of the race of his progenitors, "Tancred" may be said to have confirmed rather than extended its author's reputation.

Meanwhile, the member for Buckinghamshire had been creating for himself, in the House of Commons, as a debater, a very different repute,—and not simply a repute, but an authority. Long before the close of his career as a novelist, he had rendered his name distinguishable among those of the leading notabilities of Parliament. He was not merely tolerated—he had become formidable.

A supporter of Sir Robert Peel's government for some time after its inauguration, Mr. Disraeli eventually withdrew from the encouragement of a cabinet which he boldly reprobated as "an organized hypocrisy." It was not so much the policy commenced in 1842 which estranged him from those who still owned allegiance to that illustrious statesman, as it was the very method, according to which, in 1834, by his celebrated Tamworth manifesto, Sir Robert may be said to have created the system of Conservatism. Alluding to that document, Mr. Disraeli observed in "Coningsby" (book II. c. 5), that it was "an attempt to construct a party without principles ; its basis, therefore, was necessarily latitudinarianism ; and its inevitable consequence has been political infidelity." Instead of an administrative experiment like that, he declared himself to be enamoured with the Toryism "breathed in the intrepid eloquence and patriot soul of William Wyndham,"—the Toryism which he believed to be "vindicated in golden sentences" by the "fervent arguments and impassioned logic" of Bolingbroke. Smitten with love for this ideal of his political day-dreams, and incited, it may be, by the very sense of the brilliancy and

daring of his enterprise, the member for Buckingham commenced in 1844 those memorable attacks upon the First Minister of the Crown which eventually preluded that eminent man's retirement from the conduct of the administration.

Already Disraeli had upon occasion displayed very rare abilities in discussion; as for example, in the remarkable and argumentative harangue delivered by him in 1842, upon the subject of our consular establishments. His political reputation, indeed, was such, even at the period of the original formation of the Peel government, that Sir Robert is known to have entertained for awhile the idea of securing his considerable talents, if possible, to the cause of the new administration. The indirect advances made in consequence of that half-formed intention, although in no way repelled, never resulted in any definite arrangement, nor arrived, indeed, at any distinct understanding. The position of the Ministry became modified,—its policy underwent a series of surprising developments. Early impressions in its regard were confirmed and rooted in the mind of the member for Buckinghamshire. And at length, during the course of the very year in which "Coningsby" made its brilliant appearance, the author of "Coningsby" began those audacious attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, which may certainly be said to have prepared the way for his ultimate downfall from the command of what was, nevertheless, in truth, at first, one of the most powerful and, without doubt, at last, one of the most popular of all our modern administrations. The daring onslaught thus made by Disraeli upon that authoritative leader of the House,—that chief of a strong, apparently impregnable government, then the most practised among living debaters, one whose perfect mastery of all the arts of discussion was such, that his assailant has since written of him emphatically, "he played upon the House of Commons like an old fiddle"—the defiant, single-handed, unflinching onslaught thus adventured upon by Disraeli, in 1844, must ever remain upon record as one of the most surprising incidents in the annals of the British Parliament. The missiles hurled

by the assailant, with an aim that seldom, if ever, missed, were each as slight apparently, but as potent as a pebble of the Terebinthine valley. A deadly irony, a barbed sarcasm, a withering ridicule,—here the stab of a sneer,—here the thrust of a taunt,—here the blow of an imputation. In a single sentence Disraeli sometimes struck to the right and to the left, at the domineering leader of the Commons, Sir Robert Peel, and at the despotic leader of the Lords, the Duke of Wellington. “Another place,” he exclaimed bitterly, in the parliamentary phrase signifying the House of Peers—“another place may be drilled into a guard-room, and the House of Commons may be degraded into a vestry.” The principal, almost the exclusive object upon which, with a view to its demolition, he plied all the keen and polished weapons of his satirical armoury, session after session, was the overshadowing reputation of the one dominant statesman on the Treasury bench in the popular assembly, one until then unassailed, and by many deemed unassailable. Several of the gibes then directed against Sir Robert are as famous, as ridiculous, as laughter-moving as a caricature by Gillray or by Rowlandson. “The right hon. gentleman had caught the Whigs bathing, and had run away with their clothes.” The great minister’s solemn array of arguments he coolly degraded into so many fallacies based upon “teakettle precedents.” Peel himself was flagrantly dubbed “a great parliamentary middleman.” It was impossible even for his devoted partisans and personal adherents to listen and preserve a grave countenance. One while Sir Robert was earnestly recommended, by the implacable and relentless wit, “to stick to quotation; because,” said the arch foe, “he (the Premier) never quoted any passage that had not previously received the meed of parliamentary approbation.” Another time, the House was entreated “to dethrone a dynasty of deception, by putting an end to this intolerable yoke of official despotism and parliamentary imposture.” The speeches of Sir Robert Peel, as reported in *Hansard*, were summarily characterized as “Dreary pages of interminable talk, full of predictions falsified, pledges broken, calculations

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that had gone wrong, and budgets that had blown up; and all this not relieved by a single original thought, a single generous impulse, a single happy expression."

The political tactics of his government were epitomized with a subtle and exquisite wit, as "A system so matter-of-fact, yet so fallacious,—taking in everybody, though everybody knew he was deceived; a system so mechanical yet so Machiavellian, that he could hardly say what it was except a sort of humdrum hocuspocus, in which the order of the day was moved to take in a nation!" No marvel that the great minister winced under this deadly ridicule, and at last succumbed. No wonder the House learnt at length to recognize in the ex-member for Maidstone the most brilliant satirist and one of the most gifted and daring debaters within the walls of the legislature. For the acerbity of these attacks, in which every sentence had the point of an epigram, Disraeli has magnanimously compensated since the death of his great antagonist, by a generous tribute to his genius, expressed in the language of admiration. Yet, as Wilmot says in the comedy,—

" 'Gad, if I were a 'statesman,' I'd rather, instead,
Have the epitaph living—the epigram dead."

Howbeit, those passages in the Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck (hereafter to be mentioned), those passages in which the character of Sir Robert Peel is discriminated, are scarcely less admirable in truth than the portions of the same work relating to the gallant-hearted and chivalrous leader of the Protectionists. If there be one peculiarity, however, more conspicuous than another in the temperament of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is that of his possessing a generous capacity for the magnanimous appreciation of his parliamentary antagonists. Witness this, not merely his panegyric on Sir Robert Peel, here especially referred to, but his noble eulogium on Lord Palmerston in one of the chapters of "Tancred," and his graceful but earnest encomium on Mr. Hume in the earlier pages of his latest composition.

Resuming the enumeration of his literary labours, now becoming more and more rare and brief until they at length appear nowadays to have altogether terminated, we may note that in 1849 he prefixed, with a reverent and filial hand of affection, a graceful, critical, anecdotal "Life of Isaac Disraeli,"* to a reprint of that delightful author's authoritative and classic "Curiosities of Literature." Although, of course, the biographic sketch is necessarily restricted in its dimensions, being comprised indeed within the compass of a moderate pamphlet, it constitutes one of the most charming of all our author's compositions. As a tribute to the memory of a father, who is declared to have been without "a single passion or prejudice," it secures a respect which, before the concluding passages are read, has become heightened into admiration. Here, in one of the earlier pages of this memorial chapter, is mentioned that touching incident so simply and yet so exquisitely told, of the poem submitted to the judgment of Dr. Johnson by the future author of the "Curiosities of Literature," an incident since selected by a writer in Charles Dickens's *Household Words* as the first in a series of similar "Stepping-Stones," taking us from the present age by a few gigantesque strides back to a distance removed from us by some three or four centuries.

By this brief but brilliant memorial of Disraeli the Elder, Disraeli the Younger proved himself eminently qualified, in a literary sense, to produce in 1851 his latest work, entitled "Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography."† During several years previously, he had qualified himself, in other respects, to compile a volume consisting chiefly of the record of events in the evolving of which he himself had prominently participated.

As the utterance of friendship for one prematurely snatched from life, this volume must be regarded in the literature of politics as not less touchingly commemorative than, in poetry,

* Life of Isaac Disraeli. By his Son. 8vo. pp. 44. Moxon. 1849.

† Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography. One vol. 8vo. pp. 588. Colburn. 1852.

were the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley, or the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson.

Apart, moreover, from its intrinsic excellence as a biography, the work is remarkable among the literary productions of Disraeli, as defining that important epoch in his political career when he first realized to the full his supreme and daring ambition in Parliament. That ambition aimed at the attainment not simply of a high position, but of the highest. Immediately after the sudden and lamentable death of Lord George Bentinck, it was signally and completely realized; the member for Buckinghamshire thereupon assuming by right—by the double right of his great talents and his great services—the leadership of the Conservative party in the British House of Commons. The son of a man of letters, himself also a man of letters, he had the proud satisfaction of taking his place at the head of the country gentlemen of England. That distinguished position he has since then maintained uninterruptedly, sometimes with conspicuous ability, always with admirable discretion. His capacity at once as a leader of party and as a master of debate, he had repeatedly and signally evidenced long anterior to that fatal 21st of September, 1848, when death abruptly snatched from his mourning friends and supporters the gallant three years' champion of the Conservatives. As if in anticipation of the necessity arising out of that terrible catastrophe following thus hard upon the close of the protracted session of 1848, Mr. Disraeli had, upon two important occasions, in the earlier sittings of the Commons in that year of turmoil and revolution, afforded the House and the country new and striking proof of his perfect mastery of two of the most delicate and difficult questions then under the consideration of Parliament,—one of them affecting the whole complex problem of our foreign relations and the balance of power in Europe; the other inextricably bound up with the entire scheme of our home administration. On the 19th of April, 1848, the member for Buckinghamshire delivered his elaborate and comprehensive speech * upon the Danish

* England and Denmark: a Speech delivered in the House of Commons, by B. Disraeli, M.P. 8vo. pp. 29. Ridgway. 1848.

question; and on the 20th of June following, a speech, hardly less remarkable in its way, in reference to the Reform question, then revived upon the motion of the hon. member for Montrose.* Immediately upon the reassembling of the legislature, in 1849, Mr. Disraeli, then in his forty-fourth year, appeared at the head of the country party in the House of Commons, as the recognized leader of her Majesty's Opposition.

Eventually, three years later, upon the formation of Lord Derby's first cabinet, in the February of 1852, many even among those usually reputed to be shrewd political observers, were startled to find that the official post awarded to the popular novelist was that of Minister of Finance to the most wonderful commercial empire in Christendom. It was immediately remembered by some, however, that only as recently as the preceding midsummer, the romancist had opportunely given, in debate, a very brilliant illustration of his skill as a theoretical financier. This was no other than the searching, analytic speech† delivered by him on the 30th of June, 1851, upon the fiscal and financial policy of the Russell government. In the same year in which that notable speech was given to the House by the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, he found leisure to edit his father's biography of "King Charles the First,"‡ prefixing to the work a few sentences by way of editorial introduction. Excepting only those filial labours of love,—labours now collectively in course of renewal in connection with the cheap re-issue of the elder Disraeli's works periodically,—the literary avocations (at one time an intellectual necessity with the member for Buckinghamshire) had ceased altogether: the novelist had thrown aside his pen,—the statesman had assumed the red box of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* Parliamentary Reform: a Speech on Mr. Hume's motion. 8vo. pp. 16. Painter. 1848.

† Speech on the Financial Policy of the Government. 8vo. pp. 16. Lewis. 1851.

‡ An Advertisement by the Editor, prefixed to Isaac Disraeli's Life of Charles I. 2 vols. Colburn. 1851.

Entering upon life as the son of a secluded scholar, Benjamin Disraeli had, by the sheer force of his own unassisted abilities, reached the elevated position he has now again attained as cabinet minister and privy councillor—the doubly eminent and enviable position of one who is the leader of the English House of Commons, and, under Lord Derby, the presiding intellect in the councils of the British Government.

His earliest budget, submitted to Parliament on the 30th of April, 1852, at once manifested on the part of its author that ready grasp of detail, and that intuitive adroitness in combination, which gave instant auguries—especially to those who “heard” the five hours’ speech—of his ulterior if not immediate success as an administrator. During the last parliamentary session that augury reached at length the moment of its complete realization; the fulfilment of its every promise being clearly enough visible in the almost unprecedented circumstances attendant upon Mr. Disraeli’s second financial statement. The triumph, indeed, achieved by his budget of the 19th of April, 1858, is in some particulars not easily to be paralleled. The treasury had been entirely cleared out by the preceding government; not a doit remained in the exchequer when Lord Derby and his colleagues accepted the responsibilities of the administration. Nay, they were confronted by that very stubborn thing, the “fact” of a deficit of nearly 4,000,000*l.*, or, to be precise, a deficiency of exactly 3,990,000*l.* According to the ingenious scheme, however, of the masterly budget submitted to the consideration of the Commons by the newly-appointed Chancellor of her Majesty’s Exchequer, the House learnt, with a satisfaction afterwards participated in by the whole country, how, without the infliction of any new and grinding impost, without foregoing the fulfilment of the promised reduction of sevenpence to fivepence upon the income-tax, simply by the rational postponement of the operation of the war sinking fund to the extent of 1,500,000*l.*, and by the no less rational renewal for a little while longer of Exchequer bonds, then falling due inconveniently to the tune of 2,000,000*l.*, the threatened deficiency of 3,990,000*l.*

upon the financial year might be readily reduced to a deficit of no more than 400,000*l.* altogether! A trivial deficiency, which the budget then proposed to cover by the honest device of an equalization of the spirit duties,—placing Irish spirits at last, where they ought in reason to have been long since, in the same category with Scotch and English spirits,—a change securing, at the most moderate estimate, an increase to the revenue of from 400,000*l.* to 500,000*l.* Thereupon, with an eye to a “something” in the way of a surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to secure (as a surplus) 300,000*l.* by a compulsory stamp upon bankers’ cheques—a tax immediately accepted—as no new tax was ever accepted before—without a murmur,—even with an air of cordiality.* Such, briefly epitomized, was this remarkable financial statement, forthwith accepted entire by the House of Commons, being passed without a single change, or a shadow of opposition. It deserves to be still borne vividly in the popular recollection as a budget which proved at once to be a great parliamentary success, and what was yet more, a great administrative achievement.

Although Mr. Disraeli has thus, for some years past, been labouring almost exclusively to enhance his reputation as a statesman,—voluntarily sacrificing to this end all his earlier and once cherished predilections for literature,—he is still, in the very realization of his more mature ambition, sustaining

* It was speciously insinuated to be a very clumsy device, this proposed postponement of the operation of the war sinking fund, coupled with the suggested renewal of the Exchequer bonds,—amounting collectively to an aggregate of £3,500,000. But, said Mr. Disraeli, in shrewd anticipation of the sophistry, “Is it not the last resource of an individual in distress, to raise money in order to pay debts, and to get deeper in debt in consequence?” Everything that needed to be said was comprised in that one terse interrogation. And now—upon the judicious postponement of the liability for £1,500,000, and the renewal of the other liability for £2,000,000, comes the prospective windfall, or Godsend, call it what you please, of the Sycee silver about to be rung out to us again in the agreeable form of a Chinese indemnity.

his social repute as a wit, and enhancing his parliamentary fame as an orator. Radiant evidence of this has been but very recently imprinted upon the later pages of *Hansard*, and in the columns of the daily newspapers. His exquisitely appropriate phrases are still scattered about him upon occasion unsparingly, and they invariably stick like burrs to the popular remembrance. And so, the same inimitable satirist who years ago dubbed one individual (a predecessor) "the Arch-Mediocrity," and another (a contemporary) "Mr. Wordy, the Historian," during the course of this last session convulsed the House by his allusion to "the wild shriek of liberty" indulged in by the hon. and gallant member for Dover, and elicited a smile even from the sourest visage by his allusion to "the phylactery of party" bound around the forehead of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Felicitous epithets like that in which he once humorously defined Italicized writers as "the forcible feeblers," still frequently drop from his lips in the midst even of the dullest discussions, seldom passing unnoticed—more frequently, indeed, becoming hackneyed by constant repetition. Frivolous they are not; for they help to vivify, to extend, and to popularize his reputation. There are sentiments, however, no less than facetiæ, to which Mr. Disraeli has given utterance, either in his speeches or in his writings, that it would be well to hear passing current with his popular witticisms. Such, let us say, as that casual remark in "Coningsby"—"Life is too short to be little." In a similar mood he has somewhere (if we remember aright it is in "Sybil") finely termed the youth of a nation "the trustees of posterity." Regarding them thus, it must assuredly have been thrice grateful to him, on Tuesday, the 7th of June, 1853, when advancing in his scarlet gown towards the University Chancellor, to receive from the noble earl his degree of D.C.L., the novelist-statesman was greeted with that ringing ovation by the Oxford undergraduates: Disraeli's welcome having been incomparably the most enthusiastic among those accorded, one by one, to the recipients of an honour, in no instance idly bestowed, upon the occasion of Lord Derby's installation.

Reverting, however, to our previous theme, we would here add incidentally, that were we required to adduce crowning testimony of our author's capacity as a wit, we should at once refer to that suggestion in "Tancred" with which he follows up his lamentation that London, with all its vastness, is wholly devoid of the attribute of grandeur, either topographical or architectural. It occurs after a reflection somewhat similar to his remark in a previous work, that "a great city is the type of some great idea;" as Paris of Manners, London of Commerce, Rome of Conquest, Athens of Art, and Jerusalem of Faith. Whereupon, alluding to the possibility of even now investing our metropolis with an aspect of majesty, he writes: "The purest administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. Even our boasted navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Terror has its inspiration as well as competition. Suppose an architect were hanged?" Than this we know scarcely any more delightful example of wit—an example perfect of its kind, being productive of precisely that surprise which is declared to be essential to true wit by the more subtle among our metaphysicians.

As a parliamentary orator, Mr. Disraeli stands forth, in some respects, almost without a rival among his contemporaries. It is only, however, upon very rare occasions that those prominent powers in debate are conspicuously manifested. Under the influence of ordinary circumstances, his manner in speaking is cold, impassive, cautious, marked at times even by an almost painful deliberation. Even when most earnest, he scarcely ever indulges in very animated gesticulation. His eyes downcast, his brows raised, his voice low but singularly clear in its articulation, he has the appearance of one who is addressing the House by an effort of condescension, with an undisguised air of supercilious indifference.

Irritated by a rash taunt, roused by the imminence of some critical juncture, incited by the pressure of an emergency, or goaded by any unwonted display of opposition,—Disraeli, in voice, look, manner, in his every movement, in his whole appearance, is like one suddenly transformed. His delivery at

these times we have heard likened, and not inaptly, to that of Edmund Kean, the tragedian. A glance of the eye, an inflection upon a syllable, a sudden gesture towards an antagonist—something as slight altogether in itself as a glance, or a tone, or a movement, has lent a barb to the arrow of invective, suffusing upon the winged steel as it flies the poison of a deadly derision. It is thus that has been driven home to the heart of some formidable foe many a rankling dart of scorn and ridicule. The cutting jibe, for example, inflicted only last session upon the Whigs, when taunted upon the morrow of their ignominious overthrow, as an “obsolete oligarchy;” or, years ago, that still more pitiless alliterative allusion to “the catastrophe of a sinister career,” completing the peroration of one of his most memorable outbursts of vituperative eloquence. The rhetorician, here, is also a consummate actor—and it is the highest kind of acting : it is upon the stage of history, in the arena of Parliament.

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LORD CHELMSFORD,

The Lord High Chancellor of England.

LORD CHELMSFORD.

As occupant of the woolsack, the Lord High Chancellor of England takes precedence of all the other subjects of the Crown. He assumes, by right, the foremost place among the stately ranks of the aristocracy: he stands upon the first step of the throne, above the rest of the peers, beside the footstool of the sovereign. In reference to this high dignity, the eloquent voice of Mr. Canning once exclaimed, "How proud a thing it is for the Commons of England to see a private individual, elevated from obscurity solely by the force, of talent, take precedence of the Howards, the Talbots, and the Percys—of the pride of Norman ancestry, equally with the splendour of royal descent!" It was the ennobling sense of this absolute pre-eminence in the House of Lords that carried to so rhetorical and scornful a climax the famous reply of Lord Thurlow to the Duke of Grafton's taunt in respect to his plebeian origin, when—repudiating beforehand any notion as to his remarks being in any way depreciatory of the peerage, but adding, "My lords, I must say the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage"—Lord Thurlow thus closed his magnificent rejoinder: "As a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which none can deny *me*—a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer *I now look down upon!*" It was the haughty but extorted epitome of the supreme dignities combined in the person of England's Lord High Chancellor.

And to that lofty position there has recently attained one

who, though popularly known for some years past as the most accomplished advocate of his time, originally, at the outset of his career, in the days of his early boyhood, was walking the quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship, in the midst of the roar and smoke and carnage of a bombardment, as a light-footed, light-hearted young stripling of a midshipman.

There are so many romantic incidents, however, recorded in the history of our lord chancellors, that the instance of Sir Frederick Thesiger cannot be regarded in this particular as in any way exceptional. Indeed, it has been related of Lord Erskine, that prior to the date of his first dedicating his rare abilities to the study of the law, he had passed several years of his life in the royal navy, and afterwards in the king's army, nevertheless ultimately reaching the highest distinction in a totally different profession, being, moreover, the only one among all the keepers of the great seal whose effigy, carved in white marble, stands to this day upon its pedestal upon the floor of the court of Chancery.

Opposite that statue there sits now, in term time, at the appointed hours, another lord chancellor, the commencement of whose career and the fulfilment of whose ambition have been strictly speaking identical.

The Right Honourable Frederick Thesiger, first Baron Chelmsford, and Lord High Chancellor of England, was born in London, in the July of 1794, so that he has but very recently passed that mystical age of sixty-three, popularly known as the grand climacteric. Lord Chelmsford is the youngest and only surviving son of the late Charles Thesiger, Esquire, some time collector of customs in the island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies. A brother of this civil servant of the Crown—godfather, and, until recently, in the strictest sense of the word, namesake of the now Lord Chancellor—was a naval officer, who obtained considerable distinction as such even in that peculiarly heroic generation, and who has left a name since then become doubly famous in our history as Sir Frederick Thesiger. The maritime Sir Frederick Thesiger,

uncle of the forensic Sir Frederick Thesiger, can never surely have his name obliterated from among the glorious memories inscribed upon the marine annals of England. He it was who, as aide-de-camp of Lord Nelson, on board the old 74, H.M.S. the *Elephant*, carried to the Crown Prince of Denmark, on the 2nd of April, 1801, that celebrated letter penned by the great sea-captain in the crisis of battle—that remarkable letter, which more even than the thundering broadsides of our men-of-war, won for this country the immortal victory of Copenhagen. Who does not remember the incident of the writing of that famous epistle, one of the most characteristic incidents emblazoned upon that luminous scroll of fame, the life of Nelson? Have we not all of us paused in imagination upon the threshold of the admiral's cabin, looking in upon the little group gathered about the one-armed hero as he writes—"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark," and so forth,—words pregnant with life and death, penned in the very midst of that vortex of excitement with the calm precision of a diplomatist. The rejected wafers are there beside the candle, hastily brought from the cockpit. The letter lies there for a moment sealed with wax, the seal impressed upon it appearing larger than that usually vouchsafed by Lord Nelson to his correspondents; "This being," as he says himself, "no time in which to seem hurried and informal." And yonder, waiting for the important missive,—his cocked hat in one hand, his flag of truce in the other,—one of the principal actors in this world-famous incident, the aide-de-camp on duty, Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger. The young post-captain has no need of further titles of honour than that secured to him by his having been twice the bearer of that flag of truce from Lord Nelson to the vanquished defenders of Copenhagen. The association of his name with this one renowned anecdote is better surety of his being borne hereafter in the national remembrance than anything that might have ostentatiously rendered him the theme of a hundred duller pages in another biography. It is the fortunate moment of his life, imprinting his name

indelibly and conspicuously—*monumentum ære perennius*—upon the heroic annals of the old fatherland.

It is perfectly conceivable that the boy-nephew of this gallant sea-captain should have found in the exploits of Lord Nelson's messenger at Copenhagen an irresistible incitement to his own high and ambitious aspirations. One could fancy him saying to his brother, as Horatio Nelson had said to his, almost in the self-same words as those familiar to us at the outset of the great historic memoir: "Do, William, write to my father, and tell him I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." Frederick Thesiger, now the Lord Chancellor Chelmsford, by reason, doubtless, of the inspiring example before him in the person of *his* "uncle Maurice," entered the royal navy at an early age, on board H.M.S. *Cambrian*, as a midshipman. It was while on board this frigate, indeed, that—following as closely as possible in the footsteps of his brave godfather—Frederick Thesiger, then a child of thirteen, witnessed, on the 7th of September, 1807, the second bombardment by a British fleet of that ill-fated city of Copenhagen. It was in the expedition despatched against the maritime capital of Denmark, under the command of Admiral (afterwards lord) Gambier. Brief, therefore, though his stay in the royal navy,—for young Thesiger quitted it within a year from the date of this last sanguinary achievement,—Lord Chelmsford, in his boyhood, was no mere rose-water middy, playing at being a sailor; but, afloat upon the salt-water with his messmates, took part, however subordinately, in a fierce and memorable engagement.

The reasons for Frederick Thesiger's preference, upon second thoughts, of the legal for the maritime profession, are sufficiently remarkable to be here particularized. It happened about this time that his father's property in the island of St. Vincent was suddenly destroyed by the irruption of the neighbouring volcano of Mount Soufflier. The explosion has eventually proved to have been of extraordinary advantage to the family, having, some fifty years afterwards, landed the young middy that was then, upon that "coign of 'vantage,"

that loftiest throne of honour within the scope of an ambitious Englishman's attainment—the woolsack.

Child though he was, when the news reached him of the paternal disaster, the young midshipman aspired even then to retrieve the family fortunes, incited all the more to this generous purpose by the recent death of his elder brother,—a casualty leaving Frederick, the second son, the head and hope of the new generation. How resplendently he has fulfilled that hope, how entirely he has realized his own high ambition, we all know. He could not have done so more effectually had he remained in the warlike service originally chosen for his profession, supposing him there to have been heartened, through a career of conflict and conquest, by Nelson's own favourite battle-cry, "A peerage, or Westminster Abbey!"

Without influence at the Admiralty,—without friends anywhere in power capable of forwarding his individual exertions or abilities, it seemed idle to dream of any sufficiently rapid promotion for a middy seriously resolved upon building up the fabric of a fallen house from its foundations. A little reflection showed this clearly enough to himself and his relations. He doffed his uniform, laboured assiduously to improve his early, but interrupted education, and at length, as a duly enrolled member of Gray's Inn, entered his name upon the books of the society as a student at the bar. It was not, however, until after the lapse of upwards of ten years from the date of his quitting the naval service that Frederick Thesiger, then twenty-four years of age, was called to the bar of Gray's Inn, in the Michaelmas term of 1818. His attainment of practice, and his rise into repute as a junior barrister, were then, however, rapid,—far beyond the average precedent. It was the briefest of intervals, the period during which he still remained briefless. Having at once selected the Home circuit, he there speedily acquired for himself both occupation and reputation. He was already, indeed, fast winning his way to distinction, when, in 1822, he became united in marriage to Anna Maria, now Lady Chelmsford, the youngest daughter of William

Tinling, Esquire, of Southampton. The offspring of this union form a numerous family : one of the sons (the eldest), the Hon. Frederick Thesiger, being captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards, a regiment the colonel of which is Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Prince Consort ; one of the daughters (the second), the Hon. Julia, now Lady Inglis, being the wife of the heroic Major-General Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, the gallant defender of the long-beleaguered city of Lucknow. It was in allusion to the glorious and successful defence of that desperately imperilled stronghold by Sir John Inglis and his little band of heroes, and in reference, at the same time, to the repeated accidents (of which more hereafter) depriving the now Chancellor again and again, at the eleventh hour, of his seemingly all but inevitable promotion to a chief-justiceship, that a personal friend of his lordship recently remarked, on his acceptance of the great seal, and his elevation to the peerage, that his new title ought by rights to have been, not Chelmsford, but Lucknow ! In all the perils and hardships of that desperate siege, it may, furthermore, be here observed incidentally, that the Lord Chancellor's daughter shared with her dauntless husband unceasingly,—shared with the devotion admirably befitting the tender wife and the courageous Englishwoman.

Both on circuit and at *nisi prius* the success attained by Mr. Thesiger as a junior is still remembered as something truly remarkable. He rose at last to a position, retained by him during many eminent and laborious years,—that of leader of the Home circuit ; securing a very considerable and always increasing practice there, as well as in the courts of Westminster. His influence, especially as a *nisi prius* advocate, was recognized as powerful and authoritative. His statements of cases in *banco*, always distinguished for their perfect clearness and lucidity, soon enough became, in his regard, the particular theme of professional admiration. Beyond all which more than simply adequate reasons for the briefs pouring in upon him, his avocations were from an early date considerably enhanced in responsibility by his being continually and sys-

tematically retained at the Surrey sessions by the parish of Christchurch.

Sixteen years' standing at the bar brought Mr. Thesiger his silk gown. It was during the second chancellorship of Lord Lyndhurst, in 1834, that he was inscribed upon the list of his Majesty's counsel learned in the law; and almost immediately after this official recognition of his abilities, the new K.C. justified and confirmed all the more sanguine hopes entertained in his regard by those who had already marked with interest the development of his fast-extending reputation. The circumstance alluded to arose out of the severe contest for the parliamentary representation of the city of Dublin, the election taking place in the December of that same year, 1834, and resulting in the return of the Liberal candidates, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Ruthven, and the irritating and stormy rejection of their Tory antagonists, Mr. West and Mr. Hamilton. The latter, as petitioners against the result of the poll, brought their case under the consideration of the House of Commons. A select committee of inquiry was thereupon formed, and occupied several months of 1835 in the conduct of a most searching investigation. The result was, that Mr. O'Connell and his colleague were eventually unseated, their opponents being declared by the report of this election committee to have been legally chosen representatives, and thereupon taking their seat in the house accordingly. Mr. Thesiger, who had been retained upon this remarkable case, displayed throughout such consummate sagacity, such zealous devotion to the interest of his clients, such abounding resource and unfailing ingenuity, that his fame as an advocate of the highest order was from that time forth securely established. From the date of that committee of inquiry, he was a marked man among his contemporaries, a man of note and eminence, even in the midst of the brilliant group to which he was welcomed as an accession. An opportunity was now eagerly watched for, through availing himself of which he might obtain access to another and more conspicuous arena for the display of his oratorical powers, and of his all but perfect mastery of the manifold

graces of the rhetorician. As with almost every eminent man at the bar, the time at last arrived with him when he aspired to assume his place among the ranks of the popular representatives.

In the February of 1840 Mr. Thesiger contested the borough of Newark unsuccessfully; but in the March following was returned as M.P. for Woodstock, and as such took the oaths and his seat in Parliament. Without the walls of the legislature, in his professional capacity, he soon afterwards obtained fresh distinction. The ringleaders of the Chartist insurrection at Newport, in the previous winter, were ultimately brought up for trial upon a charge of high treason; and it was subsequent to this historical event that the honours of knighthood were conferred by the young Queen alike upon Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Sir Frederick Thesiger, respectively, at this moment, her Majesty's Attorney-General and the Lord High Chancellor.

Sir Frederick's maiden speech, delivered in the house soon after the date of his admission, curiously enough bore reference to the self-same theme which furnished the subject for one of the latest harangues addressed by him to the Commons, shortly before his removal from the lower to the upper branch of the legislature. It was a speech in each instance upon the Chinese war,—the alpha relating to the war of 1840, the omega to the war of 1857. In the former instance the impression produced upon the House was considerable and instantaneous. It was felt at once that the new member was one endowed with gifts of oratory, not in any way exclusively forensic, but in the highest degree parliamentary. In the latter instance, while the profound attention awakened in his audience by Sir Frederick Thesiger upon the moment of his rising, testified that his influence as a debater had during the intermediate lapse of seventeen years been very appreciably enhanced, it became a matter of personal interest to note the breathless silence with which the House listened to the eminent advocate (then, unconsciously to himself and to his hearers, upon the eve of realizing the very summit of his ambition by accepting the great seal,

and taking his seat upon the woolsack), while he spoke in thrilling accents of the warlike recollections of his boyhood, depicting in vivid colours the carnage he himself had witnessed half a century before as a midshipman on board the *Cambrian* frigate, and all the varied havoc resulting among both conquerors and conquered from that bombardment, by the British fleet under Lord Gambier, of the city and seaport of Copenhagen.

As member for Woodstock, Sir Frederick retained his seat in the House of Commons till 1844, when he was elected M.P. for Abingdon, a borough thenceforth represented by him until 1852, in which year he was first returned by the constituency of Stamford. It was, moreover, as M.P. for Stamford that he still continued to occupy his accustomed place in the house up to the day of his final acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, in anticipation of his recent elevation to the peerage as Baron Chelmsford, of Chelmsford.

Throughout the whole of the seventeen years during which Sir Frederick Thesiger took part, at uncertain intervals, in the discussions of the lower House of Parliament while representing successively those three boroughs, Woodstock, Abingdon, Stamford, he sustained a high repute as a debater. Beyond which, upon one question of peculiar importance (a question, oddly enough, only settled at last immediately after his removal to the House of Peers), he assumed the distinguished and responsible post of leader of the great Conservative party. It will be at once understood that the particular question referred to was no other than that relating to the admission of Jews into the legislature. From the outset of the agitation, every one understood perfectly well how it chanced that Mr. Disraeli was precluded by the very fervour of his convictions from continuing, upon this one topic, to marshal the ranks of his party, whether in office or in opposition. His authority as chief of the Conservatives in the House of Commons was consequently waived, upon every revival of the Jew debates, in favour of one who showed from first to last a chivalrous sense of the noble and knightly quali-

ties befitting even the temporary and casual possessor of that delegated prerogative. Thrice, moreover, during the lapse of his parliamentary career in the Commons, Sir Frederick had officially occupied a prominent position upon the front Treasury bench as a law officer of the Crown,—twice as the first law officer of the Crown, and previously, from May, 1844, until June, 1845, as Solicitor-General under Sir Robert Peel's administration.

It was upon the occasion of the premature and universally lamented death of Sir William Follett, at the date last mentioned, that Sir Frederick Thesiger first obtained the Attorney-Generalship. A twelvemonth from that period, however, had scarcely elapsed, when, together with the rest of his colleagues, in the July of 1846, he had given in his resignation. Eight years later, namely in 1852, Sir Frederick was again Attorney-General for another interval of ten months,—from the rise of Lord Derby's ministry to power in February, until its downfall in December. Upon each of these occasions, by some strangely tantalizing coincidence, the Attorney-General was balked in regard to that reasonable and customary hope appertaining to his office,—the hope of succeeding, upon a casual vacancy, to one or other of the lord chief justiceships. His disappointment in that respect seemed at last in the popular estimation to amount almost to a fatality. Nor can it be recalled to mind even now, without something like a sympathetic qualm of vexation, that within a few hours from the time of Sir Frederick Thesiger's first retirement from the Attorney-Generalship in the summer of 1846, the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas became vacant, upon the demise of Sir Nicholas Tindal. Whereupon, thanks to the accidental difference of a day, Sir Thomas Wilde succeeded to the judicial honour that must otherwise have belonged of right to his immediate predecessor in the Attorney-Generalship. During his late occupancy of the post in 1852, Sir Frederick was pertinaciously denied all chance of promotion by the irritating health enjoyed continuously by the three chief justices—Pollock, Jervis, Campbell—from the spring of his accept-

ance of office to the winter of his resignation. His ultimate attainment of the woolsack, indeed, came at length almost as a relief to the community. It was certainly regarded by the generality as in a manner directly compensative for all those previous and most vexatious disappointments. As in the instance of so many of his illustrious precursors, it was attained at last by Lord Chelmsford *per saltum*, without any preliminary elevation in another capacity, from the bar to the bench,—precisely, for example, as it had chanced previously to Lord Erskine, to Lord Lyndhurst, to Lord Brougham, and to Lord St. Leonards. Though it should be remembered of Sugden, that he had at an early period occupied the post of the Irish Chancellorship; and of Copley, that subsequently to his first resignation of the great seal, he assumed the ermine as Lord Chief Baron of the court of Exchequer. There was this remarkable difference, moreover, in the instance of Lord Brougham,—a peculiarity unparalleled, we believe, in the history of the Chancellorship,—that that great man strode at once from the first grade to the first rank in his profession, exchanging the stuff gown of a barrister for the scarlet robes of the Lord High Chancellor.

Long anterior to his eventual elevation to the woolsack, Sir Frederick Thesiger had found his practice at the bar almost bewilderingly accumulated. It had increased so enormously, indeed, of late years, that a rumour was prevalent, shortly after Lord Derby's second acceptance of the responsibility of forming an administration, that the hon. and learned gentleman the member for Stamford, while prepared to accept for a third time the office of Attorney-General, could not afford to take the great seal, even though baited with a peerage, a pension, and a yearly income, while held, of £10,000.

The professional rise of this gifted advocate had been appreciably accelerated, in truth, by the successive removal from the scene of their intellectual rivalry, of the two most formidable among all his great competitors,—the removal by death, in 1845, of Sir William Follett, and that effected in the instance of Sir Thomas Wilde, in the year following, upon his

first elevation to the judicial bench, preparatory to the time when, as Lord Truro, he attained the supreme dignity of the Chancellorship.


It is especially observable, in regard to Sir Frederick Thesiger's career at the bar, that perhaps no one has ever yet risen to the woolsack through a more diversified practice, or with a more comprehensive experience. Already it has been remarked how high the distinction won by him through his lucid statements of cases in *banco*, as well as through his energetic bearing as a *nisi prius* advocate; and it has been noted, moreover, how his brilliant success on circuit was from first to last but strictly parallel with his no less brilliant forensic triumphs in the courts at Westminster. Throughout the latter portion of his career, especially,—indeed, in a great measure, almost from the date of its early commencement, he managed to obtain no inconsiderable amount of crown practice; while, both as Solicitor and Attorney-General, he was sometimes engaged *ex officio* in cases before the Court of Chancery.

Hardly has there been a trial of any importance whatever for some years past, but there, upon the record of it, appears conspicuously, as that of a leader, the name of Sir Frederick. It was so, for example, in regard to those daring and ingenious forgeries by which the notorious Tom Provis attempted to establish a fraudulent heirship to the estates and baronetcy of the late Sir John Smyth, of Long Ashton, near Bristol, a *cause célèbre* brought on for trial in 1853, down at Gloucester. It was so, again, in reference to the no less notorious action for libel, before the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury in the court of Queen's Bench, in the case of "*Achilli versus Newman*," an action brought on during the previous midsummer, and conducted on the part of the prosecution by Sir Frederick Thesiger, then Attorney-General. It was precisely the same likewise in regard to the extraordinary issue directed out of Chancery in respect to the last will and testament of her Grace the late Duchess of Manchester, an intricate and difficult case, in the unravelling of which the sagacity of this

eminent counsel was strikingly manifested. Yet more recently there was the remarkable victory won by him, as crown prosecutor, against the directors of the Royal British Bank, an occasion upon which his rare abilities were revealed in a manner more than ever noteworthy.

The conspicuous qualities displayed by Lord Chelmsford while at the bar were those of dignity and of energy,—of explicit accuracy and implicit acuteness,—of entire command of temper and perfect self-possession. His mastery of the facts of a case was rapid, powerful, and consecutive: his acquisition of all the law in any way applicable to it, while it was the result undeniably of profound and laborious research, was facilitated in a surprising manner by what might almost be termed an innate aptitude.

With the personal appearance of "the elegant Thesiger" thousands have long since become familiarized. The handsome features, the tall and graceful figure, the clear and sonorous voice, so voluble and yet so distinct in its articulation, will henceforth be missed from the bar, of which they have for years past been recognized as among the most prominent, and otherwise—a few of them, it must be confessed—the somewhat unwonted adornments. The countenance, however, that was unmarred by the barrister's wig, and the bearing by the sombre silk gown of the queen's counsel, have learnt each to receive an additional and statelier touch of grace from the flowing peruke and the scarlet and ermine robes of the Chancellor.



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY,

Lord President of the Council.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

ALTHOUGH Lord Derby's administration is especially remarkable for the "new men" it has suddenly inducted into office, for the new blood it has generously infused into the veins of government, for the magnanimous disregard shown by its chieftain during the process of its formation, at once for the ties of party, and for the purely accidental links of mere relationship, it is nevertheless, strange to say, hardly less remarkable as a ministry combining within it some of the most renowned and historical names in the annals of English statesmanship.

Colleagues of a self-made statesman like Mr. Disraeli, there are seated together in this distinguished cabinet, participating in the guidance of the destinies of the British empire, a Cecil, a Walpole, and a Peel—representatives of the races of the three great SIR ROBERTS who, each in turn, at different epochs in our history, were pre-eminent among the chiefs, either of the Opposition or of the Government, under three illustrious female sovereigns. A brother of the late (and great) Sir Robert Peel—a collateral relative of the famous Sir Robert Walpole—the seventh in direct succession from the celebrated Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, himself a younger son of the yet more celebrated Sir William Cecil, better known in our annals as Lord Burghley, the Lord High Treasurer—carry us back, by the mere force of association, from the days of our own gracious sovereign, through the later years of the reign of Anne, to the chivalrous age of our great Elizabeth.

Avoiding, however, for the moment, as frivolous, or, at any rate, as foreign to our immediate purpose, any such remote

retrospect, it will be sufficient (it cannot fail to be interesting) if we remark upon this point, that the father of the Lord President of the Council in the Derby cabinet was Postmaster-General under the Pitt administration.

The Most Honourable James Brownlow William Gascoigne-Cecil, second Marquess and eighth Earl of Salisbury, was born in London now more than sixty-seven years ago, on the 17th of April, 1791, at the family mansion (No. 20) in Arlington-street, Piccadilly. His lordship was an only son, but had two sisters: in regard to whom it may be here briefly remarked, that the elder, Lady Charlotte Georgiana Augusta, still survives as relict of the late Right Hon. Henry Wellesley, first Earl Cowley, one of the brothers of Arthur, the great Duke of Wellington; the younger, Lady Emily Anne Bennet Elizabeth, having expired as recently as the spring-time of the present year, being at the period of her decease widow of the late Marquess and Earl of Westmeath. The immediate progenitors of the Lord President of the Council were, James, the seventh Earl of Salisbury, who, in 1789, was raised to the marquise, and his wife, the Lady Mary Amelia Hill, daughter of the first Marquess of Downshire.

The education of the noble administrator, who is now himself, by his ministerial position, President of the Council of Education, was conducted partially in the seclusion of his ancestral home, under the care of a private tutor, partially at Eton College, but never at either of the Universities. Lord Salisbury has subsequently, however, received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge, besides being more recently enrolled as D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. Beyond which it may be here added cursorily, that the marquess has been endowed with the honourable initials F.R.S., by the Royal Society, one of the most distinguished among all our many learned institutions.

Shortly after attaining his majority, his lordship, then known as Viscount Cranborne, was returned, upon an accidental vacancy, as M.P. for Weymouth, to a seat in the popular branch of the legislature. During the ten years following,

the young heir to the marquissate of Salisbury continued to represent the same borough in that and the two subsequent parliaments. In short, up to the period of his father's demise, on the 13th of June, 1823, when he succeeded in due course to all the ancient titles and ample estates of the house: titles dating back to the barony called into existence two centuries and a half ago, the barony of Cecil of Essendon, in the county of Rutland: estates comprising among them Fort William, N. B., and that superb old structure, with its surrounding domains, extending far and wide over a beautiful and cultivated landscape—Hatfield House, still, what it was three hundred years gone by, conspicuous, if not unrivalled, among the many architectural adornments of Hertfordshire.

While yet, however, Viscount Cranborne by courtesy, the noble lord, on the 2nd of February, 1821, had espoused his first wife (for the President of the Council has been twice married), a lady whose family name he assumed upon the occasion, by royal license, as a prefix to his own more famous patronymic, Frances Mary, only daughter and heiress of the late Bamber Gascoigne, Esquire, M.P., of Childwall Hall, in Lancashire. In the thirty-eighth year of her age, Lord Salisbury's first marchioness expired, on the 15th of October, 1839, leaving her widowed lord two daughters—one, the Lady Mildred, married to Alexander Hope, Esquire, M.P.; the other, the Lady Blanche, married to James Balfour, Esquire, of Whittinghame—and three sons, the eldest, of course, being Viscount Cranborne; the second, Lord Robert Cecil, M.P. for Stamford; and the youngest, the Lord Eustace, who, in 1854, was gazetted as a captain in the Coldstream Guards, on the 26th of December.

Lord Salisbury's subsequent marriage was contracted within eight years from the demise of his first marchioness, the noble widower being united, on the 29th of April, 1847, to the Lady Mary Catherine Sackville-West, second daughter of George, fifth Earl de la Warr; the fruits of this union being a youthful family of three sons and two daughters.

Already, as far back as 1826, but two or three years from

the date of his accession to the marquissate, Lord Salisbury had been duly sworn in among the ranks of the privy councillors. Sixteen years afterwards, the highest badge of distinction in the gift of the sovereign was awarded to him, when, in 1842, he was invested by the hands of her present Majesty with the most noble order of the Garter. The distinction in his instance, however, was in no way exceptional, the arms and banner of a Cecil being suspended, almost by right of hereditary succession, above one or other of the antique stalls in the Chapel Royal at Windsor, from the founder of the house downwards, generation after generation: insomuch that, in regard to this branch of the family, the supplementary initials K.G., after the name of each Marquess of Salisbury, have become almost as inevitable an adornment as the addition of that wonderful little hieroglyphic flourish at the tail of the autograph of every educated Frenchman.

During the ten years in which, as Viscount Cranborne, his lordship retained his seat in the House of Commons, he contented himself with silently voting in support of the Tory governments successively presided over by the accomplished, but incoherent, Lord Castlereagh, afterwards second Marquess of Londonderry, and by that extremely respectable specimen of ministerial mediocrity, Lord Liverpool, some time—and a very tedious and laborious time it was, moreover—dull, excellent, painstaking, entirely intolerable, Mr. Robert Jenkinson.

It was, therefore, by a very abrupt transition that the Marquess of Salisbury, in 1852, on the formation of the first Derby cabinet, suddenly became transformed into a minister of the Crown, after having passed so many years in comparative seclusion as a patrician magnate, never aspiring to be regarded as anything more conspicuous than the great man of his shire, an honoured landlord, neighbour, and magistrate, locally possessed of very considerable influence, owner of broad acres, patron of eight livings, High Steward of Hertford, major commanding the South Herts yeomanry cavalry, colonel of the Hertfordshire militia, and, ever since the retirement from that

position of the Duke of Portland, in 1843, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the metropolitan county of Middlesex. In assuming office for the first time as Lord Privy Seal six years ago, under the Earl of Derby's premiership, Lord Salisbury occupied what has been often, and not inaptly, designated a purely decorative post in the government, a position awarded now to the noble and gallant earl who then acted as postmaster-general. In this second, and, in many respects, more carefully organized Derby administration, the marquess has risen to a place of far greater responsibility,* being installed, in his sixty-eighth year, in the Presidency of the Council; thus, in loyal obedience to the ancient motto of his house—*Sero sed serio*, virtually beginning his administrative career in earnest—late, but seriously.

The President of her Majesty's Council has the reputation of being conspicuously distinguished, even among the more advanced of his ministerial colleagues, by the largeness and liberality of his general views in regard to the political principles constituting the "motive power" of the Queen's government. It is auspicious, we cannot but conceive, to the immediate cause of reform, that one of the very ministers to accept it the most frankly, to weigh its interests in the balance the most scrupulously, to watch the phases of its development with the most sympathetic and cordial solicitude, was erroneously regarded, in a manner but yesterday, as prominent among the types of the antique Toryism. Nor so very unnaturally, all things considered, when we remember that to the multitude at large

*The occupant of this high ministerial post of Lord President of the Council, under Lord Derby's former administration, it should be remarked, was the Right Hon. William Lowther, second Earl of Lonsdale, a nobleman possessing vast estates scattered over the counties of Rutland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; patron of as many as thirty-three livings; and one who had previously been installed in office, upon different occasions, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, as Treasurer of the Navy, as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and as Postmaster-General, under preceding governments.

the noble marquess at the head of the council-board,—silent in the House of Commons as Lord Cranborne, hardly less silent in the House of Peers as Lord Salisbury,—has hitherto been little more than the son of a Pittite, and the supporter of the cabinets of Castlereagh and Liverpool. The impression produced upon the public mind by these purely Conservative antecedents, modified somewhat in 1852, by the participation of the then Lord Privy Seal in the innovating labours of the Derby ministry from February to December, has been in a great measure—if it be not even now altogether—obliterated by the ready acquiescence of the Lord President of the Council in the ameliorative measures already adventured upon by the new reforming government. Educated in the school of the heaven-born minister—a school half of retrogrades, half of obstructives—Lord Salisbury has, nevertheless, advanced with the advancing views of his generation, and that, moreover, in spite of his being himself perpetually surrounded, from childhood upwards, by associations the most adverse, one might imagine, to the growth of a popular policy and of liberal statesmanship: being, from first to last, purely patrician, intrinsically conservative, essentially aristocratic. Yet the generous heart and the cultivated intellect have won their way through every opposing obstacle, and the stanch Tory of yore proves himself to-day to be none the less a true and zealous reformer.

The egregious mistake among all the political mistakes of our age, has been one implying some mysterious prerogative conferring upon the Whigs the immemorial right to an absolute monopoly in all liberal measures of improvement. Experience, history, truth, scatter to the winds of heaven this utterly preposterous pretension. Glance—it matters nothing how briefly or how casually—down the records of the last half-century, and there, towering above the lesser labours of the legislature, during parliament after parliament, are discernible upon the instant, in that one momentary glance, each of those grand reforms which constitute, in a manner, the triumphal arches, denoting the advance made in the onward and conquering

march of civilization. Examine them, one by one, and how many of these are the achievements, not of Whig, but of Tory governments? The Test and Corporation Act was repealed in 1828—and it was the work of a Tory government. The Act of Catholic Emancipation was passed in the year immediately following; and it, too, was the work of that same Tory government—the government of the Duke of Wellington. Coming down more nearly to our own time, there occurred, in 1846, the ever-memorable repeal of the Corn Laws, together with the comprehensive reduction of the customs duties—beneficent changes, effected, not under a Whig, but, on the contrary, under Sir Robert Peel's Conservative administration. Nor could any sane reason ever be adduced why a Tory should not make, to all intents and purposes, as good a reformer as a Whig; why improvements, the most varied and the most extensive, may not be carried out consistently with the maintenance (with a direct view to insure and secure the maintenance) of the abstract principle of Conservatism. That rational principle, the wholesome and vitalizing principle, of Conservatism, is not less dear to the heart, and revered in the conscience, of every philosophic liberal, even though he be one coming under the denomination of an ultra-reformer, than it is distinctly foremost among the conspicuous and distinguishing attributes of the genius of our constitution. Speaking in the abstract, it is this great principle of Conservatism which forms, in truth, the veritable palladium of our liberties,—the one grand security for our good government. It is this which has preserved to us, under the lapse of centuries, and through all the turmoil of struggling generations, intact and entire, the guarantees of our national and social independence, the pledges and securities for the perpetuation of our freedom as a people—Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement. It is, we may well believe, as a Conservative, that Lord Salisbury is a Reformer. It is beyond a doubt, as Reformers, that he and his ministerial colleagues are still to the last—and in the noblest sense of the phrase—essentially Conservatives.

Although the noble marquess even now participates but seldom in the discussions of the upper House of Parliament, and when he does speak addresses the Lords but very briefly and colloquially, his words derive a weight from the influence of his social rank and political character, and are, in consequence, always listened to with respectful consideration. Nor does the personal bearing of the man fail to aid materially the effect not unnaturally produced upon that congenial audience by his official status and his individual reputation. The features stamped with the hereditary expression of the Cecils, the bold bald forehead, the kindly eye, the genial mouth—not a lineament in the countenance but is in perfect keeping with the repute long since acquired and sustained throughout his county, but more particularly in his own immediate neighbourhood, as a generous landlord and a beloved and honoured neighbour.

It is in the stately seclusion of his patrician home at Hatfield House that Lord Salisbury passes the chief part of his existence. With the appearance of the old red-brick mansion every traveller upon the Great Northern Railway is, of course, familiar. As the train carries you onward towards Hatfield station, you cannot but mark with interest the lordly and spacious pile of buildings yonder, glowing in the midst of the verdure of the surrounding park and woodlands—the cynosure of the whole green country-side. It is reared upon the site of that palatial residence in which once dwelt the nursling Prince of Wales, afterwards the boy-king Edward VI., in the time of his happy childhood, before the date of his precocious accession to the English sovereignty. There too lived, some time afterwards, his more famous sister, while yet a gay young slip of a princess—the red-haired coquette, with the lithesome figure and the laughing eye, in whom none could have foreseen the germ of the all but masculine genius characteristic of Queen Elizabeth. Yonder in the grounds hard by is still shown, to this day, the very tree under which the princess was seated when news was brought to her of Queen Mary's death, and of the consequent accession, in her own

person, of the third child of King Henry VIII. to the throne of the Tudor dynasty. There, immediately upon that intelligence, she assembled her first privy council: Hatfield, no less "a palace in a garden," being to Queen Elizabeth, exactly three centuries ago, namely, in 1558, what the old palace at Kensington was at the moment of her accession to Queen Victoria,—the porch to Windsor, the watch-tower from which was taken in at a glance the whole wide range of that awful and sublime dominion.

When, moreover, those broad domains at Hatfield had passed away in the succeeding reign from the Crown (in exchange for Theobalds, in the parish of Cheshunt), into the possession of the Crown's illustrious subject and authoritative adviser, Sir Robert Cecil, later on Baron Cecil, Viscount Cranborne, and Earl of Salisbury—the original structure, saving only the ancient gateway and the western portion of the old palace still preserved, gave place to the far more splendid mansion of Hatfield, ever since, from father to son, the home and haunt of his direct lineal descendants.

Historical associations alone, however, are not bound up, alas, be it said! with the family remembrances of that lofty roof-tree; for there, in the November of 1835, when the west wing was totally destroyed by fire, Lord Salisbury's mother, the dowager marchioness, perished in the conflagration. Yet, excepting that one terrible recollection—the veiled sorrow of the house—Hatfield is peculiarly one of those abodes where one could fancy the statesman and administrator, secluding himself at intervals from the toilsome responsibility of participation in the affairs of government, might enjoy the Ciceronian repose, *otium cum dignitate*, to the uttermost. Throughout the interval of leisure vouchsafed to our legislators during the autumnal and winter months, it may be presumed that the several members of a cabinet fail not to meditate betimes over the probable labours of the ensuing session, and in a more peculiar manner over the especial requirements, each one of his own particular department. Hence, let us hope, from these holiday meditations down at Hatfield, among the flower-

ing shrubberies of the green pleasaunce, may come practical measures of reform and amelioration: such, to be specific, instead of dealing only in generalities, such, let us say, for example, as that sweeping innovation, the encouragement of which would, indeed, eminently well befit Lord Salisbury, in his capacity as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Roads, the Rebeccaite scheme for the abolition of all turnpike tolls within a given distance from the central point of our twin capital of London and Westminster. Beyond a mere local change like this, however, we would fain anticipate, as among the fruits of Lord Salisbury's musings during the recess, as a cabinet minister, the steady and appreciable advance of the educational movement; and, above all, the maturing of the general project for the comprehensive and systematic reform of Parliament.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE,

Lord Privy Seal.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE

As in the instance of his immediate predecessor in the office, the Lord Privy Seal in the Earl of Derby's administration had previously occupied ministerial rank in the more responsible position of her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

It is observable, moreover, in regard to the Lord Privy Seal of 1858, that, although six years ago entirely new to office as a minister of the Crown, the noble earl then displayed those business capacities, and that general sagacity as an administrator, which enabled him during ten months to preside most creditably to himself over the delicate and complicated machinery of our vast postal organization. True, doubtless, that the nominal and ostensible chief at St. Martin's-le-Grand is relieved from considerable anxiety by that extraordinary aptitude for his position which constitutes Secretary Rowland Hill (among all the officials upon our various governmental establishments) the very archetype and model specimen of "the right man in the right place:" yet a statesman of less shrewd perceptions than Lord Hardwicke might have failed to appreciate so very readily those high qualities, that instantaneous grasp of detail, that instinctive tact in combination, which render the author of the penny postage the *genius loci* at that central point in the perpetually whirling maze, hither and thither, of the million atoms of the world's correspondence. Whatever difficulties it may have encountered elsewhere, the new system, inaugurated by the *régime* of Rowland Hill, certainly found no obstructive in the person of the Postmaster-General under Lord Derby's first administration.

The Right Honourable Charles Philip Yorke, fourth Earl of

Hardwicke, born fifty-nine years ago, on the 2nd of April, 1799, was the eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral of the Blue Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, K.C.B., and some time M.P. for Reigate, by his first wife, Elizabeth Weake, daughter of James Rattray, Esquire, of Atherstone. The mother of Lord Hardwicke having expired prematurely on the 29th of January, 1812, his lordship's father espoused, within little more than a year afterwards, the Lady Urania Anne Paulet, daughter of George, twelfth Marquess of Winchester, a lady already twice widowed, first as Marchioness Dowager of Clanricarde, and secondly, as the relict of Colonel Peter Kington. Seventeen years after her third marriage, the Lady Urania (herself surviving until the 27th of December, 1843) again wore the weeds, her third husband having unhappily lost his life, on the 5th of May, 1830, in the sixty-third year of his age, through the accidental upsetting of a yacht during the course of a pleasure excursion.

Sir Joseph's immediate progenitors, the grandfather and great-grandfather of the present Earl of Hardwicke, each in turn held the great seal as Lord High Chancellor of England: the father of Admiral Yorke retaining that elevated position during little more than two days altogether, his grandfather throughout a period of nearly twenty years' duration consecutively. It cannot even now be borne in recollection without a pang of sympathy, how, under very deplorable circumstances, Charles Yorke (grandfather of the present Lord Privy Seal), eminent son of a pre-eminent sire, great in the law-courts, great in parliament, twice solicitor-general, twice attorney-general, was induced, by the mingled blandishments and reprehensions of the reigning sovereign, to accept, on Tuesday, the 16th of January, 1770, what he had already, for party reasons, again and again refused—his appointment as Lord High Chancellor. *Junius* has "pointed the moral," Walpole has "adorned the tale"—the terrible moral, the lamentable tale—of the tragic consequence of this most mistaken accession to the cabinet of the then premier, of this most ill-judged secession from the parliamentary ranks marshalled under Lord Rockingham as

leader of the Opposition. Scarcely is the royal autograph dry upon the warrant signed by the king for the patent raising the new occupant of the woolsack to the peerage by the name, style, and title of Baron Mordon, of Mordon, in the county of Cambridge, when, three days after his being hastily sworn into office, at six o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 30th of January, 1770, the Lord Chancellor Charles Yorke is lying dead in his house in London, under very mysterious and suspicious circumstances. It is in allusion to the overthrow of Camden and to the demise of Yorke that (shall we say ?) Sir Philip Francis, in his thirty-seventh letter,* daringly taunts his Grace the Duke of Grafton with having "discarded one chancellor and killed another." It is in recording the incidents leading to this same deplorable catastrophe that the Earl of Orford enumerates one by one the various particulars which, says he,† at the time of the occurrence, when the grave had not yet closed over the illustrious and lamented victim of that dark state intrigue, "convinced everybody that he had fallen by his own hand, whether on his sword, or by a razor, was uncertain." However the dread event may, indeed, have actually come to pass—this startling death, as it were, upon the threshold of the House of Peers, of the second son of the great Lord Hardwicke—the incident fills, in truth, the one tragic page in the family history.

A brighter record is the one immediately preceding it—that recounting the origin and career of the famous lawyer, who was the creator of his own fortunes, and of the wealth and honours transmitted by him to his descendants—Philip Yorke, the first Earl of Hardwicke, one who was, in every sense of the phrase, the Lord Privy Seal's great-grandfather, he of whom the biographer of the chancellors, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, has spoken emphatically as "the most consummate judge who ever sat in the court of Chancery." Although the son of an obscure but honest attorney at the seaport of Dover, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of

* Woodfall's Junius (Bohn's edition), vol. i. p. 273.

† Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of George III.* vol. iv. p. 53.

Richard Gibbon, of Rolveden, in the county of Kent—an ancient but impoverished family, numbering amongst its members at least one name of world-wide renown (that of Edward Gibbon, the historian)—Philip, the first Earl of Hardwicke and Lord High Chancellor, could trace back his ancestry far away into the dim past, before the race became reduced in circumstances about the early part of the seventeenth century, when the heads of the house held considerable landed possessions in Wiltshire.

Tragical though, as we have seen, the story of his second son, the short-lived chancellor, the biography of the first Lord Hardwicke is sufficiently comic in some of its particulars; the truth being, that the great lawyer was also, let it be added, a great humorist. Early evidence of this he enshrined himself betimes among the classic records of our national literature; namely, when, shortly after attaining his majority, he dropped one day with nervous trepidation into the far-famed lion's mouth, a now celebrated letter, signed Philip Homebred—an epistle which directly afterwards, to the inexpressible joy of the stripling admirer of Captain Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Secretary Addison, appeared on Monday, the 12th of April, 1712, as No. 364 of *The Spectator*.

The exquisite sense of the ridiculous preserved throughout life by the great Lord Hardwicke may, perhaps, be still better illustrated by a momentary reference to one of the most preposterous among the many laughter-moving anecdotes he loved, with a grave face and a twinkling eye, to relate at his own board during the palmy days of his Chancellorship. It is an anecdote preserved to us by Cooksey, the Spence of law and politics, comparable only to what we may imagine to have been that wonderful jest, the favourite *jeu d'esprit* of Mr. Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy, the story never yet heard but so often roared at,—that tale of Old Grouse in the gunroom, which was at once the dread and the delight of Diggory! It related—this pet joke of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke—to his bailiff Woodcock, "who," quoth the pre-server of the anecdote, "having been ordered by his lady to

procure a sow of the breed and size she particularly described to him, came one day into the dining-room when full of great company, proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress—'I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and got a sow exactly of your ladyship's breed and size!'" One can still hear them, shaking their sides with laughter, there in the banqueting-room at Wimpole. That purple-faced lout yonder behind the earl's chair can certainly be no other than friend Diggory. Surely, we have got, at last, here, to the true version of Old Grouse in the gunroom!

Somewhat of a humorist himself, like his illustrious great-grandfather,—if we may judge of his temperament in this respect by some of the whimsical incidents of his boyhood,—the now Lord Privy Seal began his career in the congenial atmosphere of a midshipman's berth, cracking jokes and weevilly biscuits, with the gold lace "curse" upon his shoulder and a brine-tarnished cap awry upon his head,—keen of eye, light of heart, ready of wit, full of high spirits and of higher ambition.

Nearly a twelvemonth before the date of his entrance, on the 4th of February, 1813, into the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, the present Earl of Hardwicke's uncle and godfather, the Right Hon. Charles Philip Yorke, had closed his official career—a career extending over some two years and a half, namely, from the November of 1809 to the March of 1812—as First Lord of the Admiralty. It was not through the paltry aid of mere nepotism, therefore, that the future peer and administrator advanced, as he did afterwards rapidly enough, through the various grades of his gallant profession.

Having successfully carried off the second medal in the examination, young Yorke, then just turned fifteen, embarked, for the first time, on the 15th of May, 1815, immediately before the close of the Napoleonian wars upon the field of Waterloo, as midshipman on board the *Prince*, 98 guns (Captain Fowke), then the flag-ship at Spithead. During that and the year following, he removed successively into the *Sparrowhawk*, 18 guns (Captain Frederick Burgoyne); into

the *Leviathan*, 74 guns (Captain Thomas Briggs); and ultimately into the *Queen Charlotte*, 100 guns (Captain James Brisbane), then the flag-ship of Admiral the Right Hon. Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth.

It was while a middy on board the *Queen Charlotte* that Charles Yorke first, as the phrase is, smelt gunpowder. The occasion was one of the most glorious ever recorded among all the glorious annals of the royal navy of England. It was on the afternoon and evening of the immortal 27th of August, 1816—the day of the ever-memorable victory won in the Bay of Algiers, a victory achieved in the interests of humanity, for the suppression of piracy, for the liberation of from 1,000 to 2,000 enslaved Christians. As affording evidence of the estimation in which that true tar, the gallant maritime commander-in-chief of the expedition, held both the daring and discretion of a stripling like Charles Yorke, then little more than sixteen years of age, it is interesting to note that here, at the battle of Algiers, he was intrusted by Lord Exmouth with the charge of a gunboat during the very height and fury of the bombardment. And admirably did the young midshipman acquit himself of the perilous duty, with all its weighty responsibilities. Throughout the principal part of the contest, the gunboat under his command was stationed directly under the bows of the *Leander*, hard by the terrible Fish-market Battery; and there, in the very core and centre of that whirling eddy of death, not only did good service but acquired for itself and its crew no inconsiderable distinction.

Almost immediately upon the return of the victorious fleet homewards, Charles Yorke joined the *Leander*, 62 guns (Captain Edward Chetham, now Sir Edward Chetham Strode), the *Leander* then bearing the flag of Admiral Sir David Milne. Throughout the whole of the ensuing winter, that noble old frigate, battered and splintered and riddled by the shot of the Algerines, remained at Portsmouth, repairing and refitting, until the date of her departure, in the spring of 1817, for the North-American station, the point of her pre-arranged destination. There, indeed, the *Leander* remained, chiefly off the

coast of Nova Scotia, until the July of 1819, when she was ultimately relieved by the *Newcastle*. During this interval—in fact, throughout the whole of the year 1818—Charles Yorke commanded the admiral's yacht, a tender, the *Little Jane*, a small vessel more or less continually employed in conveying despatches to and fro between Halifax and Bermuda—between the “still-vexed Bermoothes” and the capital of the Nova-Scotian peninsula.

Is there not a glimpse at once of the precision of the old Scotch admiral and of the perfectly cool and high-bred effrontery of the young English midshipman in that faint echo from a point of time lying far away there at the extremity of that perspective of forty years?

Dinner in the admiral's cabin, on board the *Leander*—corks flying—glasses replenished.

ADMIRAL (looking askance, with a grim watchfulness, at one of the youngest of his guests, then drinking hilariously).—“Misturr Yawrk! hadn't ye betturr drink the champagne in toomblers?”

MIDDY.—“Thank you, Sir David. Here, waiter, bring me a tumbler.” (Fills it to the brim, and then bending forward, glass in hand, with the politest of smiles).—“Sir David, I drink your very good health.”

Admiral—grimmer than ever, and breathing hard—is “shut up” accordingly.

Having acted during a brief interval as lieutenant of the *Grasshopper*, 18 guns, Charles Yorke was, on the 14th of August, 1819, confirmed in that rank by commission; and on the 29th of the following October joined the *Phæton*, 46 guns (Captain William Montague), remaining still on the Halifax station until the date of his being advanced another step in his profession. That advance at length arrived, on the 18th of May, 1822, the day when the young lieutenant became commander.

Returned homewards, Captain Yorke was speedily appointed to take the command of the *Alacrity*, 10 guns, at the period when that vessel was fitting out for active service in the

Mediterranean. There it was that the captain of the *Alacrity* signalized his energy for a considerable time, being off and on perpetually engaged, alternately in the suppression of the accursed crime of piracy, or in maintaining a vigilant and jealous observation of the movements of the allied forces, the combined armament of Turks and Egyptians.

The young commander—thanks to his personal merits and his high reputation for seamanship coming in aid of his undoubtedly large family influence and powerful connections—had not long to wait for his post rank; the 6th of June, 1825, being the date of his next commission.

Three years afterwards, Post-Captain Yorke took the command, on the 20th of November, 1828, of the *Alligator*, 26 guns; and for nearly three years after that—namely, till the summer of 1831—continued upon the Mediterranean station, as captain of the *Alligator*, assisting in no unimportant manner in bringing the distracted affairs of Greece to something bearing the semblance, at least, of a satisfactory settlement.

Arrived once more in England, our gallant sailor resumed his place permanently—saving two brief intervals of final service on ship-board, hereafter to be particularized—among the ranks of his civilian fellow-countrymen. He was heir presumptive to the earldom of Hardwicke. He became a member of the imperial legislature, occupying a seat during one brief interval among the powerful phalanx of the Conservative representatives.

It was not until the 14th of October, 1833, that Captain Yorke, R. N., was united in marriage to the Hon. Susan Liddell, sixth daughter of Thomas Henry, the first, and sister of Henry Thomas, the present and second, Lord Ravensworth. The fruits of this union have been eight children; the eldest son, known by his father's second title as Viscount Royston, having, in the spring of last year, attained his majority. Within less than thirteen months after their nuptials, the sea-captain's wife became a countess. Quitting the House of Commons in 1834 as Captain Yorke, the now

Lord Privy Seal assumed his place among the peers of the realm as Charles Philip, fourth Earl of Hardwicke. This occurred upon the decease, on the 18th of November, of his uncle, Philip Yorke, the third earl, and formerly lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Incidentally, moreover, it may be mentioned, in regard to a yet earlier generation of the Yorkes, that one of the grand-uncles of the present Lord Hardwicke expired in 1808, as James, the Lord Bishop of Ely; another grand-uncle, the late Lord Dover, K.B., who occupied a distinguished rank in the king's army, having taken part on the famous 30th of April, 1745, in the battle of Fontenoy, as aide-de-camp of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

Obedient throughout life to the haughty and almost supercilious device of his family—*Nec cupias, nec metuas*—Lord Hardwicke, while disdaining, apparently, at any period to struggle for honour, has never shrunk from accepting it when proffered to his grasp by fortuitous circumstances. His maritime career drew to a close in 1844, when his lordship assumed the command of the *Black Eagle* steam yacht, on board of which vessel he had the honour of conveying to our shores, upon that now doubly famous visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor, his imperial majesty Nicholas, the Czar of all the Russias. It was upon this occasion that the emperor presented to the noble and gallant skipper of the *Black Eagle* a gold snuff-box, decorated with a portrait of his imperial majesty, surrounded with brilliants, a souvenir estimated altogether at the value of one thousand guineas.

Subsequently, in 1845, Post-Captain the Earl of Hardwicke completed the requisite period of his service afloat by taking command of the magnificent first-rate man-of-war, H.M.S. the *St. Vincent*, 120 guns; and, in consequence, by the 12th of January, 1854, became, in due course, enrolled upon the British navy-list among the ranks of our rear-admirals. His position upon that list, however, it should be remarked, is among the flag-officers on reserved half-pay, according to the stipulations made under the order in council, dated the 25th of June, 1851, whereby it was arranged that those officers,

while receiving, as at present, the half-pay of rear-admirals, should, nevertheless, be allowed the same advantage of rising in rank as though they had remained upon the list of those in active service.

The political career of Lord Hardwicke is familiarly known to the generality, having come within the scope of very much observation. His first acceptance of office invested him with the dignity of privy councillor and the responsibilities of the Postmaster-Generalship, and gave him, moreover, what is not an inevitable accompaniment to its duties, a seat in the cabinet. That position, accepted by him in the spring of 1852, he retained, together with his ministerial colleagues, uninterruptedly from February to December. It is a position since resumed, as we all know, by the Earl of Hardwicke in a very different character; namely, as the Lord Privy Seal in the Earl of Derby's second administration.

Meanwhile, apart from his administrative labours, Lord Hardwicke has not been otherwise inactive among his contemporaries. He has frequently been in attendance at the court as one of the lords in waiting on the Queen; he has for some considerable time past been numbered among the members of the council of the duchy of Lancaster. Previously having had his name inscribed as F.R.S. on the books of the Royal Society, the noble earl received the honorary degree of D.C.L., on Tuesday, the 7th of June, 1853, at the Sheldonian Theatre, in the University of Oxford, from the hands of the newly-installed Chancellor.

Inheriting with the dignity of the earldom the patronage of no less than ten livings, besides an ample fortune, embracing within it various and considerable landed possessions, the Lord Privy Seal, with a town house at (No. 37) Portman-square, has three separate country seats, the chief among these, his ancestral home of Wimpole Hall, near Arrington, in the county of Cambridge: the remaining two being Sydney Lodge, near Southampton, and Tittenhanger Hall, in Hertfordshire.

Three out of the five brothers of the earl are still surviving;

one, the Hon. Elliot Yorke, being M.P. for Cambridgeshire; while the others are both clergymen of the Church of England: the Hon. and Rev. Henry Yorke, archdeacon of Huntingdon; and the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, prebendary of Lichfield and chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

The distinguished head of the house, as, indeed, befits him as Earl of Hardwicke, is Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Cambridgeshire. The characteristic and sailor-like frankness of the earl he has carried with him, not unbecomingly, from the quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship to the council-board of his sovereign. His loyal gallantry, so often evidenced afloat, while in command of gunboat, frigate, or man-of-war, is not less signally manifested nowadays, while participating, as one of her principal officers, in the far more responsible duty of guiding into smooth water, among shoals and breakers, through storm and darkness and hurricane, the old metaphorical ark of the State—the good ship Britannia—the time-worn and time-honoured vessel of our Constitutional Government.

THE RIGHT HON. S. H. WALPOLE,

Secretary of State for the Home Department.

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THE RIGHT HON. S. H. WALPOLE.

EVERY one knows Charles Aubrey, Esquire, M.P. for the borough of Yatton, in Yorkshire—everybody, that is to say, who is familiar with one of the most brilliant masterpieces in modern English literature—noble-hearted Charles Aubrey, the good hero of "Ten Thousand a Year," the antithesis, the antipodes, the zenith to the nadir, of that abominable, execrable, detestable little reptile who is remembered to have once upon a time dyed his carroty hair, eyebrows, and whiskers of a genteel apple-green, by the magic agency of the far-famed Cyanochaitanthropopoion!

Every one does not know, however, what is nevertheless a reality, that the original of Charles Aubrey, the unconscious sitter for that life-like portraiture, is no other than the right honourable gentleman now, for a second time, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home department.

The likeness depicted by the hand of friendship, now more than eighteen years ago, still retains to this day the evidences of its vivid resemblance. Several of the colours even have mellowed and ripened upon the canvas. The auspicious promise of many a genial line has deepened, in one or two instances, to the precision of a perfected and literal fulfilment.

Let us glance, then, for a moment at Mr. Aubrey as he appeared at that time, in his thirty-fourth summer, to the keen and searching eye of this literary Academician, whose brush had only previously depicted the sombre and tragic incidents of human woe and suffering, recorded in pictorial words (blotted and blurred with tears of sympathy) in "The Diary of a late Physician."

Mr. Warren is opening the second book of his prose epic

delineative of English life, in this motley, busy, worldly-wise, aspiring, thoughtful nineteenth century. He has just described Yatton—dear, beautiful, picturesque old Yatton—ancestral home of the Aubreys of Yorkshire. He has come, at length, to the master of the domain, the head of the house, the real, living, breathing, flesh-and-blood hero of his fictitious narrative! As admirable a specimen of a Christian hero as one could reasonably hope to meet with in our every-day existence; certainly one far more within the scope of ordinary comprehension than Sir Richard Steele's idealized and fantastical imagining. Mr. Thackeray, it is true, in one of the later chapters of his great Book of Snobs, has the charming effrontery to dub as a snob this very Mr. Aubrey of Yatton. But he does so, as we well recollect, in one of his most whimsical moods, and, as it appeared to our wounded sensibilities when we read it, out of pure affectation. But we are leaving the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," pencil in hand, at the moment when he is about to shadow forth the outline of that true gentleman, in a sketch as suggestive in a few rapid touches as one of those marvellous limnings from the crayon of Moritz Retzsch. It is no mere blank *silhouette*, but a profile portrait daintily delineated. "He has a reserve," we are told, "which is not cynical, but only diffident; yet it gives him, at least at first sight, and till you have become familiar with his features, which are of a cast at once refined and aristocratic, yet full of goodness, an air of *hauteur*, which is very, very far from his real nature." And so on, through all the more sensitive and melancholy peculiarities of his composition. Furthermore, we read of Mr. Aubrey, "He is a man of superior intellect; a capital scholar; took the highest honours at Oxford [for Oxford, read Cambridge]; and has since justified the expectations which were then entertained of him;" as, indeed, is but now doubly true, uttered in reference to his career at the bar or in the legislature. "He has entered upon *politics*," says the novelist in italics of his own, "with uncommon, perhaps with an excessive ardour." And the writer adds, prophetically, now nearly a score of years gone

by—half a dozen years, in truth, before the original of his portrait had ventured upon crossing the threshold of St. Stephen's—"I think he is likely to make an eminent figure in Parliament; for he is a man of very clear head, very patient, of business-like habits, ready in debate, and, moreover, has at once an impressive and engaging delivery as a public speaker." Precisely the very qualities he has, since then, distinctly manifested. A little later on we read, "He is a man of perfect simplicity and purity of character." And, after a tribute to his private virtues, described as "virtues sublimed by Christianity—as it were the cold embers of morality warmed into religion"—we come to the description of his outward appearance, as vividly punctilious in its accuracy (save only in regard to the colour of the hair) as that most reflective antithesis, the negative and positive of a successful photograph. "In manner, Mr. Aubrey is calm and gentlemanlike; in person, rather above the middle height, and of slight make." Then follows a mournful anticipation of consumption as an incipient disease, happily not since realized, succeeded, in turn, by this mystical shadowing upon the *camera obscura* of letters, meaning, of course, each virginal page lying before your true romancist to be scribbled into manuscript—"His countenance has a serene manliness of expression when in repose, and great acuteness and vivacity when animated. His hair, not very full, is black as jet; his forehead ample and marked; and his eyes are exponents of perfect sincerity, and also acuteness." It is the true mirror held up to nature—a leaf, in the hand of a writer of genius, sensitized by the collodion of his imagination.

The Right Honourable Spencer Horatio Walpole, born on the 11th of September, 1806, is the second son of Thomas Walpole, Esquire, of Stagbury, in Surrey, by his wife, the Lady Margaret Perceval, youngest daughter of John, second Earl of Egmont. He is, consequently, related by blood to two celebrated prime ministers of England, tracing his genealogy back through the paternal line to Sir Robert Walpole, and, by means of his own marriage-knot, drawing yet more closely

the ties of kindred through the maternal line originally, linking together his own family with that of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the unfortunate victim of the pistol-shot of the assassin Bellingham.

Mr. Walpole received his earlier education at Eton, completing his academical course of studies with more than ordinary distinction as a member of Trinity College, in the University of Cambridge. He here won for himself the first English declamation prize,—a success significant of his more important after-triumphs in the parliamentary arena at Westminster: obtaining beyond this a prize medal that might almost have been envied him by one earlier and later in the same field—Thomas Babington, afterwards Baron Macaulay, earlier in the University, later and more eminent in the Panegyric—a prize awarded for the best essay upon the character and conduct of King William III., him of Orange—that pink, paragon, and phenomenon, who is the pattern hero of the eloquent Whig historic-pamphleteer.

Having entered his name, immediately on leaving Cambridge, as a student of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Walpole was, in 1831, called to the bar of that honourable society: so that, even now, though he has apparently arrived but in the meridian of his public career, he can look back, down more than one whole quarter of a century of varied professional experience. Although his way was at first, as with the majority, won but slowly, he ultimately contrived to secure what he thenceforth sustained increasingly up to the close of his labours at the bar,—namely, up to the commencement of his loftier course as an administrator—a very considerable and important practice in the court of Chancery.

Within one lustre from the date of his call to the bar, Mr. Walpole was married, on the 6th of October, 1835, to his cousin Isabella, the fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the minister already referred to as having been murdered in the second year of his premiership. Four children still survive as the offspring of that marriage; namely two sons and two daughters.

Already elected a benchor of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Walpole was, in 1846, nominated Q.C. In that same, to him most important, twelvemonth, he was elected M.P. for the borough of Midhurst, under the auspices of his relative the Earl of Egmont, who, as lord paramount of the whole country-side thereabouts, exercises no trivial influence over that comparatively small but eminently convenient constituency.

It was not long before the predictions of the friendly roman-cist began to be literally verified by the member for Midhurst; Mr. Warren, as if in recompense for those happy auguries, eventually succeeding Mr. Walpole in its representation. This transference, indeed, of the borough of Midhurst to the predictor from the subject of the prediction, took place not until some ten busy years had elapsed, when, early in 1856, the latter was enthusiastically returned as M.P. for the University of Cambridge: since which time he has enjoyed the satisfaction of representing his beloved *alma mater* in the British Parliament.

During these ten years in which he sat for Midhurst, Spencer Walpole built up for himself a parliamentary reputation in every respect so high and honourable, that long before his nomination as a minister of the Crown, long before his enrolment among the ranks of her Majesty's privy councillors, he had acquired a weight and authority in discussion not unbecoming one who was at once a descendant of the Walpoles and of the Percevals. His speech upon the Navigation Laws in 1849, during the course of the renowned debates as to the propriety of their abrogation, first drew upon him the particular and respectful attention of the House. He afterwards participated rather prominently in the remarkable, but, for all practical purposes, the utterly rapid and valueless, discussions of 1851 upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the most signally abortive measure, perhaps, that ever was concocted.

In the February of 1852, Mr. Walpole, influenced by the incentives to a nobler ambition than that of looking to anything like mere sordid pecuniary advantages, was induced to sacrifice, "at one fell swoop," the whole of his great Chancery practice,

and to accept in lieu of its toils and responsibilities, the far more considerable and anxious toils and responsibilities inseparable from the post of the Home Secretaryship. It was during that first ten months' epoch of his ministerial career that he had the credit of carrying through triumphantly the whole of the Herculean task of the Embodiment of the Militia.

Half a year subsequently to the date of his resignation, with the rest of his colleagues, in December, he had the honorary solace, so to speak, of receiving, at Oxford, on the 7th of June, 1853, his degree as D.C.L. from the hands of the ex-Premier, the new University Chancellor. On resuming his place upon the front bench of the Opposition, the Home Secretary continued to sustain, by his dignified bearing in debate, and his unfailing courtesy, alike to supporters and antagonists the repute already acquired by him, as one of the recognized arbiters of the house during his brief but important tenure of office in the then recent administration. Added to the persuasive and almost winning influence of his imperturbable temperament, were—the intuitive perception of what precise course at any moment of difficulty is calculated to be the most judicious and conciliatory, the unflagging energy in the mere management of business detail, the intimate acquaintance with the numberless traditional rules and *formule* of Parliament—all that manifold and scarcely definable blending of endowments with acquisitions, which occasionally tends, at rare intervals, to constitute a member of the House of Commons not so much a leader of party, as a recognized chief, and mediator between the opposing ranks of the legislature. To the pinnacle of this eminently influential position in the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole may be literally said to have won his way without an effort, simply by the triple force of his great abilities, his conspicuous integrity, and his elevated character. He, of all men in the house, it was generally felt, was (one might also say by right) the natural successor of the Right Hon. Shaw Lefevre, since then

Baron Eversley. Had Lord Derby come into power but a year sooner, Mr. Walpole would, at this moment, be Speaker of the House of Commons. Instead of which, as we all know, the country had responded Yeh ! so loudly to the appeal made by Lord Palmerston, that, when the new Parliament assembled in 1857, the occupancy of the chair came unfortunately to be regarded as a mere party question : the result being, that the Right Hon. Evelyn Denison, an able man enough, but a man, it must be confessed, without one tithe of Mr. Walpole's weight or popularity, was summarily inducted into the Speakership. Another general election, however, a new House of Commons, and that untoward and unexpected decision would, in all probability, be reversed. The Home Secretary might then, at last, assume the high position for which he seems to be in every respect even yet more peculiarly qualified,—that of the foremost Commoner in the land, the first of English gentlemen. Personally, intellectually, politically, socially, there is not a statesman in the house who would appear to greater advantage than the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole in that honoured chair which is almost a throne, under the voluminous shadows of that wig which is all but a diadem, with that bauble mace borne before him, hardly less in its way than a sceptre, himself clad from head to foot in the golden robe, not less venerable as a symbol of office than the royal robe worn by the sovereign upon the day of coronation.*

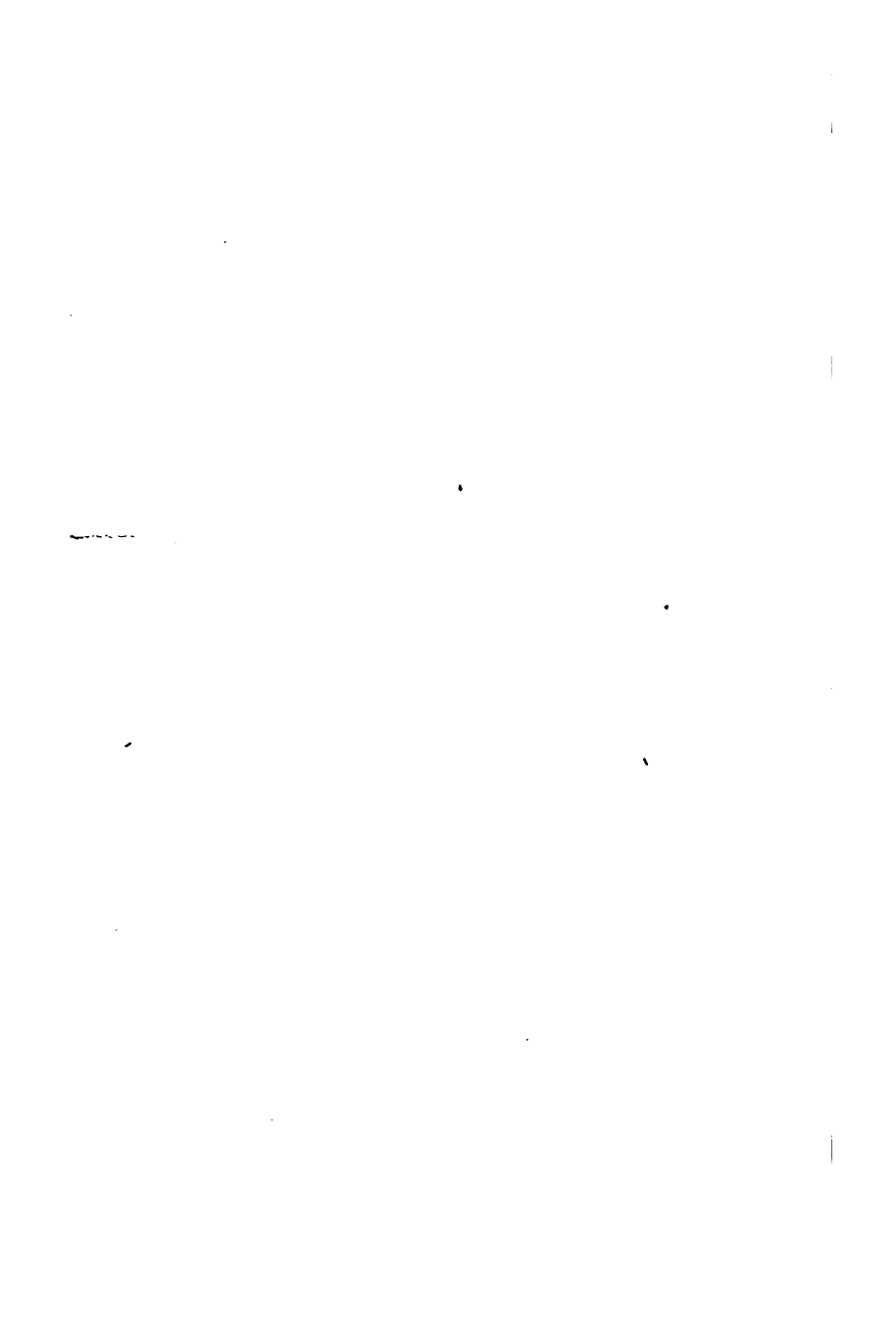
As it is, we doubt not but that all this is ripening in the hereafter. Mr. Walpole has meanwhile only to bide his time patiently, awaiting, with confidence, the all but inevitable result of the next dissolution. His political chief reassumes

* "The Crown !" exclaimed Mr. Roebuck haughtily, almost indignantly, during the course of this last session—"the Crown ! it is the House of Commons !" And casually, carelessly though it may have been uttered, the impetuous ejaculation of that eminent tribune of the people is epigrammatically expressive of a great truth, a truth dictated by the very genius of the constitution.

power in February, and finds the Speaker's chair already occupied. Wherefore, as a welcome necessity, for the time being, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole resumes for awhile his former post in the cabinet as Home Secretary. His next rise will probably be to that constitutional stepping-stone to the peerage, the Speakership.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY,

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY.

A PARLIAMENTARY reputation is generally the one thing absolutely requisite as a stepping-stone to power, as a preliminary to any participation whatever in the toils and responsibilities of our constitutional government. One remarkable exception, however, to this usually inexorable rule is certainly discoverable in the instance of the noble earl nominated twice by Lord Derby, with an interval of six years between each selection (1852 and 1858), to the delicate and difficult office of Foreign Secretary in his two administrations.

Neither in the House of Commons, when Viscount Fitzharris, during the few weeks in which he sat there as M.P. for Wilton, nor yet again in the House of Peers throughout the whole of the ten sessions intervening between his accession to the earldom in the autumn of 1841 and his first acceptance of the seals of office as a minister of the Crown in the spring of 1852, had Lord Malmesbury sought to acquire for himself any recognizable position among the leading debaters in either branch of the legislature. Yet suddenly called upon to maintain the well-being of the sensitive and complicated webwork of our Diplomacy—the Nervous System of Governments—at a period, too, of extraordinary (in some respects altogether unprecedented) anxiety, Lord Malmesbury revealed already (in 1852) those high qualities which have since then (in 1858) far more signally secured to him an eminent reputation among the most daring and successful of our diplomatic administrators.

It was during his comparatively brief but most important tenure of office in 1852 that the Anglo-French alliance—thanks, in a very great measure, to his personal sagacity and

forbearance—was built up, broadly and securely, among the still-smoking ashes of the volcanic explosion of the *coup d'état*. It was then, likewise, that one of those imminent probabilities of a sudden rupture between the United States and the United Kingdom, which have, unhappily, of late years, become almost in a manner periodical, was adroitly dissipated into "thin air" by the skilful blending of firmness with tact, visible in Lord Malmesbury's mode of dealing with the problematic question of the fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland. By yet more striking evidences of his ready mastery over the arts and implements of the diplomatist, the noble earl has very recently—since the date, in fact, of his reinstallation, as it were but yesterday, in the Foreign Office—won "golden opinions from all sorts of men," by the triumphs secured, as it would seem, by his very temerity. By a series of dexterous strokes of policy, he has boldly severed, in rapid succession, three Gordian knots, entangled into all but inextricable confusion, by the complicating delays and hesitations of his immediate predecessor—at Paris, at Naples, at Washington. Scarcely had the new ministers settled fairly to their work, when the solution of these three paramount difficulties proved to have been most satisfactorily accomplished—with a due regard to the national honour, yet with a perfect preservation of European tranquillity.

The Anglo-French alliance, originally founded by Lord Malmesbury, was by him, six years afterwards, definitively confirmed and consolidated. It was effectually accomplished, moreover—this later and far more delicate achievement—not merely without any compromise of the national dignity, but by means of a despatch which actually constituted in legible characters its frank and manly vindication. The miserable consequences of the Neapolitan *imbroglio* meanwhile were so far scattered to the winds, and replaced by acts of reparation in some degree compensative for all the preceding wretchedness, that our two imprisoned countrymen were at once set at liberty, £3,000 being immediately afterwards extorted in their behalf from the exchequer of the Two Sicilies, by way of

enabling the petty despotism of Naples to expiate in some degree the illegality of their most cruel and protracted incarceration. Simultaneously, or almost simultaneously, concord was re-established between Great Britain and the United States, in spite of all the heart-burnings originated by the *vexata quæstio* of the Right of Search, and in very despite also of the natural but irritating jealousies provoked on this side of the Atlantic by reason of certain nefarious filibustering expeditions for the seizure of the island of Cuba: dubious schemes of buccaneering conquest, reputed to have received encouragement, direct or indirect, from the republican government at Washington. England was soon once more amicably placed, in regard to the cabinets presided over respectively by the Emperor of France, by the King of Naples, and by the American President. The dilatory and hesitating policy of the Earl of Clarendon was happily counterpoised by the prompt and outspoken repudiation of that policy by his lordship's successor, the Earl of Malmesbury. Each embarrassment in turn was seized by the latter with an iron grip, and yet with a graceful courtesy—the silken glove drawn over the mailed gauntlet. Yet the statesman who, during two distinct and memorable epochs in the history of Christendom, has acted with such exquisite *finesse*, and at the same time with such unflinching determination, had never, prior to the first of those epochs, advanced into the open battle-ground of Parliament. His knowledge of political philosophy until then was partly that of the observant man of the world, partly that of one who had conned long and profoundly the records of the past, through the abundant and unpublished teachings of ancestral experience. The acquisitions obtained in this way, however, as the fruits of such varied and frequent meditation, were ripened and matured betimes, in the present instance, by an aptitude for the diplomatic art and the administrative science that may be explicitly defined as instinctive and hereditary.

The Right Honourable James Howard Harris, third Earl of Malmesbury, born on the 25th of March, 1807, was eldest of

the three sons of James Edward, the second earl, by his wife, Harriet Susan, daughter of Francis Bateman Dashwood, Esquire, of Well Vale, Lincolnshire. The grandfather of her Majesty's present Foreign Secretary has stamped his name indelibly upon the national annals—a name, indeed, luminously imprinted upon many a page of European history—that of James Harris, the first and celebrated Earl of Malmesbury. Yet, although it was in recompense of the great public services performed by this renowned diplomatist, that the earldom was originally called into existence, at the turn of the present century, the viscountcy being also then conferred upon him in 1800, as the barony had been twelve years previously, in 1788, it is not, we submit, in this most distinguished member of the house that we may discern the veritable founder of the family fortunes. That particular honour appertains rather to his untitled father, a man of very rare accomplishments, and of no inconsiderable political influence: nevertheless, one who remained to the last a plain country gentleman. The progenitors of this now patrician race are known to have descended from a certain Mr. Harris, who, very nearly three centuries ago—namely, in 1565—was residing upon his estate at Orcheston St. George, in Wiltshire; his mansion in the county town being situated in the beautiful old cathedral Close of Salisbury. The secluded estate, and the almost equally secluded city home, came in due course, by right of inheritance, from this remote ancestor, into the possession of the father of the famous diplomatist. Generation after generation the estate at Orcheston, and the picturesque old brick-built dwelling-house in the green umbrageous Close at Salisbury, had been owned by a Mr. Harris, each in turn contented to remain unnoticed, save only as an honoured landlord, an agreeable neighbour, or a shrewd local magistrate.

The great-grandfather of the present Lord Malmesbury was the first head of the house who drew the family from their hitherto uninterrupted provincial seclusion, brought them to the surface, made them known more widely, and that, too, as otherwise distinguishable than as the mere respectable de-

scendants of an ancient race of well-to-do commoners. James Harris, Esquire, of Orcheston, soon after completing his education, rendered himself noticeable among his contemporaries, first of all as a writer, afterwards in the fashionable world of London, and in the political world at Westminster. He acquired for himself the reputation of a ripe scholar and an elegant man of letters. He penned several philosophical works of an ambitious character: among these a book entitled "Hermes;" being, in fact, a treatise upon Grammar. Another and companion volume to this, was a treatise upon Harmony; for the author had directed his attention no less sedulously to the cultivation of his taste as a musician, than to the perfecting, as far as possible, of his skill as a philologist. Of the former, the grammatical treatise, it has been enthusiastically remarked by South, the Lord Bishop of London, "that it [Hermes] is beyond a doubt the most beautiful example of analysis produced since the days of Aristotle." The eulogium, coming from such a critic, extravagant though it may appear nowadays, indicates, at any rate, the high estimation in which the writer of "Hermes" was held by his own immediate contemporaries. Nay, still further in proof of this, it should be borne in mind that the book referred to was actually translated into French, and officially published by Thurot in 1796, by the command of the dominant power in Paris—that of the Republican Directory. In all probability, however, the unwonted incident of this consequently not very remarkable *imprimatur* should be regarded less as a tribute of admiration for a philosophical treatise, than as a wily and specious compliment offered to the literary masterpiece of the father of a powerful and dreaded diplomatist, whose favourable regard it was desirable in every way to propitiate.

The last and the most noticeable Mr. Harris of Orcheston—indeed, the only member of the old family known in any way as such beyond the precincts of Salisbury, or, at any rate, of Wiltshire—not only wrote books, but made speeches. He entered the House of Commons, and long remained there—uninterruptedly, in fact, until the date of his death, in 1780—as

M.P. for Christchurch. He became, moreover, in 1763, one of the lords of the Treasury. Eleven years later on—that is, in 1774—he was appointed Secretary and Comptroller of the Queen's household.

It is amusingly recorded of him, in regard to his first entrance into Parliament, that, upon the occasion of his then taking the oaths and his seat, Lord John Townshend, second son of the marquess of that title, inquired "Who this might be?"—and on being informed that it was Mr. Harris, who had written on Grammar and Harmony, drily observed, "Why does he come here, where he will hear neither?"

His passion for music—it is interesting to record the circumstance—gained him the privilege of an intimate friendship with Handel; a friendship, indeed, so true and lasting, that the great composer bequeathed to Mr. Harris, as souvenirs of their regard for each other, his portrait, together with his various operas in manuscript.

It was under the immediate care of this refined and cultivated intellect, that the first earl, who, as already intimated, became such by his illustrious labours as a diplomatist, received the potent impress of his early education. A precocious intimation of his aspiring character, even in boyhood, has been related, amusingly enough, by the noble earl, his grandson, upon the authority of his relative, the late Earl of Shaftesbury.

One fine afternoon, according to this trustworthy informant, Mistress Harris was taking the air in the neighbourhood of her home, strolling to and fro under the shade of the old trees in the monastic Close, when she casually descried the figure of some one clambering up that tallest steeple in all England, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. "Having obtained a glass the better to observe so perilous a feat," quoth the narrator, "she immediately dropped it with the exclamation 'Good heavens, it is James!'" Poor, startled mother—it was James, indeed! But he had more difficult feats than that to accomplish: he had to climb afterwards to far greater altitudes than even the top of Salisbury Cathedral.

Our celebrated diplomatist, the first Lord Malmesbury, survived so long after the close of his great political career—a career beginning in 1768, the year before the birth of the Emperor Napoleon, and terminating in 1797, when the fame of General Bonaparte was first in the ascendant—that it is almost with surprise we find him to have expired as recently as the 20th of November, 1820, dying at his house in Hill-street, at the green old age of seventy-four. His reputation in diplomacy has long since received the tribute of many an historical panegyric. Even the Comte de Mirabeau, with all his own crafty and daring genius, has apostrophized him with a sort of wondering admiration, as “*Cet audacieux et rusé Harris!*” Even the Prince de Talleyrand, in spite of his insatiably grim and sardonic appetite for depreciation, has said of him, with all the emphasis of a deliberate encomium, “*Je crois que Lord Malmesbury était le plus habile ministre que vous aviez de son temps ; c’était inutile de le devancer ; il fallait le suivre de près. Si on lui laissait le dernier mot, il avait toujours raison.*” In other words, it is saying that he was a man who could never, by any possibility, be cajoled or overreached.

His lordship’s grandson, the third earl, now for a second time her Majesty’s Foreign Secretary, received his academical education, in the first instance, at Eton, and afterwards at Oriel College, in the University of Oxford, where, in 1828, he graduated as B.A. Lord Malmesbury’s political education, as with the true education of most of us, was a task self-imposed, and in time triumphantly self-accomplished. As here previously intimated, the plan selected for the mastery of the twin sciences of politics and diplomacy was one of a very peculiar and unusual character : it was for the most part commenced and completed in absolute retirement. He studied the theory of government, in fact, at home, in his library, among his books and manuscripts ; conspicuous among those manuscripts being the voluminous diaries and correspondence of his illustrious grandfather. Viscount Fitzharris might at any moment, after attaining his majority, have entered the House of Commons, under his father’s influence, as member either

for Wilton or Christchurch. He preferred, to the proficiency won in the jousts and tourneys of the senate, the wisdom born from silent meditation. And it certainly proved, beyond a doubt, an admirable schooling for one afterwards fated to be himself a diplomatist and an administrator—the scrutiny of that long and splendid career of nearly thirty years—the career of him who, in 1788, had, in his capacity as minister at the Hague, so adroitly and effectually delivered Holland from French domination by the simple but cunning process of negotiating the famous offensive and defensive alliance of that imperilled state here with Prussia, then the haughtiest military power upon the Continent, here with England already the mightiest maritime power in Christendom. They afforded, moreover—those remarkable manuscript Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, the first Earl of Malmesbury—one consecutive narrative of the great diplomatist's mission, not only to the Hague, but to the courts also of Madrid, of Frederick the Great, and of Catherine of Russia, together with a detailed account of his special missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. How thoroughly these ample stores of wisdom drawn from experience were ransacked by his congenial descendant, was eventually testified in 1844, by the publication of the four noble volumes (admirably edited),* containing the very pith and marrow of those same authoritative Diaries and Correspondence.

The mastery of so worldly a science as that of diplomacy, apart from the turmoils of contemporary politics, could only be accomplished through labours the most assiduous and sustained. But to those retired labours, Viscount Fitzharris dedicated his every energy during a series of anxious years—only completing, indeed, the self-imposed task, dictated at once by interest and affection, within three years after the date of his accession to the earldom won by the genius and patriotism of his gifted grandfather. His resolute toil at the desk

* Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury. Edited by his Grandson, the third Earl. 4 vols. 8vo. Bentley. 1844.

furnished a contradiction to the familiar aphorism of Juvenal—"Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo." Here, at least, was one who manifested his readiness to sacrifice much for the grasp of the desired knowledge. It was unquestionably an experiment in its way, that endeavour, on the part of a patrician student, to attain, in the seclusion of home-study, what had hitherto been alone acquired, and that with difficulty, through protracted participation in the glare of the publicity peculiar to the oratorical strifes of the legislature.

Shortly after quitting the university, Viscount Fitzharris had married, on the 13th of April, 1830, the Lady Emma Bennet, eldest and only surviving daughter of Charles Augustus, the fifth and present Earl of Tankerville. This union having been fruitless of issue, the heir presumptive to the earldom is, of course, the elder of Lord Malmesbury's two younger brothers—Captain the Hon. Edward Alfred John Harris, R.N. (the noble lord's junior by a twelvemonth), lately Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General at Chili, and now Minister Plenipotentiary to the republic of Switzerland. It cannot but be interesting to add, in regard to Captain Harris as heir presumptive to the earldom of Malmesbury, that his excellency, born on the 20th of May, 1808, and married on the 4th of August, 1841, to Emma Wyly, youngest daughter of the late Captain Samuel Chambers, R.N., has as many as seven children—three sons and four daughters. The youngest brother of the Foreign Secretary—childless himself too, by reason of the death of an only son in infancy—is a clergyman and dignitary of the established church, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Amyond Harris, prebendary of Salisbury.

It was only during the last few weeks in which the now Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs retained his courtesy title as Lord Fitzharris, that he was first returned to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Wilton. Scarcely had he taken his seat, however, among the popular representatives, when, upon the unexpected death of his father, on the 10th of September in that same year, he was

suddenly called to the upper house as the third Earl of Malmesbury.

Precluded, by the very brevity of his stay there, from taking part in the discussions of the House of Commons, the noble lord for some considerable time afterwards maintained an almost unbroken silence in the hereditary branch of the legislature. His unobtrusive mastery of the philosophy of politics, however, was unmistakably evidenced, as before mentioned, by the issue, in 1844, of his admirably revised and collated edition of his great ancestor's enthralling Diaries and Correspondence. Later on, his comprehensive grasp of a complicated and difficult subject, connected at once with our internal polity and our criminal jurisprudence, was significantly manifested by the statesmanlike arguments through which Lord Malmesbury* discussed the delicate question of the revision of the Game Laws, in a letter addressed by him, in 1848, to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, then her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home department.

It was reserved, however, as we have seen, until 1852, for the Earl of Derby suddenly to demonstrate, in the person of Lord Malmesbury, his extraordinary sagacity, as First Minister of the Crown, in the selection for high office of men hitherto unknown and untried among the ranks of our administrators.

Immediately before the close of Lord Malmesbury's Foreign Secretaryship, what may be termed the *ricochet* of the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, abruptly startled this isle of ours "from its propriety" as nearly as possible one year afterwards, shaking Europe throughout its entire fabric, as with the shock of a political detonation. It was one of those momentous turning-points in the history of the great races of Christendom, when what is called the balance of power is maintained in a condition of equilibrium so singu-

* Revision of the Game Laws : a Letter from the Earl of Malmesbury to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P. 8vo. pp. 39. Hatchard and Son. 1848.

larly precarious and vibratory, that the results of its oscillation between the alternatives of war and peace are literally dependent upon the whim of a moment, upon the tact of a single speech, upon the sagacity of one solitary administrator. Upon the attitude assumed by England at that precise juncture in regard to her powerful neighbour across the Channel, the tranquillity of the whole world was, beyond one instant's doubt, dependent. To say this is not to speak of those events in any way in the language of exaggeration : it is a truth which was recognized, even at that critical instant, as great indeed, and the force of which has, since then, most happily prevailed.

At that particular crisis her Britannic Majesty's foreign secretary, the Earl of Malmesbury, delivered in the House of Lords, on the evening of Monday, the 6th of December, 1852, a speech so magnanimous in tone and tendency, so perfectly judicious in every syllable, so eloquent in sentiment, so true in reasoning, that it may be described, with the strictest regard to the accuracy of the expression, to have distinctly inaugurated the Anglo-French alliance—and not only to have inaugurated it, but to have led, as by an irresistible logic, to its rapid and permanent consolidation. In the course of this remarkable harangue, while vindicating in noble words the great principle of non-intervention, together with the inalienable and imprescriptible right of every nation to make choice of its own sovereign—Lord Malmesbury remarked, as explicitly as powerfully—"If we have doubted for one moment the distinct intention of a people at any former time, upon this occasion, my Lords, it is perfectly impossible to mistake their undoubted determination—three times in the most solemn way—three times expressed for the same person in the most public manner, perhaps, of which history can afford us an example." Adding, further on, "First, as simple President of the French republic with a chamber; secondly, as absolute President of the French republic, without any form of constitutional government; and thirdly, as Emperor of the same people—first elected by six millions—next elected by seven millions—and lastly, elected

by nearly eight millions, a number that would form almost the entire male adult population of France:—"a phenomenon so extraordinary, that it could alone be attributed to the magical influence exercised upon the imagination of a great people by the name and memory of Napoleon. "We can always comprehend," said the English statesman, "how the fate of Napoleon, so chequered as it was, and such a picture of immense glory and immense misfortune as it presented, was exactly calculated to raise all the sympathies and interests of human nature; and we cannot, therefore, wonder that it made a lasting impression upon the people over whom he ruled so long and so greatly." How that impression was enhanced by the contagion of the hereditary enthusiasm bequeathed to their children by the soldiers of the Grand Army, scattered back from the moment of its disbandment, among the ranks of the population, Lord Malmesbury, towards the close of this impressive and picturesque oration, bodied forth in phrases of rhetorical vividness to the appreciation of his patrician and congenial auditory. It was the illustrative justification by the lips of an eloquent Englishman of the celebrated prediction uttered thirty-seven years before by Monsieur de Chateaubriand—that a little three-cornered cocked hat and a grey great-coat had only to be raised conspicuously in any (the remotest) corner of France to excite an instantaneous rising among the whole mass of the population.

It had happened fortunately, as events subsequently proved, that during the long exile of the then Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, conspicuous among those who were admitted by his imperial highness to the intimacy of a personal friendship, was an English nobleman, then taking no part whatever in public affairs, but who was, nevertheless, destined to be the ministerial representative of the sovereign of these realms at the momentous period when the head of the Napoleonic dynasty was at length to realize the day-dream of his life, by reviving the memories of an empire greater than that subject to the sway of Charlemagne. Lord Malmesbury, in this particular, stood not alone among his

compeers. The exiled prince, finding a ready welcome, accorded to him in this country—not only at the noble earl's town residence, No. 8, Whitehall Gardens, or at his seat in Hampshire, Heron Court, near Christchurch—but elsewhere, among the homes of our more distinguished commoners, and upon the hearths of others of our English aristocracy: not the least notable among the latter, by the way, being the late gallant and noble-hearted Marquess of Londonderry. It was during this period of familiar intercourse with the future Emperor of France, that Lord Malmesbury learnt to appreciate those high qualities, the accurate and instant recognition of which, afterwards publicly and in his official capacity as Foreign Secretary, tended so materially to facilitate the delicate task of securing a more intimate, and, if possible, permanent alliance between the two countries. He estimated aright, and betimes, the unswerving force of that indomitable perseverance. He recognized, long before the majority of the world at large, the consistency colouring the whole record of the existence of that remarkable man—beginning from the date when, on the 20th of April, 1808, the earliest tidings of his birth (as the first prince born under the imperial *régime*) were conveyed with more than royal honours to the remotest limits of that gigantic empire, with the roll of drums and the roar of artillery, and the gleam of half a million bayonets: the flash of those presented arms, and the thunder of those hitherto all-conquering guns, dying away from their starting-point—the birthplace of the infant prince, the home of the now reigning emperor, the old Bourbon palace of the Tuileries—far away to the most distant confines of Europe, beyond the Pyrenees and the Carpathians, from the shores of the Baltic to the Straits of Messina, from the islands north of the Zuyder Zee to the southernmost point in the tapering coast-line of Illyria.

Not unhappily, either for France or for England, a personal friend and appreciator of Napoleon III. presided, at the time of his advent to imperial power, over the Foreign department in her Britannic Majesty's government. Under a con-

juncture of fortunate circumstances, the peril of an open rupture between the two countries proved to be, on the contrary, the opportunity for insuring the yet closer alliance of the peoples and the sovereigns.

Lord Malmesbury, by the tact and judgment he invariably displayed throughout his ten months' retention of ministerial office in 1852, rendered a source of satisfaction at once to the Crown and the Country, his enrolment among the ranks of the national administrators, and the peculiar capacity there displayed by him in the guidance of our diplomacy—a capacity in his instance, seemingly in a manner inherent and hereditary, though sedulously cultivated, as we have seen, through years of careful and laborious meditation, caused the reappointment of the noble earl by his political chief to the same high and responsible office—that of the Foreign Secretaryship—to be regarded in the spring of 1858 with very general satisfaction. Perhaps Foreign Secretary never had a more appropriate, or more propitious, motto—“*Ubique patriam reminisci!*” It might, in truth, be taken as the perpetual maxim of the Foreign Office, the device prefixed to every despatch, the amulet of each successive principal secretary of the department—everywhere to remember our country. It has been acted upon in various directions very recently by the noble earl himself, since his re-acceptance of the seals as her Majesty's Foreign Secretary. At Paris—where an equivocal despatch has been answered so unequivocally, and yet so adroitly, that while vindicating, according to the impressive and chivalrous phrase of Lord George Bentinck, “the chastity of the national honour,” it not merely avoided the chance of jeopardizing the alliance, but actually and appreciably tended to reconsolidate it! At Naples—where the English engineers, unlawfully seized on board the *Cagliari*, and afterwards still more unlawfully detained in (literal) durance vile, were promptly released, besides being secured a liberal compensation. At Washington—where the long-vexed question of the Right of Search was brought to an issue, not merely satisfactory, but beyond the scope even of our most sanguine expectations. At Monte-

negro—where the bloody brands are being wiped and sheathed at last by the unwilling marauders, who have hitherto fought with implacable desperation against each other under the opposing banners of the Vladika and the Sultan Caliph: the happy prospect of the ulterior reconciliation of their differences having been opened up to view at last by means of what has been at once cordially accepted by the five contracting powers—Lord Malmesbury's judicious and ingenious proposition. At Belgrade—where a deplorable outrage has been promptly expiated. At Jeddah—where an infamous massacre has instantly brought the necks of its perpetrators under the avenging heel of the Nemesis of diplomacy. At Pekin—where the obstinacy of old Chinese prejudice has been surprisingly conquered at the point rather of the pen than of the bayonet. It is no longer, indeed, "the eye" of the British government that is directed anywhere towards our suffering fellow-countrymen, according to Lord Clarendon's extremely felicitous and consolatory intimation, upon a certain famous 29th of October. Neither is the ægis of England restricted in its circumference to the petty screen of a parliamentary fanfaronnade. In serious, sober truth, we have heard quite enough for some time to come of that long-deluded and neglected wight—*Civis Britannicus*. Alas, poor fellow! while the House of Commons yet rang with the plaudits greeting the boast of his prerogative, was he not growing mad in his Neapolitan dungeon—first of all sickening at heart with the long agony of hope deferred, and at last seeking to release himself by death in the extremity of his desperation? Happily, under the more rational view now taken at 15 and 16, Downing-street, Whitehall, as to what is really meant by the vaunted rights of an Englishman—*Civis Britannicus* is no longer ogled by "the eye" of his government: he feels, in his direst need, the mighty aid of its stretched-out arm, the solace and the strength of its swift, instant, in a manner ubiquitous, interposition.

Together with several of his colleagues in the first Derby cabinet, Lord Malmesbury, in the year following their collective retirement from office—namely, on Tuesday, the 7th of

June, 1853—received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the hands of the leader of his party, the newly-installed Chancellor. Among the miscellaneous titles of distinction otherwise and elsewhere acquired by the Foreign Secretary, one or two may be here casually particularized. It may be remarked, for instance, that Lord Malmesbury, as patron of the arts and sciences, has been for some time past Official Trustee of the British Museum; while, in very different capacities, he occupies in one county (Berkshire) a magisterial post as High Steward of Wallingford, and, in another, military rank as Colonel of the Hants militia artillery.

Thanks to the familiarizing agency of the photographic art, aided by so many cheap illustrated periodicals, even provincials are for the most part perfectly well acquainted with the personal appearance of our public men, the chiefs of party and the leaders of governments. It is so, of course, with respect to the noble earl, her Majesty's Foreign Secretary. Thousands know by heart the serious lines of that pensive and handsome countenance: the brows slightly elevated, the lips compressed, the *nez retroussé*—a peculiarity this latter oddly enough not uncommon among diplomatists: instance the Cupidon nose of Lord Palmerston, and that yet more distinctive feature, lending piquancy in his earlier years to the supercilious visage of the ex-bishop of Autun, Monseigneur the Prince de Talleyrand. Altogether there is an individuality about Lord Malmesbury's face, figure, and bearing, no less unmistakable in its way than that imparted by him, alike in 1852 and in 1858, to the foreign policy of Lord Derby's administration.

THE

RIGHT HON. SIR E. B. LYTTON,

Secretary of State for the Colonies.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. B. LYTTON.

STATESMAN, orator, poet, novelist—these are a few among Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's securities for the remembrance of posterity, as they are unquestionably foremost among his manifold claims upon the attention, and, in a great measure, also, upon the unstinted admiration of his contemporaries. But the catalogue by no means comprises all the various intellectual fields into which this daring and indefatigable ambition has adventured. As a dramatist, as a historian, as an essayist, as a critic, as a biographer, as a publicist, Bulwer Lytton has won for himself no ordinary distinction. In one or two of these capacities he has created for himself a separate and, we believe, enduring reputation.

Already, moreover, has he not very recently added another to the varied list of parts enacted by him upon the stage of public life? With a laborious determination worthy of his whole previous history, in truth, within less than three months from the date of his first acceptance of office as a minister of the Crown, he had achieved for himself, by a series of audacious yet adroit innovations, accompanied by a parallel series of cautious and elaborated reorganizations, an honourable and expanding repute as one of the most resolute and sagacious among our living administrators.

It can scarcely fail, therefore, to be profoundly interesting, if not curiously instructive, to cast a glance, however cursory or superficial, at the records of this industrious and energetic existence, at the phases of this conspicuous and comprehen-

A considerable portion of this biography originally appeared in a recent number of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

sive ability, striving, at least, to catch some glimpses of the accurate self-analysis of our author's character, discoverable, in the instance of every writer, through his more remarkable productions ; but, in this instance, yet more readily discernible through the sheer force of the diversity and variety of Sir Bulwer Lytton's actual achievements.

Latterly those achievements have been of a kind more solid and practical than any ordinarily coming within the range of an ambition until now dedicated so zealously to the cause of literature. They comprise among their number—upon the very morrow, too, of the completion of his twenty-first Romance—the calling a new and gigantic Colony into existence with almost magical rapidity ! A Colony, not alone sketched out in its superficial dimensions upon the map of the North-American continent, but elaborately organized in all its minute details and comprehensive systemization. A Proconsulate larger than the entire realm governed under the sway of our ancient Heptarchy—carved out of an auriferous wilderness of plenty, teeming with vegetable and mineral abundance, untrodden yet, for the most part, save by the Red Indian and the wild beasts of the forests : nevertheless, even at the earliest moment of its summons into existence, endowed with all the noble securities of modern civilization ! With an executive authority to regulate the scheme of its administration ; with a judicial power to temper justice with mercy, to harmonize law and equity, to maintain rights and inflict penalties ; with an armed force capable of preserving order ; with a banking system for the facilitation of commercial enterprise ; an engineering corps prepared to open up the interior by planning roads and selecting the sites of future cities ; and, together with these and a diversity of other minor advantages, the prospect of a regularly-established postal communication. It is but yesterday that rumours of gold upon the banks of Fraser River came to us from the vicinity of that remote island of Quadra, or Vancouver. It is but yesterday that our present Colonial Secretary was installed, for the first time, in office as the ruler of our sixty distant, scattered, and enormous posses-

sions. Yet already, dreamer of dreams though he has been so often heretofore, he has at once evinced such assiduity and aptitude as an innovating administrator, that within less than a quarter of a year he has celebrated his rule in Downing-street, thus signally, by the creation, and more than that, by the instant organization, of a magnificent colony like British Columbia.

A statesman so daring, an author so remarkable, demands from every one who would rightly estimate either, no ordinarily scrupulous exercise of vigilance in the rapid survey of his career and character.

The Right Honourable Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, third and youngest son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall and Wooddalling, in the county of Norfolk, by his wife Elizabeth Barbara, *née* Lytton, sole heiress and last descendant of the Lyttons of Knebworth, in the county of Hertford, was born some fifty years ago, or thereabouts, in 1805, according to the unanimous testimony of his biographers. His birthday appears to have dawned in what the old poets called the "sweet o' the year," if we may rely upon the accuracy of his own exquisite commemoration—

"It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight thro' the casement stream'd;
And still, as it were yester morn,
I dream the dream I dream'd."

A Dream of Love and Fame—an infant vision of (literally) new-born ambition. Yet a metrical fantasy, this, not one jot less of an anachronism in its way than one of his own later heroes, Pisistratus. For it was not until some seventeen summers afterwards—when, in the midst of one of his vacation rambles as a pedestrian in the north of England, he lay musing one day upon the reedy banks of Lake Windermere—that he there distinctly conceived, for the first time, the delightful and virginal idea of authorship. The germs of that pleasant fancy, however, had long before been tenderly planted and sedulously

nurtured by his revered and beloved mother, a woman eminently gifted, and, in many respects, very rarely accomplished. His intellectual obligations to her he has, indeed, himself emphatically avowed, where, in his charming dedication to his mother (in 1840) of the first uniform edition of his collected writings, he has observed, in words of courtly gratitude and pathetic tenderness: "From your graceful and accomplished taste I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you, who were my first guide, were my earliest critic:" adding—"Do you remember the summer days which seemed to me so short, when you repeated to me those old ballads with which Percy revived the decaying spirit of our national muse; or the smooth couplets of Pope; or those gentle and polished verses with the composition of which you had beguiled your own earlier leisure?" And remarking at last, in reference to those same alluring, maternal lessons, that in them he recognized the seeds of "the flowers, however perishable, now laid upon a shrine, hallowed by a thousand memories of unspeakable affection." Upon that amiable mother exclusively had devolved the tuition of her three sons in their tenderest childhood. For it was during the infancy of the youngest that the gallant father expired—a father of whom it is, among other particulars, certainly very noteworthy, that, as brigadier-general, he was selected, in 1804, as one of the four commanding officers to whom the Government intrusted the internal defence of England, at the period of the anticipated descent upon its shores of the grand army under the Great Napoleon.

The offspring of General Bulwer's union with the heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth consisted exclusively of the three sons already implied as the issue, rather than distinctly specified. William Earle Lytton Bulwer, the eldest of these brothers (having been born on the 28th of April, 1800), as head of the house, succeeded in due course to the paternal estates in Norfolk, where he has maintained throughout life, in his capacity as a wealthy country squire and large landed

proprietor, the enviable repute of an honoured landlord and a private gentleman of considerable accomplishments. The second brother, who has secured for himself a wider reputation, and who inherited, in his turn, the ample fortune of his maternal grandmother, is more generally known as the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. (born in 1801), a diplomatist of very rare ability, perfected by nearly thirty years' experience in that high, intellectual profession; one who, after having held successively the post of Minister at Madrid, at Washington, and at Florence, besides conducting, with consummate skill, the late negotiations in regard to the Danubian principalities, has recently, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's immediate successor, been appointed her Britannic Majesty's representative as Ambassador at Constantinople. It may be incidentally remarked, that, like his younger brother, Sir Henry has employed the pen otherwise than as guided at his dictation by the hands of his own *précis*-writers; his excellency's juvenile volume of travels, entitled "An Autumn in Greece," having been succeeded in his maturer years by a "Life of Byron," prefixed to the Paris edition of that poet's writings; by a political treatise, entitled, "The Monarchy of the Middle Classes;" and by a work of yet larger pretensions, called "France, Social and Literary." Turning our attention, however, from the immediate relatives of Sir Bulwer Lytton, it cannot but be obviously worth while, in his instance, with a view to the better estimate of his career and character, of the bent of his genius, and of the tendency of his writings, to scan rapidly, for a while, the long perspective of his ancestry. The influence of a patrician race upon a mind like Bulwer Lytton's cannot but, upon the instant, come within the scope of the most ordinary comprehension. Whose nature would be more probably or more sensibly affected by the nobler instincts and aspirings, springing, as by inevitable necessity, from mere hereditary associations? Essentially, naturally, instinctively, in this way, out of those associations, have sprung into existence, have coloured his prose and his poetry, the love of the

past, the sympathy with a chivalric age, the yearning preference for the heroic character. It were an egregious oversight, in the consideration of the personal history and of the intellectual advancement of Sir Bulwer Lytton, not to have some special regard, however fleeting or sidelong, to the records of his illustrious lineage.

According to the ancient orthography of the patronymic Bulwer, it expressed, as Bulver or Bölver, one of the war titles of Odin, and sufficiently attests, incidentally, by a variety of corroborative, and, indeed, conclusive circumstances, the direct origin of this antique race from among the heroic Vikings of the North, those renowned sea-warriors from the shores of the Baltic, who, either as Danish or as Norman adventurers, moulded the fortunes and influenced the genius of their Anglo-Saxon predecessors. Bölver, it is also curious to remember, was the name appertaining to one of the most notable among the warrior-bards, or scalds, of Scandinavia. And yonder, upon the north-east coast of England, there is still discoverable the spot upon which the first valiant bearer of the name planted his conquering foot upon the soil of Britain, the place being still known to this day, in commemoration of the incident, as Bulverhithe. Finally, it is distinctly recorded in Bloomfield's "History of Norfolk," that the earliest lands ever held by the family in that county—the lands of Wooddalling—still, as we have seen, in possession of Sir Edward' eldest brother—were originally assigned upon the morrow of the battle of Hastings, by Aymer de Valence, to Turolf Bulver, one of the victorious knights who came over in the train, and fought under the banners of William the Conqueror.

As to the maternal family of the Lyttons, the history of that particular house illustrates, in a really remarkable manner, the history of the whole country, with the fluctuation of whose fortunes its chief representatives have been more or less conspicuously associated, generation after generation. Contemporaneously with the Bulvers of Wooddalling, the Lyttons were originally settled, at the period of the Conquest,

in Congleton, Cheshire, and at Lytton of the Peak, in Derbyshire. It is related, in regard to the descendants of the founders of this most energetic race, that, one after another, the more daring chieftains took part in the leading events in the historical annals of England. It is thus that we find successive leaders of the house participating in the Crusades, in the Wars of the Roses, in the great civil conflicts, and so on further downwards, from the days of the Commonwealth. One—it was Sir Giles de Lytton—fought under Richard Cœur-de-Lion at Askalon. Another espoused the cause of Henry IV. of Lancaster, and in recompense for his loyal adhesion was created governor of Bolsover castle and Grand Agister of the forests on the Peak. A third—this was Sir Robert de Lytton—in consideration of his having valorously wielded his sword for Henry VII. upon the foughten field of Bosworth, became, under that monarch, successively Knight of the Bath, Privy Councillor, Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, and Treasurer of the Household. It was by Sir Robert de Lytton, now more than three centuries and a half ago, that the ancestral home of Sir Edward—by antique and heroic associations, no less than by picturesque architectural beauty, far more than the Abbotsford of the English Sir Walter—that the ancient hall of Knebworth passed into the immediate possession of the family in whose safe keeping it has remained ever since then uninterruptedly. Knebworth, originally a royal fort and appanage of the crown, having belonged for a time to a maternal ancestor, Sir John Hotoft, treasurer of Henry IV., became in effect, by purchase, the property of Henry VII.'s keeper of the wardrobe and treasurer of the household. Another, a fourth of these more notable Lyttons, was one of the knights on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was appointed by Henry VIII. governor of Boulogne castle. A fifth, by name Sir Rowland de Lytton, besides in his capacity as lord-lieutenant of the shires of Essex and Hertford, commanding the forces of those two counties at Tilbury camp, was captain of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated body-guard of gentlemen-pensioners, a band of valiant knights, according to

Lord Clare, comprising within it the very flower of the English nobility, no member of the corps possessing a fortune less than 4,000*l.* a year, an income equivalent to some 20,000*l.* per annum nowadays. Another Lytton of note, the sixth upon our catalogue, was M.P. for Herts in the Long Parliament; he was, beyond this, one of the Commissioners selected by that Parliament to treat with Charles I. at Oxford; and subsequently obtained the yet greater distinction of being one among the patriot members confined in Hell-Hole by the Lord Protector, in consequence of his having had the temerity to participate in the resistance of Cromwell's usurpation. Elizabeth Barbara Lytton, the mother of our novelist-poet and statesman—married as she was on the 1st of June, 1798, to General Bulwer, then colonel of the 106th regiment of infantry, and at the period of their nuptials in the forty-first year of his age, having been born on the 22nd of March, 1757—as sole heiress of the family, and last blood representative of that of Norreys-Robinson-Lytton, of Monacdhū, in the island of Anglesea, and of Guersylt in Denbighshire, claimed direct descent, through the alliances of her ancestors, from the first Plantagenet king, Henry II.; from Anne, sister of Owen Tudor, grand-aunt of King Henry VII.; from the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, as well as from the Norman houses of Grosvenor of Eaton, and Stanley of Hooton, and Warburton of Arley, and from the princes of ancient Wales, Caradoc Vreichvras and Roderic Mawr. It was in recognition of the splendour of this stately pedigree, that when, in 1837, at the period of the coronation of Queen Victoria, the then prime minister (the late Viscount Melbourne) acquainted Bulwer Lytton with the royal intention to include him in a new creation of baronets, the noble premier gracefully intimated that, if regarded as given to one of so ancient a family, the title could not be esteemed a distinction; yet that, as given exclusively to the man of letters, in conjunction with the simultaneous nomination to the same dignity of Herschel, as a man of science, it might probably be a welcome honour; namely, as a tribute to literature. As

such it was proffered, as such as it was accepted—as a tribute to literature.

Precisely, moreover, as it is in a genealogical sense with the house of Lytton, so it is also undeniably in an architectural sense with the house of Knebworth. Centuries, epochs, reigns, have each left upon it, as they passed, some distinctive impress by way of appropriate commemoration. The castellated walls of the edifice, accurately portrayed among the "Baronial Halls of England," testify this indeed, within and without, abundantly and resplendently. The original fortress, erected as far back as the days of Edward III., having been removed as altogether too ruinous for habitation as recently as the lifetime of the late occupant, there still remains the exquisite structure built in the reign of Henry VII., and constructed throughout in what is known as the purest Tudor architecture. An ornate stone pile, richly decorated with heraldic carvings, flanked by profusely-ornamented turrets, surmounted with delicately-traceried cupolas and numerous pinnacles, each with its broad gilded vane twinkling in the sunlight—the antique and picturesque residence seems, in truth, the fitting abode for the descendants of that race of Norman knights and Crusaders. Viewed externally, the impression produced is in no way incongruous, whether the accessories noticed at the moment chance to be the "pleachéd alleys" or "smooth shaven lawn," the quaint green maze or the blooming rosary, the terraced walks or the Italian gardens, —or, stretching far away to the verdant horizon of the surrounding landscape, the undulating sweep of the wooded park, with the deer tripping among the fern, or trooping together in clusters under the cool shadow of the umbrageous oak-branches. Examined within, the effect produced by the interior is not one jot less harmonious with its various, and some of them remote and remarkable, historical associations. Yonder, the apartment in which (Sir Archibald Alison erroneously puts it—"Continuation" of his "History of Europe," vol. i. page 480, note—"the oak table at which") Cromwell, Pym, and Vane concerted the great rebellion. Here, the tapestried

bedchamber in which Queen Elizabeth slept in the year of the Spanish Armada, when on a visit to Sir Rowland Lytton, already mentioned. There, the noble banquet-hall, with its ceiling dating from the first Tudor king, and its screenwork from the last Tudor queen. The double sweep of the grand staircase, with its moresque figures, and its other quaint and most artistic decorations. Hither and thither, everywhere, above and below, the evidences of tastes the most refined, blending one with the other through successive generations.

The escutcheon of the ancient family, with all its elaborate quarterings emblazoned in stained glass in the old mullioned windows, and repeated in a hundred forms in the stone carvings, carries above it, nowadays, according to the grotesque symbolical devices of the days of chivalry, the twin crests of the Bulwers and the Lyttons. Here, the horned wolf, gnashing its tusks—there, the solitary bittern, booming among the sedges. Emblematic though they are, doubtless, of capacities and aspirations, long ago, may be, forgotten, they remain, nevertheless, still fantastically, and not in any way incongruously, typical of the race whose fortunes they have followed variously to the council-board and the battle-field.

Nurtured in the midst of the heroic recollections of his ancestral home at Knebworth; listening at the knees of his lady-mother to the old war-ballads recalled to light and life by the appreciative love of Bishop Percy; dreaming even then of poetry (as he himself tells us in his own brief and charming autobiographic paper—the chapter upon Knebworth—in one of the volumes of his “Student”), as he lay upon the grass by the fishponds, watching the flitting blue and scarlet wings of the dragon-flies; keenly observant even then of human life, as he there also permits us to remark him to have been precociously when visiting his favourite gossips, two old cottagers, in the adjacent village, Edward Bulwer Lytton passed gaily, thrice-happily, through the dear home-life of childhood.

On closing the halcyon epoch of his tender tuition by his mother, a woman—as already intimated—of very rare capacities, Bulwer Lytton began early enough in boyhood to expe-

rience the bracing influence upon the intellect resulting from a systematic, though strictly private, scholastic education. Having visited one or two preparatory academies for the rudiments, he first began the study of the classics in earnest near Brighton, under Dr. Hooker, in the pretty little rose-porched, honeysuckle-trellised village of Rottendean. Subsequently, however, he was removed to Ealing, where his education was continued by the Reverend Charles Wallington. For the purpose of studying the physical sciences, and especially the mathematics, he was later on confided to the care of the Reverend H. Thompson, of St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate. Throughout the whole of this period, moreover, it should be recorded that the young student derived no inconsiderable assistance from the counsels of the learned and venerable Dr. Parr, with whom he had continued, even from the days of his childhood, in familiar correspondence. Conspicuous among the pupils of Dr. Parr had been Bulwer Lytton's maternal grandfather, Richard Warburton Lytton, who, besides being a favourite pupil of Parr, and an intimate friend of Sir William Jones, was himself a profound Oriental scholar, being reckoned indeed by Dr. Parr as second only to himself and to Professor Porson in classical erudition. Consequently, there must have been in the old doctor's mind and heart an almost hereditary interest in another Lytton aspiring to climb the forked hill, and to drink deeply of the Pierian spring of knowledge.

Already, while yet a mere child, Bulwer, as a schoolboy, tasted whatever sweetness lies in the earliest delights of authorship. It cannot certainly be told of him, as it is actually related of Lope de Vega—afterwards author of eighteen hundred dramas according to Montalvan, or of no less than two thousand according to Bouterwek—that, composing verses at five years of age, he parted with them for toys and sweetmeats. Neither can it be said of him, as the Count Alfred de Vigny has written of Pic de la Mirandole, that his precocity was almost fabulous, *presque fabuleux*. It is not by any means impossible, however, that, like Tasso, he might at nine

years of age have addressed loving stanzas to his mother, stanzas, too, as graceful and as childlike as any penned by poor Torquato. However this may have been, it is at any rate as indisputable as that Abraham Cowley strung rhymes together when scarcely in his teens, or that Alexander Pope at twelve penned his famous "Ode to Solitude"—that between the ages of thirteen and fifteen our future poet-novelist-statesman had produced his first book, and had it printed and published by a London publisher, as a substantial little volume of avowedly juvenile compositions. "Ismael"* was the title of it, "an Oriental Tale, with other Poems, by Edward George Lytton Bulwer"—the writer's name, afterwards so famous, being followed by an apologetic intimation of the age at which he had indited these poetic effusions. The sprightliest evidence there given of the gay, ærial fancy of the boy, is a certain quaint fantastic "Ode to a Poker," half-pensive, half-whimsical. The one noticeable circumstance connected with this forgotten maiden-work, howbeit, still not wholly unworthy of passing commemoration, is the simple fact that there, legibly printed, is the fifteenth year of the child-author's life, 1820, at the foot of that precocious title-page!

Entering Cambridge at an earlier age than usual, and without those customary advantages which naturally accrue from a public training in any one of the great academical arenas, such as Harrow, Eton, Rugby, or Westminster, Edward, following in the track previously traversed by his two brothers, had his name enrolled on the books of Trinity College. For a single term only, however, seeing that, immediately before the commencement of its successor, he had removed to Trinity Hall. There was then flourishing, it should be observed, at the University on the banks of the Cam, the once-famous debating society known as the "Union." It had about this period, indeed, attained the height of its influence and celebrity. Macaulay, the future baron and historian, together with Charles Austin, afterwards the eminent queen's counsel,

* *Ismael: an Oriental Tale. With other Poems.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1820.

had but very recently taken their departure, leaving behind them, among their fellows at the Union, a high repute for eloquence and scholarship. Contemporaneously with Bulwer Lytton, as among the principal speakers of the society, were—Winthrop Praed, editor of the *Etonian*, and at that time also a brilliant university prizeman; the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, recently Judge-Advocate-General under Lord Palmerston's government; another right honourable, the late lamented Charles Buller; Sir Alexander Cockburn, now Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; together with John Sterling, son of that famous Thunderer of the *Times*, afterwards the hero of Mr. Carlyle's biography; not forgetting, either, another of the *alumni*—Hawkins—who, a few years later, on the introduction of the Reform Bill, acquired for himself a momentary distinction by delivering the most remarkable first speech in the whole of those renowned discussions. Principally passing his time among these congenial associates, who then constituted indeed the most gifted *coterie* in the University, Bulwer Lytton acquired his first taste for public life, his earliest relish for politics. Although speaking but rarely at the Union, he nevertheless soon won for himself there no inconsiderable reputation. Distinguishing himself chiefly for the soundness and the amplitude of his historical information, and rendering himself especially noticeable, among such youthful debaters, by views remarkable for their practical character—rather perhaps, it should be said, for their precocious moderation—he was unanimously chosen by that debating society as its president. It is peculiarly interesting, moreover, to remark, at this early stage in his career, that the political opinions then professed by the cabinet minister of the Hereafter appear to have been maintained consistently, with but very trifling modifications, throughout the whole of his life—opinions generally sympathizing with, or rather directly espousing, the more liberal policy, yet maintaining that constitutions, while they can rarely depart with safety from the principles embalmed in and sanctified by the customs and habits of a people, can no more be imported wholesale than an acorn can in a single day

be expanded into an oak-tree. Conspicuous among the more remarkable speeches delivered about this time by the young President of the Union was one arising out of a discussion upon the comparative merits of English and American institutions—a logical, and yet impassioned harangue in vindication of monarchy and aristocracy. It attracted considerable notice, even beyond the precincts of the University, and obtained for the stripling orator the tempting offer (as soon as he should have attained his majority) of a seat in Parliament—an offer at once declined, however, by him from a characteristic unwillingness to enter, first of all, as a mere nominee within the walls of the imperial legislature.

Associating himself in a very different enterprise with the present Earl of Lovelace, Bulwer Lytton was one of the founders of a bibliographical association, called the "Old Book Club," designed for the encouragement among the collegians of early English literature. After taking his degree of B.A., in 1822, he quitted the University betimes, but was recalled thither for one brief interval, in the July of 1825, to read publicly in the Senate-house an English poem of his own composition, to which, after his departure, had been awarded the Chancellor's prize of the gold medal: a poem upon "Sculpture,"* deservedly admired by every one who heard or read it, for the originality of its style and the affluence of its illustration.

It was during his long vacations, while a student of Cambridge, that Bulwer Lytton chiefly occupied the leisure of his summer and autumnal holidays, by travelling on foot and alone through considerable portions of England and Scotland. Armed only with a stout walking-staff, and with a favourite dog perhaps at his heels, he traversed the green country-side, passing through scenes, and sometimes encountering adventures, many of which were commemorated in one or other of the popular fictions produced by him not long afterwards. It was during one of these romantic excursions that he became involved for a while in the nomadic wanderings of a crew of

*Sculpture: a Prize Poem. 368 verses. Cambridge. 1825.

gipsies, influenced by the poet's yearning for nature and the artist's love of the picturesque. At Windermere, as already specified, he first of all, in truth, dreamt the dreams of authorship, and applied himself resolutely thereupon to the study of English composition.

Anything like an analysis of the numerous and diversified writings of Bulwer Lytton would be altogether beside our intention; the design here being merely to string their titles as swiftly and securely as is in any way practicable upon the sinuous and elastic thread of the narrative. A single one of these literary productions would afford ample theme for analytical criticism. All of them could hardly be examined superficially, even in a volume of ordinary dimensions. Wherefore let the view here taken be understood at once as that less of searching scrutiny than of mere consecutive enumeration.

Having taken leave of Cambridge, Bulwer Lytton went abroad very soon afterwards. It was then that he for the second time enjoyed the maiden pleasure, experienced by every young writer when he sees his blurred and blotted manuscript printed, hot-pressed, clear, and with a very bloom upon it, come forth from the magical workshop of the typographer. He then had, in fact, privately printed in Paris a handful of fugitive poems (never published), called "*Weeds and Wildflowers*,"* a little volume to which was appended a collection of aphorisms, in imitation of the sententious and caustic maxims of Rochefoucauld. The book is still, in one particular, deserving of remembrance; for, among its contents, appeared the first rough sketch of the poem on "*Milton*," afterwards so delicately retouched, and in the end so exquisitely elaborated.

Travelling homewards on horseback through Normandy, our young adventurer upon public life—future man of letters, novelist, dramatist, poet, orator, statesman, administrator—all-unconscious of the future before him, has scarcely recrossed the Channel when we find him suddenly entering the army as

* *Weeds and Wildflowers*. One vol. pp. 103. Paris. 1826.

a cornet in the dragoons. Recollecting the fact that he had always cherished a passionate preference for a military life, it is not surprising to observe him now beginning in real earnest to study the art of war, with a view to active service. It cannot be matter of amazement to any one who remembers his avowal long after that curious little episode in his career, namely, that he has always since then been bent upon fighting the battles of literature and life with the same bull-dog determination with which he fought his battles at school, that is to say, as one resolved "never to give in as long as he had a leg to stand upon!" And so, as a mere thing of course, he "went in" at Vauban and Von Bulow.

But during that same year, 1827, in which his name was entered at the Horse Guards, his first novel was published anonymously. The sword was sheathed and laid aside for ever, within a twelvemonth afterwards, as in no way befitting a hand for which the keener weapon of the wizard-pen had such instant and superior fascination. This maiden fiction of the future romancist was "*Falkland*"*—a story abounding with lofty but almost despairing aspirations. In style the book is brilliant and rhetorical. Otherwise it is unworthy of its author; and, as confessedly such, has been included by him in his own *Index Expurgatorius*. He had not yet learnt the humblest, yet the sublimest wisdom, born of philosophy—the veiled and kneeling credence in the presence of the inscrutable mysteries of the universe. The reverence out of which came the utterance of the Christian *Metastasio* :—

"Rovini il cielo ;
Non dubitar, non partirò :"

eliciting the more familiar thought from the heart even of the pagan Horace, "*Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae.*" But nobly has the genius of Bulwer Lytton in its maturity compensated for the scepticism of his thoughtful boyhood.

Another work (also subsequently eliminated by our author

* *Falkland*. One vol. pp. 264, 8vo. Colburn. 1827.

from among the number of his cherished compositions) appeared in the same year with the prose fiction just particularized. This was a poetic volume, entitled "O'Neill; or, the Rebel,"* a metrical story penned in a style then still eminently fashionable—a style that might be the most accurately described as sensuous and Byronic. It extended to three cantos, but never advanced, we believe, by means of a second edition, even to the semblance of a fleeting popularity. Enough will have been remarked, in reference to this tale in verse, if we here add, that it is scarcely possible to read without emotion its impassioned and now most mournful dedication.

Scarcely had "Falkland" and "O'Neill" appeared, when, on the 29th of August, 1827, Bulwer Lytton, still in the early dawn of manhood, was united in marriage to Rosina, daughter of Francis Massy Wheeler, Esquire, of Lizard Connell, in the county Limerick, Ireland, grandson (through his mother, *née* the Hon. Margaret Massy) of Hugh, the first Lord Massy, of Duntryleague. It may be here incidentally remarked, moreover, that the fruits of this marriage were a son and a daughter. The latter (Emily Georgiana) more than ten years since prematurely deceased—one upon whose gentle memory may be dropped, sorrowfully, like a votive flower, that tender couplet of Sir Edward's own favourite poet, the contemplative bard of Welwyn:—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and flew to heaven."

The heir of this fame, of this title, of these fortunes (Edward Robert), is now first paid *attaché* to our embassy at Constantinople, whither, as already intimated, his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, has recently proceeded as her Britannic Majesty's ambassador.

Withdrawing from the army about the period of his nuptials, Bulwer Lytton took a secluded house at Woodcote, a tenement surrounded by lovely beech-woods, hid away in a seques-

* O'Neill; or, the Rebel. 8vo. pp. 140. Colburn. 1827.

tered part of Oxfordshire. Here he abandoned himself unreservedly to study and contemplation, became an author by vocation, a man of letters, professedly and professionally. At the close of that, to him, eventful year, appeared his first three-volumed novel, "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman."* It was his first success. It was radiant and running over with wit, humour, and comicality. It created for him at once a reputation. The publisher, it is true, had been warned against its acceptance by an over-cautious and certainly not very discriminating or sagacious reader. But the publisher read the taboo'd manuscript himself; was delighted with it, doubtless laughed over it very heartily; and, what was better still, immediately upon issuing the work through the press, sold it far and wide at the customary guinea and a half a copy, fluttering down a little cheque for £500 among the sere leaves rained upon the young novelist from the beechen boughs of Woodcote.

Another year, 1829, brought from the author's musings "The Disowned,"† with its ennobling and elevating type, in the character of Algernon Mordaunt, of the heroism of Christian philosophy. Immediately afterwards, in 1830, appeared "Devereux,"‡ with its more intricate plot, its more romantic incidents, and its more subtle analysis of the hidden motives and secret passions of humanity. It affords conclusive evidence, this last production, of its writer's intense devotion about this period to the study of the abstract science of metaphysics, studies conducted by him with a serious view to the deduction from conflicting or jarring theories, of some original system, at once novel, reliable, and comprehensive. Disheartened, however, by the unsatisfactory results of this process of reasoning, he ultimately abandoned the study, not, howbeit, even then, without grievous and lingering reluctance. The effects produced upon his own mind by

* Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. 3 vols. Colburn. 1828.

† The Disowned. 3 vols. Colburn. 1829.

‡ Devereux. 3 vols. Colburn. 1830.

these researches were for a long while afterwards manifested in his writings; though perhaps never more strongly (as indeed was but natural enough) than in the delicate and refined labyrinths of motive, thriddled with masterly adroitness in the complex mazes of "Devereux."

Another event, of some importance, occurred to Bulwer Lytton in 1830, besides the publication of his third romance. He removed, from his provincial seclusion down in Oxfordshire, up to London, and bought a house in Hertford-street, Mayfair. There he was scarcely established, when he produced simultaneously another prose and another poetic production. The prose was his vivacious and in a great measure inimitable political satire of "Paul Clifford,"* bristling with an irony worthy of La Bruyère, *riant* with a gay humour not unworthy of Fielding. Here, however, as in Robson's acting, there were tragic thrills through the roar and babble of the burlesque. How rapidly the hand was becoming the master-hand was revealed plainly enough in the consummate skill with which the character of Brandon was delineated. The metrical effusion, referred to as published simultaneously with the romantic history of the educated highwayman, was a very crude, jejune, and fantastic extravagance, entitled "The Siamese Twins,"† a semi-satirical poem, heartily regretted, we have not the slightest doubt of it, by its author, certainly carefully suppressed by him as worthless in every subsequent collective re-issue of his poetical productions: precisely as "Falkland" has been eliminated from every comprehensive reprint of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels and romances. Yet abortive and still-born though the poor "Twins" were, they ushered into existence with them, as a little appended trifle, that first graceful and luminous outline sketch of "Milton," already spoken of as printed five years earlier in the French capital for private circulation, a fragment, now on its first public appearance, cordially commended by a reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, and regarded elsewhere, by the

* Paul Clifford. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

† The Siamese Twins. One vol. Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

more discerning, as replete with happy auguries of future success in poetical composition. Sprightly touches, it should also be acknowledged, are here and there distinguishable in the four serio-comic books of this rhymed satire, about Chang and Ching, the Siamese. As might be readily conceived of an author who could thus humorously and sarcastically retaliate upon the more sardonic class of critics in the periodicals of the day, of whom, quoth he, in his preface to the second edition of the "Twins:"—"No sooner do they see the announcement of your work than they prepare for its destruction; with an intuitive penetration they decide upon its guilt, while yet in the womb; and before it is born they have settled exactly the method in which it shall be damned." It will easily be credited, with this in the preface, that there are occasionally discernible in the text itself freaks and whimsies sufficiently sparkling in their way to have been fathered either upon Mr. Luttrell or Lord Alvanley.

If, in 1831, Sir Bulwer Lytton advanced his repute, as a poet, not one iota, not by the length of a barleycorn; if he then added but slightly, though still appreciably, to his fame as a novelist, he certainly began in that same year, under auspices more propitious, his career as a politician. It was on the introduction of the second Reform Bill that he was first elected to a seat in Parliament, being chosen, in 1831, upon the Reform interest, M.P. for St. Ives, by a cordial if not unanimous decision on the part of that comparatively small but ardent and energetic constituency. His maiden speech was in favour of Reform principles. His earliest success in the House, of any importance, was the appointment of the committee, for which he moved and which he at once obtained, to inquire into the state of the drama, with a view to the improvement of the dramatic interests. It is a notable circumstance, moreover, and one fraught with peculiar significance at this particular juncture, that the present Colonial Secretary was one of the committee then intrusted with the responsible and laborious duty of investigating the East-India Company's monopoly; affording him thus, seven-and-twenty

years ago, the opportunity of fathoming the mysteries and, yet more, of participating in the re-organization of the complicated system of our Anglo-Indian government.

Foremost among all his parliamentary labours, however, were those ardently and generously undertaken by him, as vindicator of the rights and champion of the prerogatives of literature. It is but an act of gratitude, absolutely and undeniably his due, to remember, nowadays, that Bulwer Lytton was the first who, by a specific motion, brought before the House of Commons the question of the Taxes upon Knowledge. His admirable and effective "Speeches"* upon this question, indeed, were carefully collected and published at the time by an Association, then formed, for the furtherance of the abolition movement in regard to those obnoxious imposts, a movement thus formally inaugurated by the member for St. Ives. Chiefly in consequence of the popularity he acquired through these last-mentioned efforts, Bulwer Lytton, on the advent of the next general election, was offered a choice of seats by three several constituencies. This was immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, or, in other words, upon the return of the first Reform Parliament. Lincoln was the place selected among these rival claimants for him as a representative; the choice being attributable in a great measure, of course, to the fact of Lincoln being the capital of an important agricultural district, with the concurrent circumstance of the liberal party there coinciding with him in his resolute and certainly persevering opposition to the then generally unwelcome project for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Consequent upon his preference for this particular constituency, he was freely chosen by the electors of Lincoln in 1832 as one of their representatives, and, as such, retained his seat in the House of Commons during nine years following (namely, until 1841), through that and the two succeeding Parliaments.

Together with his successful appearance upon the Lincoln hustings as a candidate, must be noted his triumphantly suc-

* Speeches upon the Taxes on Knowledge. An 8vo. pamphlet. 1832.

cessful re-appearance before the novel readers of the empire in his very different character as a romancist. The publication of "Eugene Aram"* not only confirmed but materially and signally advanced his already high literary reputation. It was inscribed in words of affectionate and grateful reverence to Sir Walter Scott, then upon the eve of his dissolution; and it was generally felt that here, upon the shoulders of the youthful novelist, were fluttering down the robes of the Great Necromancer of Song and Fable; that the Wizard's wand was not to be broken, but to pass onward into the grasp of a new Magician. Perhaps nowhere else among all his manifold and multiform writings, has Sir Bulwer Lytton penned more glowing or more truthful descriptions of nature than in "Eugene Aram"—it is with the quill of Thomson that he has depicted those sylvan haunts of the Lynn schoolmaster; the wild woods and thickets, the weird cavern, the eltrich midnights, the grimly thunderstorms. The colours from his palette are laid upon the mimic trees and underwood as delicately as from the brush of Hobbima; the sunshine is that of Lorraine: with Salvator's perception he has caught the wondrous art of defining with a vividness all but actual, the roar of the wind and the glare of the lightning. Here, first of all, he feels his power; he writes as the instinct of his genius dictates—Art beside him as his guide, Nature before him as his copy—he warms to his work—

"Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella."

Subsequently appeared his exquisite and charming "Pilgrims of the Rhine,"† full of the daintiest elfin fancies, laughing out joyously at rare intervals, quaintly and irresistibly humorous, as in the instance of that delectable apologue of the "Cat and Dog;" wise as Æsop, droll as Gresset; but brimming over, suffused, saturated throughout, with the tears of tenderest sensibility—tears here gathered up as in a lachrymatory—for the young, and the pure, and the beautiful,

* Eugene Aram. 3 vols. Bentley. 1832.

† The Pilgrims of the Rhine. One vol. Saunders and Ottley. 1838.

dying prematurely of consumption. Gertrude, the heroine of the tale, is the very type and symbol of the ideal of her sex, ever cherished in the mind of Bulwer Lytton in all his various writings, alike in play, in poem, in romance. Hers is the typical and symbolical sleeve tied to his helmet in the tourney of literature—a tourney in which he himself has so often entered the lists with his vizor closed, to win fresh triumphs at the point of his lance (the pen), unaided by the repute of his former prowess—effecting this, again and again, every time indeed he has issued a new work from the press (a feat accomplished by him of late years so very often) anonymously. In his portraiture of women, Sir Bulwer Lytton has ever written with a grace at once tender, gallant, and chivalric. His estimation of the sex is as refined as that of the great German lyrist with whose name his own has become inextricably associated. His genius ever speaks, in truth, through the knightly words of Schiller:—

“ Ehret die Frauen, sie flechten und weben
Himmliche Rosen in's irdische Leben,
Flechten der Liebe beglückendes Band,
Und, in der Grazie zuchtigem Schleier,
Nähren sie wachsam das ewige Feuer
Schöner Gefühle mit heiliger Hand.”

Written simultaneously with “Eugene Aram,” but published simultaneously with the “Pilgrims of the Rhine,” and published then first of all anonymously, “Godolphin”* illustrated, not as in the former instance, the deadening glamour exercised by the memory of one great crime upon a profound and masculine intelligence, not as in the latter, the chastening and sanctifying effects upon a purely virginal nature of anguish nobly endured until death; but—in brilliant contrast to either—the enervating influence of an absolute abandonment to mere fashionable frivolity upon a heart and mind originally brilliant and unsophisticated.

It was now that our indefatigable politician and man of

* Godolphin. 3 vols. Bentley. 1833.

letters undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He aspired to render it at once effective as a critical and a political organ; strenuously labouring to this end, during a period of eighteen months, consecutively, himself, beyond all manner of doubt, the most industrious of his contributors. In this editorial chair it is interesting to remember that he was preceded, successively, by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and by Theodore Hook, the wit, in respect to whose conversational effervescence he has, elsewhere, himself wittily remarked, 'to read Hook is to wrong him'—succeeded, in due course, by one who was both wit and poet, large-hearted Thomas Hood, with a genius at once graceful and grotesque. In his capacity as a critic, Sir Bulwer Lytton here abundantly proved himself to be at once genial and sagacious. He it was who, while earnestly "deprecating the application of poetic genius to disputable party politics," first directed public attention to the extraordinary merits of Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymist, even though the magnanimous reviewer remained to the last a resolute antagonist of the very principles the corn-law rhymist inculcated. It was Mr. Bulwer likewise who first recognized and eulogized the lyrical powers revealed by Monckton Milnes, in his "Palm Leaves." Besides which he generously and cordially maintained the dramatic excellence of Sheridan Knowles, and contributed not a little to establish the popularity, as a maritime novelist, of Captain Marryat, the most delightful of marine humorists. His remarkable dexterity in analytical criticism, however, is, to our thinking, most conspicuously demonstrated in those exquisitely discriminative and appreciative papers of his upon Young's "Night Thoughts," which, for their eloquent mastery of a sublime theme, may take rank with the admirable series of papers upon Milton's "Paradise Lost," penned by Addison, in the "Spectator." A selection from the miscellaneous contributions of Sir Edward was ultimately published in two volumes, familiar enough to the majority of his readers—volumes entitled "The Student,"* abounding with fancies

*The Student. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1835.

often wild and fantastic, but oftener still bewitching and magnificent.

Exhausted by labours that were, indeed, absolutely extravagant, superadded, as they were, to his other literary and political avocations, Bulwer Lytton, finding his health failing under the unnatural toil, resigned, at the end of a year and a half, the post of editorship, and, for the first time, extended his continental travels into the Roman peninsula. Prior to his departure, however, he passed through the press the two volumes of his well-known political treatise entitled "England and the English,"* a microscopic scrutiny of the national character, and of our complicated but symmetrical constitution. It is a repertory of sound and valuable knowledge, and may be still designated, emphatically, the *vade-mecum* of a member of parliament. The purport of the work is significantly expressed in the dedication of it to Prince Talleyrand, the book being proffered to that wily diplomatist, according to its author, for the same reasons which prompted the Scythian gift to Darius, of a mouse, a bird, a fish, and a bundle of arrows, namely, as symbols of the donor's nation, tendered as instructions to his enemy. In consequence of several incidents in Mr. Bulwer's career in the legislature, particularly his persevering opposition to the government measures for the coercion of Ireland, coupled with his systematic estrangement from the Whigs, his notions were somehow generally confounded in the popular estimation with those of the extreme Radicals. From the daringly subversive views of that party, however, the political opinions professed in "England and the English"—opinions at once enlightened and constitutional—proved to be in every respect essentially different. The matured publicist here maintained anew the thesis of the stripling collegian, contending still determinedly for the superiority of monarchical over republican institutions. Furthermore, he argued boldly now, in his manhood, against the pernicious theory of degrading to a mere sordid calculation of cost the abstract value of governments; and, defending

* England and the English. 2 vols. Bentley. 1833.

the principle of an established church, supported the doctrine, that "the State should exercise a direct influence in the encouragement bestowed upon all religious and social culture, upon art, science, and literature." Beyond which it is particularly worthy of note, that Bulwer, while here persistently defending the general principle of aristocracy and the maintenance of the House of Lords, resolutely satirized, as debasing to the national spirit, the favourite dogma of the hour, that in favour of recruiting the patrician class exclusively from partisans and millionaires: implying by this argument, that as aristocracy ought, in reason, to be the collective representation or accumulated incarnation of the principle of honour, so assuredly whatever most reflected honour upon a country it was the bounden duty of the State to honour—by ennobling. As evidence of the grasp taken of his subject, it is especially observable, that in his chapter upon the poor-laws, in "England and the English," the author distinctly suggested the outline of the very reforms afterwards introduced and embodied in enactments. Meanwhile, though thus readily outspoken in his writings, Mr. Bulwer had but seldom raised his voice within the walls of parliament; faithful in this to his own pithy axiom elsewhere articulated, viz., "that all life is a drama, in which it is the business of men only to speak in order to do." And certainly, what he had undertaken to do, he had here, in the House of Commons, most effectively accomplished. He had obtained the Act conferring a copyright on dramatic authors; he had constrained ministers to inaugurate measures for securing an international law of copyright; he had so efficiently enforced the agitation in regard to the taxes upon knowledge, that he had actually brought the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a compromise, effecting two important ameliorations in what were afterwards to be wholly abolished—the reduction of a 4*d.* to a 1*d.* stamp upon newspapers, and the diminution of one-half of the grinding duty upon advertisements. Besides, incidentally, in the course of his speeches upon those fiscal changes, throwing out suggestive remarks in reference to the post-office management,

distinctly premonitory of what came at last—Rowland Hill's beneficent scheme for its reorganization. As to Mr. Bulwer's determined opposition to the Irish Coercion Bill, already mentioned, that opposition he manfully maintained throughout, both by speeches in the House of Commons and by articles in the *New Monthly Magazine**—speeches and articles which, being opportunely reprinted in a separate form, and scattered broadcast over the country, tended, in a great measure, towards the mitigation of the harsher provisions of that iniquitous and ill-considered enactment. Here assuredly is no insignificant catalogue of estimable—some of them inestimable—legislative boons, won for his fellow-citizens a quarter of a century ago by Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his twofold capacity as a reformer and as a statesman.

But we have left him on his first Italian excursion. Traveling through the northern provinces, he proceeded in succession to Milan, to Venice, to Florence; pausing, at last, in the Eternal City, where he took up his residence for awhile, and began his famous romance, having as its hero the last of the Roman tribunes. Fascinated though he evidently was by the mediæval records of the wonderful fortunes of Rienzi, the alluring labour of love springing out of their examination had hardly commenced when it was abruptly suspended. Another day-dream grew up in the reveries of the novelist, exercising a yet superior spell over his enraptured imagination! It arose, simply, out of the circumstance of his wandering on to Naples, and visiting the recently disinterred cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The middle ages were abandoned for the classic days, when the house of Sallust was peopled by its revellers, when the triclinium was crowded with guests, and the peristyle with loiterers, and when the early Christians, grouped in affrighted clusters, awaited in the arena what Lord Macaulay has picturesquely epitomized as the camelopards and tigers bounding in the Flavian amphitheatre. Immediately upon Bulwer's return homewards, "The Last Days of

* Papers on the Irish Coercion Bill. An 8vo. Pamphlet. 1834.

Pompeii"* appeared, and was welcomed with universal admiration. Scarcely had he watched his classic romance through the press, when he was "off" once more; this time, however, not southwards, but westwards, crossing St. George's Channel on his first visit to Ireland; traversing alone and on foot the whole of the disturbed districts, less, we doubt not, as a novelist in search of adventure, than as a true-hearted legislator, bent upon learning the whole terrible reality from personal observation. It was during this pedestrian ramble that, while tarrying amid the beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, Bulwer there commenced writing the earlier chapters of "Ernest Maltravers."

At this juncture occurred the ever-memorable ministerial transformation, when, upon Earl Spencer's death, a casualty necessitating the removal to the House of Peers of Lord Althorp, the leader of the Commons, the king abruptly dismissed the Whig government. Sir Robert Peel, then upon his vacation travels, was sent for, post-haste, to the Eternal City, recalled by his Majesty to form a new administration. It was, as Mr. Disraeli forcefully expresses it in one of his novels, "the great man in a great position, summoned from Rome to govern England." At this transition moment, when many were in trepidation, every one in expectation, Mr. Lytton Bulwer announced his pamphlet on "The Crisis."† Interest and curiosity in its regard piqued all parties alike—Whigs, Tories, and Radicals. It was a matter of general uncertainty what might be the drift, what the tendency of the *brochure*. In a single day, the first edition, a large one, was exhausted. Fourteen other large editions of this celebrated pamphlet (each copy selling at the unusual pamphlet price of 3s. 6d.) were sold off within little more than a fortnight after the date of its earliest publication. It rapidly exceeded a score of editions, and was ultimately reprinted in a cheap popular form for more general circulation. It is not exaggerating its effect

* *The Last Days of Pompeii*. 3 vols. Bentley. 1834.

† *A Letter to a late Cabinet Minister on the Crisis*. 8vo. pp. 108. Saunders and Ottery. 1834.

to say that it materially and very considerably influenced the general election, following almost immediately upon Sir Robert's arrival in London, and leading to the reinstallation of the Liberal government. Positive testimony that much of this was directly owing to that masterly pamphlet, was voluntarily given to the author in a very remarkable way soon afterwards by the new Premier, Viscount Melbourne. The revived ministry was still in process of re-formation, when Lord Melbourne sent for the daring and witty pamphleteer, and, while frankly complimenting him upon the good service rendered to the government, offered him, in recognition of it, one of the lordships of the Admiralty: the noble viscount adding the assurance of his own personal regret, that the principle on which the cabinet was being reconstituted—that of restoring to their former offices the different members of the previous administration—precluded him from proposing at the moment any more elevated appointment. Notwithstanding the additional assurance from the Prime Minister of early promotion, thrown in gracefully at the close of the foregoing, as a supplementary temptation, Mr. Bulwer, as is well known, declined the offer made, even under such flattering circumstances: influenced partially in his decision by a dread lest it might, perchance, necessitate his abandonment of his favourite pursuits as a man of letters, but principally, there can be little question, through a still greater dread lest his acceptance of office, at that particular moment, might be regarded by the public as a recompense for services which had, in truth, been rendered by him to the country at large, from motives, beyond all shadow of doubt, the most lofty and disinterested.

Besides the two volumes of "The Student," which were published in the following year, there appeared, in 1835, the noble historical romance which had, in the mean while, been resumed and completed, "Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes."* From that moment the seal was set to his repu-

* Rienzi; or, the Last of the Roman Tribunes. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1835.

tation as a romancist. Side by side with this more stately masterpiece of fiction, there came forth from the same hand another narrative of more delicate, but hardly less symmetrical proportions, "*Leila; or, the Siege of Granada*,"* together with a minor tale, called "*Calderon the Courtier*," a twin work, published by the Messrs. Longman, and embellished by Mr. Charles Heath with a profusion of costly engravings.

Somewhere about this period, moreover, our author began to direct his regard to a new field of literary enterprise—that of dramatic composition. His maiden play, "*The Duchess de la Vallière*,"† was written and produced. Although, when viewed simply in regard to its rhetorical excellence, it may with perfect truth be declared to contain as admirable passages as any of its author's subsequent contributions to the stage, the poor "*Duchess*" was prepared for her appearance, we suppose, with so little reference to theatrical effect, that, after continuing before the footlights as "a nine-day's (or rather night's) wonder," she was withdrawn from the boards by the author, as—not certainly a failure, but—a success decidedly equivocal. True, that Macready acted the part of the Marquess de Bragelone excellently; but Macready was but indifferently supported. Bulwer's first five-act play did not "take," and in less than a fortnight disappeared. As he himself observed, as frankly as whimsically, twenty years afterwards, in a famous harangue at Edinburgh: "My first poetry was thought detestable, and my first play very nearly escaped being damned." There has, happily, however, throughout the whole of his career, been such an elastic rebound in his genius from every fall, that it has always attained afterwards a far greater and more successful height of adventure.

Dissatisfied with his own first efforts as a dramatist, he next appeared before the world as a historian, and with a success so unmistakable and considerable, that it is sincerely to be regretted that the two large volumes of his "*Athens: its Rise*

* *Leila: and Calderon the Courtier*. One vol. Longman and Co. 1835.

† *The Duchess de la Vallière*. 5 acts. Saunders and Ottley. 1836.

and Fall,"* remain to this day but as the fragment or torso of a colossal Hercules. Already, however, its merit can be estimated more than merely *ex pede Herculem*. That merit is not simply one of promise alone, but, so far as it goes, of conspicuous and remarkable achievement. It is generally understood, that the author was originally deterred from the continuation of this ambitious work by the appearance of Bishop Thirlwall's "History of Greece," and, finally, by the giant apparition of the more profound and laborious annals by Banker Grote. Yet, standing though we are nowadays in the presence of those two grand and luminous productions, we may still venture to hope that the completion of Sir Bulwer Lytton's History of "Athens and the Athenians" has all this while been merely suspended, not irrevocably abandoned.

Subsequently appeared "The Eleusinia," begun at the Lakes of Killarney, the impassioned biography of that type of the Man of Genius, "Ernest Maltravers."† It was followed, the year afterwards, by its sequel, "Alice; or, the Mysteries."‡ In the collective reissue of these novels, the two works are comprised under the one name, "Maltravers," viz., as part one and part two of "The Eleusinia." Fascinating and exquisitely beautiful though these narratives are, they are, nevertheless, for that very reason, because of their exceeding witcheries, of all Sir Bulwer Lytton's writings the most to be regretted. The colour, the bloom, the glow upon them is that of the purple mists of the miasma strown over the lovely but perilous surface of the fair Campania. Contrast with their enervating and relaxing influence, the pure, and sweet, and wholesome, and exhilarating atmosphere enveloping all the later fictions from the same master-hand—the noble family picture of "The Caxtons," and its two superb and ornate successors! Never has a genius more conspicuously

* Athens : its Rise and Fall. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1836.

† Ernest Maltravers ; or, the Eleusinia. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1837.

‡ Alice ; or, the Mysteries. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1838.

ripened, and mellowed, and purified itself in proportion to the gradations of its stately, onward, upward advancement.

Having resided for some time previously in chambers at the Albany—chambers already “classic ground,” having been previously occupied in succession by Lord Byron and Lord Althorp—Mr. Bulwer now removed to Charles-street, Berkeley-square, where he was still laboriously occupied among his books and manuscripts, between the intervals of his attendance at the House and of his saunterings through society, when, under the circumstances already particularized—circumstances to himself in every way so eminently gratifying—he received the announcement of his investiture with a baronetcy, upon the occasion of her present gracious Majesty’s coronation.

It was now that, in a happier vein, he resumed the temporarily abandoned idea of dramatic composition. The great London theatre was reviving its ancient glories anew, under Macready’s management. “Oh, that I could get a play like the ‘Honeymoon!’” exclaimed Mr. Manager to Sir Author, one evening, while talking over the prospects of the enterprise upon which the former had but just adventured. Bulwer Lytton took note of those words of Macready. His incentive was that incidental and almost despairing ejaculation. In less than a fortnight from its utterance, “The Lady of Lyons”* was written and in the hands of the delighted manager. It was placed in his hands, too, not as a purchaseable manuscript, but as a gift. It won the hearts, the tears, the laughter, the applause, of all who saw it. It became at once, what it has remained ever since—a stock-piece, holding permanent possession of the stage—a drama that never palls upon repetition, either with audience or performers. Where is there a first-class actress who would not rejoice any night to appear as Pauline Deschappelles, or a star of the greatest magnitude who would not delight to tread the boards as Claude Melnotte, whether clad as prince or gardener?

It so happened that upon the night rendered memorable

*The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride. 5 acts. Saunders and Ottley. 1838.

in dramatic history by the first appearance of "The Lady of Lyons" (anonymously), Bulwer was detained in the House of Commons by a discussion upon the ballot, a debate in which he himself took part that evening, by the delivery of one of the most effective speeches through which he had, as yet, won the applause of Parliament.

Hurrying from the house, while there are yet ringing in his ears the cordial cheers which greeted the peroration of that successful harangue, he encounters in the doorway of St. Stephen's—sauntering in, fresh from the playhouse, whither Bulwer himself is wending his way, in search of tidings as to the fate of the new play—another member, also a brother dramatist. Question and answer exchanged—(the latter eminently satisfactory as to the prospective triumph of the piece, upon the last scene of which the curtain had not yet fallen)—quoth the informant, the friendly M.P., who was also a playwright, addressing himself to the unsuspected and unrevealing author of "The Lady of Lyons," and speaking of the new drama with a constitutionally flushed visage and a genial air of supercilious patronage—"Hm! Yes: it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing." On to the theatre goes the orator-dramatist, arriving immediately before the completion of his second triumph that evening, precisely at the moment when Claude makes his appearance upon the stage as one of the heroic colonels in the army of Napoleon. The fifth act terminates triumphantly, and the curtain descends amidst a general storm of acclamation. The author is called for vociferously; but no author presents himself to the eager audience to receive the ovation and bow his acknowledgements. "Hm!" says Bulwer, probably shrugging his shoulders at the moment, with a pleasant recollection enough of his House of Commons acquaintance, "Yes: it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing!" Saith the Countess of Blessington—from whose box he has just hurried, in the hope of being (as the division-list showed him to have been the next morning) in time for the division—"It is the first time I have ever seen him jealous."

A fortnight later, and the authorship of "The Lady of Lyons" was formally acknowledged upon the playbills.

Afterwards appeared the historical drama of "Richelieu,"* in which the duplex character of the great cardinal is portrayed in the language of truest poetry, heightened to tragic power by the mingled pathos and humour of its incidents and the fervour of its impassioned rhetoric. Next followed the fourth of these notable five-act plays—"The Sea Captain:"† a drama, if by nothing else, winning our love for the hero Norman, by those thrilling words uttered by him when he takes his stand upon the ancestral hearth. Perhaps the most brilliant, however, in the whole series is the fifth, the most sparkling in wit, the most piquant in repartee, the most ludicrously irresistible in equivoque—the comedy of "Money,"‡ as performed so delightfully, once upon a time, on the boards of the little theatre in the Haymarket. As to the sixth, it scarcely comes within the category of an ordinary histrionic production: "Not so Bad as we Seem"§ having been written essentially as a part-piece, as a play in which the particular aptitudes and capacities of a company of amateur actors had to be especially borne in mind, and carefully consulted. Yet, considered as such, what an exquisite specimen of dramatic ingenuity it was, every one will remember who witnessed those charming performances in aid of the propitiously inaugurated Guild of Art and Literature. A benevolent scheme, first thought of in the winter of 1849-50, when that most inimitable of actors, and rarest of all English humorists, Charles Dickens, with his merry company of players, artists and men of letters, were disporting themselves upon an impromptu stage, erected in

* Richelieu ; or, the Conspiracy. 5 acts. Saunders and Ottley. 1839.

† The Sea Captain ; or, the Birthright. 5 acts. Saunders and Ottley. 1839.

‡ Money : a Comedy. 5 acts. Saunders and Ottley. 1840.

§ Not so Bad as we Seem ; or, Many Sides to a Character. 5 acts. Chapman and Hall. 1851.

the banqueting-hall of Sir Edward's seat at Knebworth, delighting with the sparkle and vivacity of their "private theatricals" a gay throng of the nobles and gentles, and the jovial squirearchy of Hertfordshire. Some one chanced to mention, after the close of that entertainment, the miserable plight of a once popular and flourishing votary of literature. Out of this casual remark suddenly grew up amongst that congenial cluster of brothers of the pen and sympathizing adepts of the pencil, the kindly project of an association for the benefit, in their direst need, of unsuccessful toilers at the desk or at the easel. "Undertake to act a play yourselves," said Bulwer Lytton to his guests, "and I engage to write it." It was written—it was acted: the first performance taking place in the presence of her Majesty and his Royal Highness, in a temporary theatre constructed in the late Duke of Devonshire's town-house in Piccadilly. The comedy was this same five-act drama—lengthily entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character." Three thousand pounds poured into the coffers of the new association, and there the benevolent enterprise appears to have terminated. It has left us, at least, some pleasant souvenirs—the unrealized day-dream of a halcyon haunt for the repose of decaying and decrepit artists, whether of the brush or of the goose-quill, together with one literary masterpiece, almost perfect in its way, as a medium for the display of the humorous and pathetic powers of a really remarkable company of comedians, as all will readily acknowledge who can call to their recollection Mark Lemon's bluff Sir Geoffrey Thornsides, or John Forster's shrewd Mr. Hardman, the rising Member of Parliament: above all, Charles Dickens's radiant illustration, in the person of my Lord Wilmot, of a Young Man at the head of the mode more than a century ago; not forgetting, likewise, Augustus Egg's most artistic impersonation of David Fallen, the Grub-street author and pamphleteer. Gratefully, then, do we still linger over the pages of this graceful and delightful comedy, as something constituting, in truth, "the be-all"—sincerely do we hope *not* "the end-all"—of the Guild of Art and Literature. A

temporary difficulty alone is understood to have latterly interrupted its development—a legal difficulty relating to the security of the endowment. Remove this purely technical obstacle (and we believe its dissipation is very confidently anticipated), and this benign guild—the funds of which are already in existence—may yet, in the fulness of time, be happily realized.

We have been purposely anticipating, however, so that we might complete at once our hurried glance at Sir Bulwer Lytton's labours as a dramatist. Reverting to that earlier epoch in his career, when he was first winning the plaudits of the crowded theatres of London by the vivacious charms of "The Lady of Lyons," by the caustic wit of "Money," and by the poetical and oratorical splendours of "Richelieu," we find him all at once entering heart and soul upon a very different, certainly a very novel, and altogether a sufficiently alluring enterprise. Having conceived to himself the notion of a journal which should combine scientific information with politics and general literature, forming altogether a register of the intellectual progress of the age, and more particularly of the community, he associated himself with Sir David Brewster and Dr. Dionysius Lardner, and together with them commenced a periodical founded upon this ingenious design. It was entitled *The Monthly Chronicle*, and was published in the Row by the Messrs. Longman. The undertaking proved to be only partially successful. Excellent though the general idea undoubtedly was, that original idea was not altogether happily realized. The publication was too scientific: it failed to acquire for itself a sufficiently popular character. After it had continued some months in existence, its projector retired from it dissatisfied: not, however, until he had contributed to the columns of the journal the first outline of "Zanoni," under the less euphonious designation of "Zicci," besides adorning the political pages of the organ with a very remarkable and comprehensive "Historical Review" of the "State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria," a series of papers which extorted from M. Guizot

the highest commendation; the English portion of this review, by the way, being written by Sir Edward, and the foreign portion by his brother, Sir Henry, the ambassador.

Next on the list of the grander prose fictions of our author appeared his enthralling story of modern life, and, for the most part, middle-class society—"Night and Morning."* It was succeeded in the year following by the most gorgeous, and in many particulars, the most highly imaginative, of all his romances—among them all, perhaps, if we could possibly bring ourselves to any such definitive decision, our own especial and cherished favourite—the tale of marvel and mystery, now expanded from the seed-germ of "Zicci," into flowering and fruitful maturity—the splendid and visionary narrative of the life and death of "Zanoni,"† the Rosicrucian. How enshrined the book is in its author's own innermost affections he himself has eloquently intimated in his dedication of it to John Gibson, the great Roman sculptor, and English Royal Academician. "I, artist in words," says he, towards the close of that impressive epistle, "dedicate to you, artist whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood:" adding, that to himself this apparition, as he terms it, of his secret and hidden fancies, would have been as dear, yea, he cries, "If I had graven it on the rocks of a desert." It would be difficult to feel surprise at this resolute preference, remembering the charm of "Zanoni," from its commencement to its conclusion, from its first thrilling tones, heard among the weird and ravishing melodies of the darling violin of old Gaetano Pisani—that marvellous fiddle! that wonderful barbiton!—to the last wild, agonizing shriek of Viola, amidst the hellish din and clangour of that grand and awful Revolution! Whilst the bloody rag is but just wrenched from the shattered jaw of the master-murderer; whilst to the scream of agony yet ringing from his lips "the crowd laughs"—who does not remember the words—"And the axe descends amidst the shouts of the countless thou-

* Night and Morning. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1841.

† Zanoni. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1842.

sands; and blackness rushes upon thy soul, Maximilian Robespierre!"

Our novelist about this period, it may be interesting to remark, *en passant*, resided principally in a villa at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames, a pretty little suburban retreat called Craven Cottage. About this time, moreover, in consequence of his then recent recommendation to the agriculturists, that they should accept the compromise of an eight-shilling fixed duty upon corn, proposed by Lord John Russell, Sir Edward, after a brilliant career of one whole *decade* in the House of Commons, lost his seat in Parliament. This occurred during the course of the general election consequent upon the defeat of the Whig cabinet by Sir Robert Peel's determined and uncompromising opposition. "Between the two stools"—we all know the rest of the proverb. And so midway between the total corn-law repealers and the stanch protectionists, Bulwer Lytton lost his majority among the Lincoln constituency. It resulted in his absence during the ten succeeding years from among the ranks of the national representatives. In reference to his first parliamentary epoch, it may be here observed, that his most effective speeches were those in favour of municipal reforms; those in defence of the ministerial measures for the suppression of the revolt in Canada; those (it is interesting to remember this at the present moment in regard to our new Colonial Secretary) in vindication of the maintenance of a colonial empire; and, most effective of all, his speeches in favour of the immediate emancipation of the West-Indian slaves, instead of persisting in the irritating and really frivolous policy of delaying for two years longer the act of grace already decided upon by the legislature. At the termination of Bulwer's speech at what thereupon proved to be the close of that memorable discussion—(hardly need we preface the anecdote here subjoined by saying, the most remarkable speech, certainly the most effective speech, yet delivered by our orator-statesman)—Mr. O'Connell, who, it was well understood at the time, had previously been prepared to speak at some considerable length, suddenly tore up his notes, and

cried aloud, "The case is made out—there is nothing to add—divide!" Whereupon the division instantly took place, the question being carried, by a majority of two, in favour of immediate emancipation. Remember "by a majority of two," and three members who had fully intended to vote on the other side, as they themselves frankly acknowledged in the lobby, had been converted by the irrefragable statements and the incontrovertible reasoning contained in this speech of Sir Bulwer Lytton's. No wonder he received the formal thanks of the deputies of the Anti-Slavery Society, and that his speech upon slavery* was forthwith published and widely circulated by that association.

Released, by the adverse decision of the Lincoln electors, from his accustomed attendance at the deliberations of Parliament, Sir Edward now celebrated his own emancipation by travelling into Germany. There it was he first began to study the grand old Teutonic language, to delve into the literary history of the great German people, and soon—not very surprisingly, almost, it might be said, by an inevitable consequence—began also to acquire, in Schiller's regard, an all-mastering admiration. Schiller, indeed, appears to have impressed his mind, not simply in his high capacity as a poet, but likewise and especially, as a moral influence of an order the most pure and elevated. Hereupon, the indefatigable student took heart to himself at once for the translation of Schiller's poems, and for the composition of Schiller's biography. The decision involved, as an inevitable consequence, a careful examination of the whole wide world of German philosophy, above all, a searching scrutiny of the *Æsthetic*; but that laborious consequence was immediately accepted with an ardour eminently characteristic. Out of these fresh studies came new views of metrical art and poetic diction; and, as an obvious sequel to this, came the renewed cultivation, by Bulwer Lytton, of the long-neglected fields of poetry upon which he had previously more than once, but never very successfully, adventured. His latest volume of verse had been the one

* Speech upon Slavery. An 8vo. pamphlet. 1833.

comprising within it "Eva: and the Ill-Omened Marriage."* It was scarcely in any respect a much happier venture than its predecessors. Hitherto, indeed, he had but timorously coquetted with the idea of the Muse—he had but caught glimpses of the goddess, as it were, at the moment of her receding. It was like the tantalizing recognition by the hero of Virgil, of the divine form of the maternal protectress—

" — et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

But there was to come relenting at last to the long wooing of the faithful worshipper. The novelist dedicated himself more sedulously than ever to the perfecting, if possible, of whatever aptitude he might possess for poetic composition. So resolute, indeed, was his resolve in this respect, that, upon the publication of his next romance, the noble historical narrative of "The Last of the Barons,"† he intimated, through the preface, if not the permanent close of his labours in regard to prose fiction, at any rate their indefinite suspension. The meaning of which was, that he meditated, in lieu of further prose fictions, the production of more elaborated compositions in verse, a design eventually and remarkably realized.

Returned homewards from Germany, earnestly engaged, at the time, in the translation of the poems and ballads of Schiller—translations, for the most part, pencilled as he rolled to and fro in his carriage upon the highroad between the capital and Knebworth—he lost his mother, in the December of 1843, and, succeeding to her property, changed his name, taking the additional surname of Lytton after the patronymic Bulwer, by royal permission, under the sign manual of the sovereign.

It is now that we come to that episode in his life, when the inexorable toil of years having broken down, at last, the deli-

* Eva: and the Ill-Omened Marriage. One vol. 8vo. pp. 215. Saunders and Ottley. 1842.

† The Last of the Barons. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1843.

cately organized, but vigorous constitution, he found himself restored to health at the Hygeian springs of Malvern, by the benign and magical system of Preissnitz, as there practised in Dr. Wilson's celebrated hydropathic establishment. In grateful recognition of this priceless boon of health restored to him, when, seemingly, the irrecoverable victim of dyspepsia and hypochondria, Sir Edward Lytton, in his sparkling letter to Harrison Ainsworth, gave to the world at large his "Confessions of a Water Patient."* Shortly afterwards, having completed the issue of his "Translations of Schiller,"† through *Blackwood's Magazine*, he published them in a collective form, prefixing to the poems and ballads the life of Schiller, a biography obliterated, by a curious and incomprehensible elision, from the last revised republication. A "Biographic Sketch of Laman Blanchard"‡ was, moreover, about this time, generously contributed to a selection, in three volumes, of the miscellaneous essays of that unfortunate writer, then recently deceased under very lamentable circumstances.

Actuated in the decision solely by his persevering antagonism to anything like an unconditional repeal of the corn-laws, Sir Edward now declined an alluring invitation, namely, that he should offer himself as a candidate for Westminster. A similar invitation from another constituency was declined for the same reason, the politician, in each instance, sacrificing his ambition to his consistency. Convinced that his opinions would now, in all probability, long exclude him from the legislature, he resumed his efforts at the culture of the poetic art with the serenity of one who is wholly abstracted from subjects of public and practical consideration. He published his first really remarkable poem, a satire of modern London, anonymously. It appeared originally piecemeal, but was ultimately republished in a single volume; and, though highly

* Confessions of a Water Patient. pp. 98. Colburn. 1845.

† The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, Translated, with Life. One vol. Blackwood and Sons. 1845.

‡ Biographic Sketch of Laman Blanchard, prefixed to his Essays in 3 vols. 1846.

commended, remained still, for some considerable time, unacknowledged. It was entitled, "The New Timon,"* was penned throughout in the heroic measure; abounded with passages of exquisite beauty, and comprised, among other inimitable portraiture of the great political chiefs of our generation, a masterly and courtly limning of Edward Geoffrey, Earl of Derby, now Premier of England, but then, as Lord Stanley, one of the most feared and formidable leaders of the Opposition—

"One after one the lords of time advance;
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns—the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate!

* * * * *

Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style:
In the clear style, a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean."

It is assuredly interesting now to recall that cordial tribute to remembrance—now, when (what few might then have anticipated) the study for that terse and life-like delineation is the chief of the existing cabinet, conspicuous among the members of which stands the graceful eulogist.

During the fragmentary issue of "The New Timon" through the press, Sir Edward revisited Italy, and there conceived the plan of two novels, designed to illustrate the conflicting influence of home education on life—the one good, the other evil. Holding this double object before him steadily in view, he thereupon began the composition of the most startling contrasts surely that romance-writer ever yet dreamt of—the grisly and abhorrent nightmare of "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night"† (published immediately upon his return to England), and—what did not appear until some time after—

* The New Timon: a Poem. Colburn. 4 parts. 1846. One vol. 1847.

† Lucretia; or, the Children of Night. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1847.

wards, and then slowly, instalment by instalment—the lovely and exquisite family portrait of “The Caxtons.” “Lucretia” had scarcely been given to the public, however, when—its really admirable ethical intention being altogether misapprehended—its author suddenly found himself the object of loud and stormy vituperation. He thereupon had printed, in the form of a little pamphlet, a comprehensive vindication of his writings generally, but more particularly, of course, of “Lucretia,” expatiating, while doing so, with logical lucidity upon the themes and subjects best suited for the purposes of art and fiction, namely, as objects for vivid and picturesque illustration. This was the *brochure* called “A Word to the Public,”* since then judiciously supplemented to every reprint of “The Children of Night,” as a sort of explanatory appendix. Resuming his unfinished family picture of “The Caxtons,” as he travelled, Bulwer Lytton proceeded by way of Vienna into the Tyrol, and there, at Gastein, seriously took in hand a poem often meditated by him long years previously—one of which, indeed, he had been revolving in his mind the general outline ever since 1844. This was—the only great national epic of our age—“King Arthur.” The novelist-poet’s imagination was certainly at this period busily enough occupied.

Returning to England, he was still labouring (labours of love both) at “The Caxtons,” and at “King Arthur,” when, as by a side-blow, he struck off “at a heat,” “Harold: the Last of the Saxon Kings,”† a magnificent historical romance, not inaptly designated a prose epic, by an appreciative reviewer of it in the *Edinburgh*. Forth then in succession came the two other works recently mentioned, each in turn rapidly brought to a state of completion; each in turn a masterpiece. “Harold,” it is true, though it had actually gone through the press, was yet for a while delayed in its publication by a generous impulse on the part of the publisher, namely, in respect for the deep affliction of its author, bereaved at that

* A Word to the Public. By the Author of “Lucretia.” pp. 60. Saunders and Ottley. 1847.

† Harold: the Last of the Saxon Kings. 3 vols. Bentley. 1848.

moment of his only daughter. This occurred in the spring-time of 1848, the first instalment of "King Arthur"* appearing in March, and the first instalment of "The Caxtons"† in the April following, both anonymously. In each instance, however, the authorship was speedily enough detected. There was no mistaking the mobile voice of "Crichton," or his limber gait, however cunningly adroit the masquerade. Immediately upon the completion of "King Arthur," the authorship was avowed in a new edition upon the title-page. When "The Caxtons," closing its career as a serial publication, appeared separately as a substantial work (the mask here, too, thrown aside as superfluous), the author was still endeavouring by travel to distract his mind from the anguish of his late domestic bereavement. Spending the whole of 1849 abroad, he wandered successively through considerable portions of Germany and Switzerland, whiling away the autumn on the Italian lakes, and the winter months at Nice. At the last-mentioned locality he began that very masterly and comprehensive delineation of the "Varieties of English Life," which he has emphatically designated "My Novel,"‡ an imaginative work of such unwonted dimensions, that notwithstanding the earliest instalment of it adorned the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1850, it was only completed in time for collective re-issue in four volumes upon the third new-year's-day following. It at once assumed to itself the prerogative of crowning the protracted and diversified labours of Sir Bulwer Lytton as a romance-writer, in its character as his undoubted masterpiece.

Meanwhile, in consequence of a memorable statement made in the House of Peers by Lord Derby in respect to the principles which would have guided his administration in the

* King Arthur : an Epic, in Twelve Books. Colburn. 3 parts. 1848. One vol. (avowed), 1849.

† The Caxtons : a Family Picture. 3 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1849.

‡ My Novel ; or, Varieties of English Life. 4 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

event of his having proved successful in his then recent efforts at the formation of a cabinet, Bulwer Lytton conceived that the time had at length arrived when he might judiciously vindicate the views he himself had sustained now during seventeen years consecutively with unwavering perseverance—opinions which had come at last to be not only intimately associated, but absolutely identified with party, and which had now been signally and decisively proclaimed by the noble earl as part and parcel of the policy of his proposed government. Hence appeared the famous “Letters to John Bull,”* which passed rapidly through ten editions, to be afterwards reprinted in a popular form for wider circulation. Hitherto Sir Edward had been repeatedly invited by both parties in his county to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of Hertfordshire. The “Letters,” by clearly elucidating the scope and tendency of his political sentiments, enabled him, at length, to accept a requisition, his answer to which had been until then necessarily delayed. He consented to allow his name to be put in nomination, and, at the ensuing general election, in the July of 1852, was triumphantly returned—re-entering the House of Commons as M.P. for Herts, after an absence of eleven years from the deliberations of Parliament. Although but so very recently enrolled anew among the foremost politicians of his time, Sir Bulwer Lytton was yet included by Lord Derby among the select few (chiefly ex-ministers of the Crown) who, on Thursday, the 9th of June, 1853, received from the hands of the ex-premier, at Oxford, the honorary degree of D.C.L., upon the occasion of the noble earl’s university installation. Since then Sir Edward’s career in the legislature has been, to say the least of it, sufficiently conspicuous. Both as an orator and as a statesman he has, within the last six years, materially advanced and elevated his reputation. Insomuch that it is merely by a sort of inevitable gradation that he has recently assumed his place upon the Treasury bench as a Cabinet Minister, accepting the

* *Letters to John Bull, Esq.* 8vo. pp. 104. Chapman and Hall. 1851.

seals of office as one of her Majesty's Secretaries of State, and taking his allotted position at the council-board of his sovereign as among the ranks of the privy counsellors.

Nevertheless his industrious parliamentary career has still allowed him at intervals to remain faithful to literature. True, that throughout the four years immediately following his return to the House of Commons, his assiduity, as a man of letters, was entirely interrupted: excepting only, we believe, one solitary interval, during which his pen contributed that masterly article upon William Pitt to the pages of the *Quarterly*. Towards the close of 1857, however, Sir Bulwer Lytton began the latest, as it is also perhaps the most elaborated, of all his romances—"What will he do with It?"* a work which has ever since been appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine* in monthly instalments. According to the author's express intimation, conveyed indeed through a distinct Address to his Readers, prefixed to the eleventh part, the story was not only completed in manuscript, but actually in the hands of the publishers, before the conclusion of January. In other words, the Novel, by Pisistratus Caxton—only now drawing to a close in the pages of the magazine—had finally passed from the desk of its writer fully half a year prior to his installation in the Colonial Secretaryship. Fortunately for Maga and for Maga's readers—for the romance and for the romancist—it was so: for since the date of Sir Edward's acceptance of the seals of office, all labour, in any way extra-official, has, of course, been thrown aside by him unhesitatingly. A happy coincidence of time, therefore—the reward of his habitual industry—enabled him, as long ago as the 22nd of last January, ("let the day," saith he, with humorous solemnity, in the Address before mentioned, "be marked with a white stone!") to complete betimes a fiction destined, we cannot but think, to take high rank—perhaps the highest—among the most remarkable effusions of his poetic and romantic imagination.

* What will he do with It? By Pisistratus Caxton. *Blackwood's Magazine*. 1857-8.

The collective novels of Bulwer Lytton, it is here worth bearing in remembrance (having previously been published in a stereotyped edition at six shillings a volume, and subsequently in a serial form originally issued in weekly numbers, price three halfpence), ultimately appeared in a shape yet more popular, and at a cost yet more reasonable: the copyright of the cheap edition (for ten years) having been purchased for £20,000 by the Messrs. Routledge. Nevertheless, yet another edition of Sir Edward's writings still, we believe, remains to this day what every puff advertiser is in the habit of calling a *desideratum*—a handsome library edition, we mean, embracing within it not only his prose fictions, his novels, and romances—not even, with those also, his poetical and dramatic productions, but a comprehensive collection of the whole of his works indiscriminately. An accumulation of his labours, including, among other things, a selection of the most effective speeches he is known to have delivered either within or without the walls of the legislature—foremost among the latter, his inimitable “Address to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh;” * pre-eminent among the former, the oration by which he may be said to have inaugurated his return to Parliament, when, in a speech immediately afterwards described by the right hon. member for Buckinghamshire as one of the most masterly ever given to the House, he demanded from all sides alike a fair trial for the newly-organized administration. Comprised, moreover, within the compass of this one comprehensive edition of his writings, should be his various contributions to the periodicals—not merely those (already collected) written by him as editor of the *New Monthly* and the *Monthly Chronicle*, but others of a very miscellaneous kind, still scattered through the different Quarterlies. His luminous papers in the *Edinburgh*, on the “Writings of Sir Thomas Browne,” on Forster’s “Life of Oliver Goldsmith,” on “The History of English Poetry,” by Chateaubriand. His equally able reviews in the *Westminster* on the

* Address to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 28. Blackwood and Sons. 1854.

"Statesmen of the Reign of Anne," and on the "Poet Gray and his Obligations to Classical Literature." Moreover, beyond even the best of these, his remarkable historical treatise in the *Foreign Quarterly* on "The Reign of Terror and the French Revolution."

Altogether, we have here been taking a rapid survey of a literary career the mere mechanical industry of which has evidenced itself, while the author is yet in the full vigour of his maturity, by the production of some eighty goodly volumes, to say nothing of a swarm of minor and uncollected compositions. As to the genius expressed by those writings, that has long since stamped itself in indelible characters upon the popular memory among the glories of the national literature.

And the author himself, in whose wizard right hand the pen has thus been transformed into the wand of the magician! A saunter down to Westminster, any afternoon when the House is sitting, will enable you readily enough, even though you chance to be a novice in the scene—supposing you, of course, to have prudentially armed yourself beforehand with the requisite *Open sesame*—to recognize Sir Bulwer Lytton seated there upon the front Treasury bench among the leaders of her Majesty's Government. Already, "stranger" though you are in the Commons, numerous published portraits, together with abundant political caricatures, have rendered you perfectly well acquainted, at a glance, with many a familiar countenance. There, lounging behind the green box of office, upon those coveted cushions—beds too often rather of thorns than roses—the Leader of the House—you know him upon the instant. The features of Vivian Grey saddened and matured, with the ringlets of Sidonia thinned but still clustering. And there, beside him—not less instant the recognition—his ministerial colleague, the new Colonial Secretary. Portraits he, too, has had abundantly; and thanks to Mr. Chalon, one memorable caricature. Happiest among all those well-known portraits, the life-like sketch by Mr. Lane, the Academy's associated engraver and draughtsman. Better than the profile outline by Count d'Orsay, than the other profile

sketch by Mr. F. Say—better, by far, than the ambitious painting by Van Holst—better even (that inimitable pencilling of Lane's) than the noble, idealized portrait by Daniel Maclise, R.A., who has there, in truth, portrayed—in a picture constituting, nevertheless, a vivid likeness of Sir Bulwer Lytton.

Slightly above the middle height, thin, even seemingly fragile in proportions, yet with the spring and elasticity of his most energetic nature still vitally animating the delicate framework of a toil-worn constitution, Sir Bulwer Lytton carries ineffaceably stamped upon his every lineament the unmistakable evidences of the race from which he has sprung, and from the hereditary peculiarities of which he has derived so many of the nobler characteristics of his ambitious and aspiring temperament.

His ministerial career has become already noteworthy, although but so very recently commenced: insomuch, that were the present cabinet to terminate its existence to-morrow, Sir Edward Lytton's rule at the Colonial Office would still survive in the popular remembrance—his name being indelibly imprinted upon the annals of that high and responsible department. Almost immediately upon his first acceptance of the seals of office, at the beginning of June, 1858, he gave new and signal, and abundant proof of the wisdom of Lord Derby's habitual preference for colleagues unhackneyed in the ways of routine, unentangled in the trammels of red tape, and most refreshingly innocent in regard to all the duller and deadening mysteries of circumlocution. Scarcely had the new Colonial Secretary been installed, when a stroke of his pen abolished the old, bungling, paralyzing mail contract with Australia. Another while, and, thanks to the same minister, the West-Indian islands were secured the advantage of an Incumbered Estates Bill, founded upon the measure happily applied a few years back to Ireland, and eminently calculated to relieve the planters from many of their long-standing embarrassments. Again, in a totally opposite direction—yonder, upon the coast of Africa—a hitherto perpetual source of heart-burning

between France and England, he at once and most effectually dissipated : simply through the judicious exchange of Albreda and Portendic, coupled with the concession of the insignificant gum-trade at the latter outlet, by reason of their acquisition of which our allies were at length reconciled to the otherwise unpalatable transference. Immeasurably beyond all which brilliant and welcome evidences of administrative sagacity, vigour, and determination on the part of the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, there is the masterpiece of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as minister of the Crown—that noble Colony of British Columbia which will henceforth remain as an attestation of his constructive genius as a member of the Government.

Before his entrance into the Cabinet, prior even to the original formation of the second Derby Ministry, rumours had carried to the Colonial Office the startling intimation that gold, embedded in quartz, and scattered about affluently in dust and nuggets, lay strown like the fabulous gravel of El Dorado on the banks of Fraser River, midway between the Gulf of Georgia and the range of the Rocky Mountains. Inspiring though the news undoubtedly was in itself, it was, nevertheless, excessively unwelcome to the Whig administrators : it was hushed up as inconvenient. Mr. Labouchere instantaneously recognized that its avowal must, in all human probability, sooner or later necessitate the insertion of the thin end of the wedge, the easy driving home of which afterwards would inevitably bring toppling down the giant monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company—opening up at last to the energies of the Anglo-Saxon race the whole of the British North-American possessions. What was a repelling influence to the Whig Obstructive, was literally and actually, however, an incentive to the Tory Reformer. No sooner had the right hon. member for Hertfordshire satisfied himself of the accuracy of these golden tidings from Vancouver than he resolutely began the great labour of innovation and of organization. He not only inserted the thin end of the wedge, without a moment's hesitation, at the mouth of Fraser

River, but, by a few bold and adroit blows, drove it directly home to the base of the Rocky Mountains. From the instant his admirable bill was passed into an enactment—the measure formally calling British Columbia into existence as a colony—from that instant the final doom of the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly was pronounced.

The immediate result is the creation of British Columbia. The ulterior consequence will be something far more magnificent. It will secure to Vancouver the recognition of its unrivalled situation geographically—a situation naturally constituting it the “Queen of the Pacific.” It will, by reason of the attractive influence of the gold-diggings upon the mainland, collect together in that superb harbour—sufficient in its dimensions to embrace within it the whole of the Royal Navy of England—a perpetual throng of merchant-vessels, concentrating thither permanently the commerce with China, with India, with Japan, with the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Its mineral resources will insure the new colony an abundant revenue. The development of the immigration now commencing will obtain for it in time a gigantic and energetic population. It will secure the ultimate linking together of the two oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, by bringing directly into communication the new colony and the old colony, Canada and Columbia, uniting them, as they now must by necessity, in the end, be united, by means of a grand trunk-railway carried boldly across the entire breadth of the North-American continent. Running parallel with that trunk-railway will be the magic wires of the electric telegraph. Spreading insensibly northwards and southwards, from either side of the narrow line, there will advance further and further into the primeval forests and the hitherto impassable prairies, the beneficent influences of Christianity and Civilization. The heart of North America will thus, in the natural course of events, become colonized and cultivated. And anticipations of this kind, it should be remembered, are not merely the indulgence of an idle and delightful day-dream—they are simply rational calculations upon what we may

venture to designate an absolute certainty, placing an implicit trust alone, while so speaking, in the benignant permission of Divine Providence.

Elsewhere, in our sixty colonies, Sir Bulwer Lytton will have abundant opportunities for the display of his undoubted genius for statesmanship, and of his almost intuitive skill as an administrator. His assiduity is such, constitutionally, that we may rely with confidence upon none of those opportunities ever alluring his energies without avail : for indubitably, in this instance, if in no other, the eminent man of letters is also pre-eminently a man of business. The poet, the playwright, the novelist, the dreamful author of so many brilliant works of imagination, is no less indisputably, as a minister of the Crown, and as a member of the imperial legislature, an earnest and resolute reformer—one the component elements of whose policy are the principles directly derived from an active patriotism and a practical philanthropy. His oratorical triumphs in parliament attest this clearly enough : but far more than his successes as a rhetorician, his actual administrative achievements.

GENERAL PEEL,

Secretary of State for War.

GENERAL PEEL.

SUDDENLY called to high office from the privacy of the back benches, General Peel has already, in a great measure, justified the daring selection made in his instance by the First Lord of the Treasury. The peculiar significance of this selection, we conceive to have been hitherto overlooked by the public at large, if it has not even, here and there, been egregiously misapprehended. It was in obedience to no careless whim of the moment; of this, at least, any one may rest perfectly well assured, that a man of such sagacity as the Earl of Derby chose for the delicate and responsible post of administrator in the department of War, a heretofore unnoticed major-general in the army, on half pay unattached. The nomination of the gallant member for Huntingdon to the Ministry for War in the February of 1858 was as much of a surprise to the House and to the Country as that produced in another way during the February of 1846, by the abrupt apparition of a chief in debate and a leader of party, in a handsome fox-hunting nobleman, who had until then sat in the Commons as a silent member during no less than eight successive parliaments.

That, however, which was chivalrously volunteered by Lord George Bentinck at a period of extraordinary emergency, was simply acceded to—frankly and readily accepted—by General Jonathan Peel under less anxious circumstances. The opportunity, in each instance, drew forth into the full glare of publicity one who had previously remained altogether undistinguished among the motley concourse of his political contemporaries. Here the resemblance of the situation begins—here it ceases. There is no further analogy between the two occurrences, any more than there is anywhere discoverable

anything kindred between the two men, beyond, indeed, the common display, on the part of each, of the true British gallantry which never pauses before a forlorn-hope or hesitates before a difficulty.

It is no disparagement to the Secretary for War to say, that it was principally, if not exclusively, by reason of his name that he was first enabled to hold office as a member of her Majesty's Government. It is by his ability, his energy, and his determination, that he retains it. But at the outset, his name was no less undeniably his passport to power than the name of Napoleon was ten years ago in the instance of the reigning French emperor. It is in this circumstance that we recognize what we conceive to have been hitherto unobserved by the general community—the especial significance of this one particular and exceptional appointment. It is a magnanimous tribute offered by Lord Derby and his colleagues,—by the cabinet in the name of the party it represents—a posthumous peace-offering to the *manes* of a great statesman—former leader, quondam antagonist. It is the last and crowning token of forgotten animosities and remembered friendship—one, moreover, tendered in a spirit congenial with that which, half a dozen years previously, elicited from Mr. Disraeli his cordial panegyric upon the great minister—while living so often the object of his radiant and remorseless sarcasms: that studied and deliberate encomium, which said of him, in language as earnest as it was eloquent, that he really remained “what”—wrote the generous critic (satirist yesterday, eulogist to-day)—“posterity will acknowledge him to have been;” viz., tersely, emphatically, “the greatest member of parliament that ever lived.”* It is the graceful and decisive verification, this appointment of Sir Robert Peel's brother as Secretary of State for War under Lord Derby's premiership, of the kindly words appended by the right hon. gentleman, now her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, to that knightly tribute to the dead foe with whom he has so often crossed swords and

* Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography, p. 320.

splintered lances in the arena of parliament—"Peace to his ashes! His name will be often appealed to in that scene which he loved so well, and never without homage even by his opponents." In testimony of the truth of which, here is the brother of Sir Robert numbered among the principal members of a government, the leaders of which respectively, in the Peers and Commons, are the Lord Stanley of 1846, and that ever pitiless and relentless assailant—the witty, scornful, implacable, audacious member for Buckinghamshire.

Bent upon offering to the memory of his former political chieftain that most signal tribute implied by the circumstance of his including a Peel among the cluster of his twelve ministerial colleagues, the Earl of Derby could not, in truth, have made his selection in any way more judiciously. It must be remembered, indeed, that his choice was, in a remarkable manner, restricted. It would have been altogether much less to the purpose, in respect to the shade of his great predecessor, had Lord Derby, to the end proposed, finally selected, instead of a Peel *pur sang*, one of the so-called Peelites. Advances are, it is true, understood to have been made to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and to the right hon. gentleman the member for Oxford University: but they were made to these not so much as Peelites, as in regard exclusively to their own high, and, it must be added, in a great measure, insulated, though contrasted, reputations. The followers of Sir Robert, in fact, had, almost immediately upon his death, been scattered as effectually as ever were the legionaries of Cæsar or the paladins of Charlemagne, or the generals of Alexander. How sings the facetious Bon Gaultier, in his "Lay of Sherwood:"

"When Robin is dead, and his bones are laid
Beneath the greenwood tree."

Does he not carol as wisely as whimsically?—

"And broken are his merry, merry men,
That goodly companie;
There's some that have ta'en the northern road,
With Jem of Netherbee.

"The best and bravest of the band
With Derby Ned are gone ;
But Earlie Gray and Charlie Wood
They staid with Little John."

Conspicuous among the remnants of the disbanded phalanx, a few adventurous wights noticeable chiefly by reason of their perverse independence. The Hephæstion among them all—distinguishable hardly less by the bewildering incertitude of his judgment than by the unquestionable superiority of his genius—after dallying with finance had taken to finessing. The faithful Achates again, resolutely fixed, from the commencement, upon playing out, to the very last trick, the great political rubber, interrupted, may be, now and then, by a squabble over some half-suspected, half-detected revoke—after wasting his honours, and ruffing his hearts to no purpose, had lost game after game irretrievably. Nothing, indeed, has succeeded in enabling them to reclaim their lost position—neither their protracted contiguity to the Manchester school below that arctic barrier of the gangway, nor even yet their fantastic propinquity to the bald-headed successor of poor Colonel Sibthorp—that dry joker and transcendental grotesque, whose apparition upon the floor of the house is always the signal for alternate silence (the silence of piqued attention) and explosions of irrepressible laughter. Everything failed, even before this last auspicious change of ministry, to revive the fading hopes, and rekindle the drooping energies of the *quasi* Peelites—everything! They have drawn no new vitality from the bold Tribune beside them, or the quaint Humorist below—

"From downright Shippen, or from old Montaigne."

Wherefore—clever but impracticable—the Peelites, in the matter of this selection, have proved (confessedly on their own part) out of Lord Derby's category. It remained for the Premier, therefore, to make his choice from among the Peels, and to do so, as judiciously as might be, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Nevertheless, peculiar though

the circumstances were, the noble earl could hardly be at fault in the midst of them. The circumference of the already restricted circle contracted, under his scrutiny, almost to a mathematical point. It could scarcely happen by possibility, under the guidance of his all but instinctive sagacity, that any ministerial prize remaining at the disposal of Lord Derby could be awarded by him to any other member of the family than the very one upon whom it was actually conferred, the hon. and gallant member for Huntingdon.

A Stanley, eagle-eyed beyond even the average of the Stanleys, would scorn, surely for one instant, to look with the fraternal glance of a colleague upon any one so entirely a creature of routine as the right hon. the ex-member for Bury, the very type, model, and incarnation of a placeman: one the sands of whose existence must be perpetually running out in pouncet; one whose bowels, if he have any (and we are disposed to be as incredulous upon that point as Scrooge was in the case of Marley), must assuredly be made of tortuous involutions of red tape; one the very breath of whose nostrils is the language of circumlocution.

Equally beside the mark would it have been to suppose for one single moment that the First Minister of the Crown, with an aim in view so grand, almost historical, in its character, could, in discarding the notion of the second son, have fixed his regard complacently upon the third baronet: upon that light-in-hand young Barnacle, that touch-and-go young Barnacle, prepared, one might easily imagine, at a pinch—by reason of the very gallantry of his independence—to drive slap-dash, helter-skelter, loose of rein and ready of whip, the old armorial lion and unicorn of the state in tandem!

General Peel, therefore, as the brother of Sir Robert, and as an officer enjoying great popularity in her Majesty's army, was the one nominated by the First Lord of the Treasury to the post left vacant for a Peel at the council-board of the new administration. Hitherto that gallant officer had been known only in the political world as—one of the Colonels of the House of Commons. He had certainly been Surveyor-General of

Ordnance during his gifted brother's premiership. He had always spoken, besides, with great ability upon matters affecting the interests of his heroic profession. But, by the community at large, he was, for the most part, regarded as simply one of those high-spirited military representatives, who manifest their *esprit de corps* upon every possible occasion by their readiness to vindicate whatever has been decided at the Horse Guards, and to extenuate, through thick and thin, the proceedings—no matter what—of the Commander-in-Chief. Beyond which the gallant member for Huntingdon possessed—like the noble lord whose name has already, in another particular, been coupled with his own, the short-lived champion of the country party, Lord George Bentinck—an honourable reputation alike upon the Heath at Newmarket and at both the Corners—Tattenham and Tattersall's.

Altogether, apart, however, from these peculiar antecedents, Jonathan Peel, major-general in her Majesty's army, had the advantage of a continuous parliamentary experience of some two-and-thirty years—in point of fact, a whole lifetime; so that, however new himself to office, he was familiar enough by observation with the routine of the legislature, and far beyond that, moreover, with the political history of his generation. Not to him applied that allusion of M. Guizot, in his charming biography of the English minister (*Vie de Sir R. Peel*, p. 317), where he particularizes “un des frères de Sir Robert, qui avait préféré la vie agricole à toute autre carrière.” Although remaining unobtrusively for thirty years in the background during the earlier scenes of that great historic drama, among the chief performers of which his illustrious brother had stood forth so long conspicuously, General Peel only awaited the requisite cue to advance to a more prominent position upon the stage of parliament.

The Right Hon. Jonathan Peel, born on the 12th of October, 1799, was the fifth son of the first Sir Robert Peel, by his wife Ellen, daughter of William Yates, Esquire, of Springside, near Bury, in Lancashire. The narrative of the rise of this remarkable family is honourably inscribed upon

one of the foremost pages in the annals of the mercantile enterprise of England. It illustrates, in a very brilliant manner, the scientific skill and mechanical ingenuity of Englishmen. Its origin, or rather the origin of its later good fortune, has been happily emblazoned, under the heraldic escutcheon of the baronetcy, in the honest, outspoken motto, the one noble word, "Industria." Mainly, it is true, by industry, the first Sir Robert Peel, third son of Robert Peel, of Peele Fold, Oswaldtwistle, won his baronetcy, and became a millionaire. But not alone by industry. To his extraordinary constructive genius, yet more, if possible, than either to his laborious toil, or the simple but elevated rectitude of his character, were his notable successes as a manufacturer directly attributable. Self-made man, according to the popular phrase, though he was, good Sir Robert Peel the first had descended from an ancient stock, entitled variously Peel, or Peele, or De Pele—a race long settled at Craven, in Yorkshire; and, as far back as the fifteenth century, seised of lands in Salesbury and Wilpshire, districts within the hundred of Blackburn, in the county palatine of Lancaster. Generations of the family lived and died, some in competence, some in indigence, all in obscurity, until the 20th of November, 1800, when the first Peel of any note had his name enrolled, not simply as a wealthy and a worthy man, but as a man personally distinguished for his genuine and enlarged enlightenment, upon the list of the English baronetage.

Jonathan, his fifth son, like many another younger son in a rich and numerous family, was set apart from the rest of the brothers—one a statesman, one an agriculturist, one a country gentleman, and so forth, through the whole catalogue—as a stripling whose future was marked out for him in the military profession. But the great Napoleonic wars were arriving at their close at the very outset of his double cadetship, his cadetship both professional and genealogical. His entrance into the royal army, in fact, dates from that same momentous month of June, 1815, when the European conflicts closed for forty years to come, in their final crash upon the plains

of Waterloo. Hence, although his rise from rank to rank occurred in due proportion to his length of service as a soldier under each separate commission, as ensign, as lieutenant, as captain, as major, and so onwards and upwards to the period of his ulterior command of a regiment, it was the development, it must be remembered, of a martial career during an epoch when the sword of the nation remained for the most part sheathed, during a halcyon interval of almost uninterrupted tranquillity. It is no wonder, then, to find the member of an energetic race doomed to the anomalous position of one bearing arms in a time of peace, combining with the somewhat monotonous routine of military life in barracks, the political avocations devolving upon even the most silent occupant of a seat in the imperial legislature.

Previously to the commencement of his parliamentary life, however, Captain Peel married, on the 19th of March, 1824, the Lady Alicia Jane Kennedy, youngest daughter of Archibald, first Marquess of Ailsa, K.T.—another justification of the whimsical sally of the Prince Regent, upon hearing of a similar marriage in the first Sir Robert's family—"How those Peels stick to their Jennies!"

Through this marriage, now upwards of thirty-four years ago, General Peel has a family of seven children,—six sons and a daughter. Almost simultaneously with his married life commenced his career as a politician. It was in 1826 that as M.P. for Norwich he first took his seat in the House of Commons. That same constituency he continued to represent in Parliament throughout the five years following; but in 1831 he resumed his place in the popular branch of the legislature in the character in which for nearly seven-and-twenty years he has sat there uninterruptedly, namely, in his representative capacity as M. P. for Huntingdon. Ten years after his first election for Huntingdon, *i.e.* in 1841, Major Peel was promoted to his colonelcy; and as recently as the 20th of June, 1854, was gazetted in his present rank as major-general, unattached.

With the single exception already particularized—that of

his nomination between 1841 and 1846, as Surveyor-General of Ordnance during his brother's administration—Jonathan Peel never challenged public criticism in any way by emerging from the shadow of the Horse Guards, from the seclusion of the back benches, from the crowd of gay sporting notabilities congregated at appropriate seasons upon the turf at Epsom and Newmarket. Influenced in his choice by the generous emotions herein beforementioned, Lord Derby, in the February of 1858, awakened in the gallant member for Huntingdon an ambition he himself had probably until then never dreamt of; holding out to him the lure of a scarcely resistible temptation—a seat in the cabinet—the guardianship of the gates of the Temple of Janus—the conservation of the interests of his noble and heroic profession. General Peel was, therefore, sworn in as another of her Majesty's privy counsellors, and kissed hands on accepting office as principal Secretary of State for the War department. Since then, as the minister of the Crown peculiarly intrusted with the care of the Queen's army, he has displayed unwearied assiduity in prosecuting systematic and personal inquiries into rumoured abuses in the military organization. It yet remains to be seen how far his sagacity and his energy as an administrator may be equal to the yet weightier responsibility of introducing, whenever it may be deemed requisite, comprehensive measures of an ameliorative character—measures, it is to be hoped, in some instances, so sweeping as to amount, in the aggregate, less to a reform than to a revolution. Otherwise than through some such resolute proceedings, indeed, we may look in vain for the definitive prevention henceforth of scandalous peculations like those brought to light in connection with the Weedon dépôt; or for the adoption of such sanitary precautions as may render Augean barracks like those at Chatham not simply exceptional but wholly unknown abominations.

The individual appearance even, as well as the personal character, of General Peel would seem to encourage the hopes in this way entertained by the military world of England in regard to the future labours of his war secretaryship. Under

the rough, almost rugged, aspect of the soldier, there is the generous heart of the true man brimming with much of "the milk of human kindness." It is the knowledge of these nobler qualities of his nature that justifies the more sanguine anticipations now cherished among his brethren in arms, the hope that out of so much resolute and searching Inquiry may come forth large and kindly measures of Amelioration, and, better still, of thorough Re-organization.

LORD STANLEY,

Secretary of State for India.

LORD STANLEY.

SINCE the memorable occasion upon which Lord Burleigh's son, Sir Robert Cecil, succeeded Secretary Walsingham at the ministerial council-board under Elizabeth, no father and son have ever sat together in the cabinet of the sovereign. The incident, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, has, at length, however, been repeated under Victoria : a father and son are again colleagues in the Administration. The Stanleys are evidencing nowadays, what the Cecils had done so long previously—a hereditary genius for the conduct of the affairs of government.

The extraordinary and all but unprecedented circumstance of this near relationship between two members of the same Cabinet, between the Prime Minister and one of his principal colleagues, is also, in the instance immediately before us, considerably enhanced in interest and significance by the fact that the Earl of Derby's son and heir is, in simple truth, hardly so much the Premier's own choice as a colleague, as he is the choice of the general community, of the country at large, and of the Parliament. It has so happened, partly through the accident of a lucky coincidence of events, partly through the operation of his own instinctive tact and sagacity, that the noble lord now the ruler of our Indian empire, at an age when other men are no more than under-secretaries or junior lords of the Treasury, has contrived to render himself almost universally acceptable as one of the chief ministers of the sovereign. He has effected this, moreover, without possessing, individually, any of the external and personal

attributes of conciliation, winning his way solely by the sheer force of right reason, of high principle, and of unflinching and unhesitating consistency. He has carved out his popularity with trenchant swiftness, and with the logical precision of a syllogism. He has secured, thus prematurely, an almost universal recognition of his administrative capacities without the aid of any rhetorical artifice, without the assistance of a single one among those ineffable and indefinable charms, whether of bearing or of intellect, insuring to some men a precocious tenure of power by the mere exercise of a nameless fascination. Lord Stanley has, on the contrary, rather proved his capabilities in statesmanship, beyond the denial alike of friend and foe, with the cool but convincing distinctness of a mathematical demonstration.

His reputation has been of such rapid growth, that ten years ago it had scarcely given the earliest indications of its commencement: the oak of to-day was the acorn of yesterday. A single *decade* in retrospect, and the administrator now presiding over the destinies of between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 of his fellow-creatures—the statesman intrusted at this period of painful transition and supreme emergency, with the remodelling of the ancient empire of Aurungzebe and Tamerlane—was, if neither thumbing his disdained *Dialectus*, nor turning the leaves of his superfluous *Lexicon*, still lingering as a student over the familiar dialogues of Euripides, or wandering among the enthralling mysteries of the higher mathematics. Lord Stanley had not yet quitted the University in 1848. He was still loitering under the porch of Trinity, still busily occupied among his books and manuscripts, as among the more assiduous *alumni* of Cambridge in the very year—so recent as it seems to us in the remembrance!—when M. de Lamartine was confronting the mob yonder before the Hôtel de Ville, when the ex-king Louis Philippe, shorn of his whiskers, unwigged, and wrapped in an old pea-jacket, was landing miserably at Newhaven; when George Bentinck was lying dead there near Welbeck, by the old gate between the deer-park and the water-meadow—that mournful spectacle, over

which the faithful friend still laments unceasingly in the monumental biography—

Ω δέμας οἰκτρόν. φεῦ, φεῦ
Ω δεινοτάτας, οἶμοι οἶμοι.

Events these are that seem literally but just now to have occurred, to have been but freshly inscribed upon the latest page of history, the ink barely yet dry, the leaf unturned—yet in that same year of grace, 1848, Lord Stanley, now one of the most important ministers of the Crown, the ruler of our Asiatic dominion, as her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, was still wearing the gown and the tonsure-cap as a collegian. He might still find leisure to exclaim, as those ridiculous *Anti-Jacobin*-ists, Messrs. John Frere, William Gifford, and George Canning preposterously put it in their immortally absurd "Loves of the Triangles :"—

" Let playful Pendules quick vibration feel,
Whilst silent Cyclois rests upon her wheel ;
Let Hydrostatics, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe ;
Let shrill Acoustics tune the tiny lyre ;
With Euclid sage, fair Algebra conspire :
The obedient pulley strong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye !"

As recently, in fact, as the time specified—no more than ten years since—Lord Stanley had actually not entered the field in which he has now already outstripped so many veteran competitors.

The Right Honourable Edward Henry Stanley, commonly called Lord Stanley, was born at Knowsley Park, near Liverpool, on the 21st of July, 1826, being the eldest son (as already intimated in the biography of the Prime Minister) of Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby, by his Countess, *née* the Hon. Emma Caroline Bootle Wilbraham, second daughter of Edward, the first Lord Skelmersdale. The academical education of Lord Stanley commenced in the great

public seminary of Rugby, and was completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. It closed, indeed, in the memorable year before mentioned, 1848, with a series of brilliant triumphs, not often won together by the most aspiring and adventurous undergraduate. Besides being in that year first class in classics, Lord Stanley took honours in the mathematical tripos, as among the junior optimes, gaining, in addition to other prizes, a medal for declamation.

Almost immediately after taking his degree, the young student celebrated his emancipation from the thralldom of the University by setting forth upon a voyage to the West-India islands and the North-American continent; traversing during his wanderings a considerable portion of the Canadas and the United States. Previously to his departure from England, he had appeared unsuccessfully as a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, before the constituency of Lancaster. It was during his absence upon his travels in the New World that the electors of King's Lynn, guided by a sort of instinctive sagacity, filled up the vacancy left by the sudden decease of the unfortunate nobleman, their late representative, by spontaneously and unanimously electing in his place the heir to the earldom of Derby. The choice, we have said, was made with a kind of instinctive sagacity by the voters of a borough, which has thus secured to itself the distinction of having been successively represented in the legislature by the two most able and remarkable scions of the aristocracy that have gained repute in the Commons—the one in his early youth, the other in his riper manhood—since the period of the great social and political change marked out by the first organic reform of Parliament. It was in the December of 1848, while he was still far away on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, that Lord Stanley was first returned to a seat in the house, as M.P. for Lynn Regis. Not long after his return homewards, he fixed the attention of the Commons as a debater of very considerable promise, and of the public generally as a clever and original pamphleteer. His maiden speech, which was delivered in the summer of 1850, had reference to a subject which he

had contrived in a great measure to master during the apparently holiday time of his American excursion. It related, in fact, to the sugar-colonies, and was so far, beyond a doubt, "a success," that it at once elicited expressions of earnest eulogium both from Mr. Gladstone and from Lord Palmerston. The political pamphlet,* published a little while previously by Lord Stanley in the shape of a letter addressed to the former of those two eminent men, had already thrown much welcome light upon the very same subject: bearing directly, indeed, in its very title, upon the "Claims and Resources of our West-Indian Colonies." It was the fruit of laborious research and vigilant observation. It boldly claimed a repeal of the export duties on behalf of the planters. It at once brought the writer under the favourable notice of the more watchful and sagacious both within and without the walls of Parliament. The original epistle was ultimately followed up by a sequel, in the form of a second pamphlet, entitled "Further Facts connected with the West Indies."† It seemed inevitable that the noble lord the member for King's Lynn, whether George Bentinck or Edward Stanley, should win distinction in connection with the question of the sugar-colonies.

During the course of 1851, the year popularly known as that of the Great International Exhibition, Lord Stanley again started upon an extended voyage of inquiry, directing his movements this time eastward—to Hindostan—as far even as the Bengal presidency. He was still travelling in India, when news reached him in April, 1852, of his nomination by his father, the new Premier, as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign department. These unexpected tidings, by hastening his journey homewards, abbreviated his efforts to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the actual position

* *Claims and Resources of the West-Indian Colonies: a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. By the Hon. E. Stanley, M.P.* 8vo. pp. 103. Boone. 1850.

† *Further Facts connected with the West Indies: a Second Letter from the Hon. E. Stanley, M.P., to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* 8vo. Boone. 1851.

and prospects of our oriental dominions. Enough, however, had already been witnessed by him to kindle a more lively interest in his mind in regard to the present and future organization of those gigantic and superb possessions. Evidence of this was speedily afforded by Lord Stanley, notwithstanding that his own party were so soon afterwards driven back into opposition. Whether seated to the right or to the left of Mr. Speaker, the young aspirant to power was manifestly disinclined to remain either silent as a debater or inactive as a reformer.

At the general election of 1852, as afterwards at the general election of 1856, Lord Stanley was returned by the constituency of King's Lynn as their representative, not merely cordially, but with enthusiasm. His first return, it will be remembered, was accomplished by the electors of that borough, unasked, during his absence from England upon his American wanderings. His occasional acceptance for a few convenient hours of those delightful little ministerial sinecures known as the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, or of the manor of Poynings, or the Escheatorship of Munster, has been followed more than once—twice within the last twelvemonth—by his quiet nomination and instant return, not only without any necessity for a canvass, or any show of opposition, but without even subjecting him to the unnecessary fatigue of making his appearance upon the hustings before his constituents. His popularity, indeed, from the outset has been continually in the ascendant. Moving onward himself with a firm and even step, his path has been repeatedly smoothed before him by fortuitous circumstances. Prepared at all times to seize whatever occasion might seem propitious for his advancement, he has again and again had thrust upon his acceptance the most alluring opportunities. Travelling in the United States, he is followed thither by the announcement of his having been gratuitously elected to a seat in Parliament. Travelling in India, he is pursued by the intelligence of his appointment to the Foreign Under-Secretaryship. The eldest son of a great leader of party, he has the wherewithal

to carve out for himself a future, and to create for himself a reputation. It is the merit of Lord Stanley, that he has from the commencement shown not only a readiness, but a capacity, to avail himself of these immense advantages. In testimony of which it is only necessary to mark well the individual labours upon which the noble lord adventured immediately on the morrow, as it were, of the overthrow of his father's first administration.

The twelvemonth succeeding that downfall was certainly the busiest the member for King's Lynn had yet known since his entrance into the legislature. At the commencement of the parliamentary session in 1853, the future author of the third India Bill of 1858, the measure which has so very recently and so very effectually put an end to the anomalous rule of John Company—submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons a motion suggestive of far more elaborate and comprehensive reforms than any dreamt of in the Earl of Aberdeen's philosophy : reforms more complete and thorough than the uttermost ever contemplated by the united wisdom of that so-called ministry of All the Talents, the redoubtable and impracticable Coalition Government. If nothing else went to prove it, that one remarkable proposition is clearly demonstrative of the fact that Lord Stanley is, in truth, politically in advance of his time ; and that, in regarding him as a reformer of considerable enlightenment, his contemporaries are in no way labouring under the influence of a mere hallucination.

Recollect for a moment what really was the significance of that motion of Lord Stanley's in 1853, in reference to the affairs of Hindostan. It was the distinct and sagacious recommendation betimes of a policy that would, five years ago, have destroyed root and branch the Upas of the double government. It was a prescient measure of conciliation and amelioration, long anterior to the horrors of the Bengal mutiny—before there was a smutch of that detested grease upon the cartridge—before the Nana had formed a notion of his own immense and preternatural capacity for crime—while the wells were yet limpid at Cawnpore, and the magazines at Delhi were as care-

fully under watch and ward as (in time of profound peace) any powder-room of a line-of-battle ship riding at anchor off Spit-head. It were idle, of course, to conjecture what might, or might not, have been the happy issue of events, supposing Lord Stanley's motion of 1853, in regard to the Anglo-Indian government, had been summarily adopted by the imperial legislature. Whether or not its acceptance then by Parliament would have spared England the miserable anguish of the Sepoy insurrection, the abhorred and ghastly ordeal of witnessing from afar off all that fearful bloodshed, together with the frightful accompaniment of all those nameless, and hideous, and revolting abominations—must henceforth of course remain mere matter of doubt, the sport of every idle imagination. Of this, however, there cannot by possibility be two opinions—that Lord Stanley, then (in the spring of 1853) not quite seven-and-twenty years of age, proposed to the House of Commons a scheme of policy distinctly foreshadowing the very measures five sessions later on found to be absolutely requisite for the preservation and perpetuation of our jeopardized and disorganized empire in Hindostan.

Another question of great public importance was prominently brought, during that same session of 1853, under the consideration of the popular branch of the legislature. This was in truth a subject of no less delicacy and difficulty than the Church-Rate question. It was a matter upon which not only were Churchmen and Dissenters divided against each other, but one likewise upon which large sections of the former thought, and still think, very differently. Lord Stanley, without a moment's hesitation, seized upon the puzzling and irritating problem, examined it in all its bearings, made up his mind about it resolutely, though he did so manifestly only after very serious and careful deliberation; and, as he had previously done in the instance of the sugar-colonies, boldly expressed his views upon the matter at once as a debater and as a pamphleteer. His written argument,* simply entitled

* The Church-Rate Question Considered. By Lord Stanley, M.P. vo. pp. 55. Boone. 1853.

"The Church-Rate Question Considered," advocated no less explicitly than his spoken words the abolition of that unpopular impost, upon grounds both of principle and of expediency, of the loftiest principle and of the merest expediency. In reasoning thus, Lord Stanley did so with the strictest regard to consistency—his religious toleration being complete and absolute in its comprehensiveness: insomuch that, while, as a large-minded reformer, the noble member for King's Lynn has long been favourable to the exemption of Dissenters from church-rates, he has earnestly supported the annual grant to the College of Maynooth, and continued, up to the last moment requisite, the cordial advocacy of the removal of Jewish disabilities! Namely, up to the moment when the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, during the course of this last session, took his seat, at length, in the House of Commons as M. P. for the city of London—five times elected as its representative.

Upon a legislative difficulty of minor importance, yet one possessing also a peculiar value in its way, affecting as it does the interests of science, and through them, of course, the interests of the general community, Lord Stanley, in that same year 1853, thought much and well—ultimately, three sessions later on, committing to paper succinctly the results of his earlier and fruitful meditations. His arguments in this instance related to the Patent Laws of the United Kingdom; arguments embodying themselves in 1856 in the form of an ingenious Memorandum* upon various suggested improvements.

Not the least interesting incident, by the way, observable in all the varied ceremonials of Lord Derby's inauguration as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was the conference by him, on Tuesday, the 7th of June, 1853, upon his eldest son, of the honorary degree of D.C.L. It was not without evident emotion that the honour was conferred by the paternal hand of the Chancellor upon the youthful Doctor of Civil Law, amidst the ringing applause of the undergraduates.

* Memorandum on Suggested Improvements in the Patent Laws of 1852, 1853. By Lord Stanley, M.P. 8vo. pp. 18. Boone. 1856.

It may be here incidentally remarked, that during 1853 Lord Stanley was gazetted to a Captaincy in the 3rd Lancashire militia. Added to which, it is also noteworthy in his regard, that in that same native shire, the county palatine of Lancaster, the noble lord occupies the position of a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant.

Such was the recognized eminence precociously attained by the member for Lynn Regis, not simply as an intelligent politician, but as a statesman in every way qualified to be an administrator, that upon the premature demise of Sir William Molesworth, in 1855, almost immediately after the right hon. baronet's instalment as head of the Colonial department, the vacant Secretaryship of State was frankly offered to Lord Stanley by Viscount Palmerston. It might even be said that the conduct of the Whig-Canningite Premier was in this instance marked by magnanimity, but that it was perfectly obvious at the time that the cabinet would have gained an extraordinary accession of popularity in the event of the acceptance by Lord Stanley of the proffered appointment. Such, however, was not to be—something very different was upon the cards—the *prestige* of Lord Stanley's early reputation for statesmanship was to be reserved to add strength, not to Lord Palmerston's weak, (so-called) strong government, but to the Earl of Derby's strong, (so-called) weak administration. The temptation was happily resisted. Lord Stanley was content to bide his time patiently; and in the meanwhile so laboured, both within and without Parliament, as not only to sustain, but materially to advance and elevate his repute as a reformer.

Throughout the chief part of his ten years' career before the public, the noble lord the member for King's Lynn has striven earnestly and effectively to promote the interests of the educational movement. His endeavours in this way have not only been directed to the furtherance in the abstract, of the great cause of national education—they have wisely descended to practical particulars, from the empyrean of generality in which they might otherwise have evaporated in the idle aspirations of

an empty day-dream. He has, in this way, systematically encouraged Mechanics' Institutes upon every possible opportunity. He has been conspicuously, if not mainly, instrumental in bringing about, through the recent Newspaper Act, the abolition, bit by bit, of some of the more grinding Taxes upon Knowledge. He has proposed, but very recently, an admirable scheme for the establishment of public reading-rooms and libraries, either stationary or circulating: reading-rooms and libraries to be scattered, according to this humane project, far and wide, over the whole of the rural districts; thereby placing the materials for self-education within reach of the toiling millions of our agriculturists. Associated with which last-mentioned proposition is another, of a kindred, or rather supplementary, description; the advantages accruing from which Lord Stanley has explained in a little pamphlet never formally published, but printed by him for private circulation. In this document the noble lord advocates the regular supply, at the national cost, of the parliamentary blue-books—at any rate, of well-digested epitomes of their contents, summaries giving the pith and marrow of their more valuable evidence and statistics—to all the Mechanics' Institutes in the United Kingdom, as well as to the whole of the metropolitan press and provincial newspapers. By this arrangement, with a force of logic that is perfectly plain upon the very surface, accurate and authoritative information upon every subject immediately under the consideration of the legislature would, not as an exception, but as a rule, be supplied to the public and scattered broadcast over the entire country. The proposal is one eminently characteristic of the man from whose mind it is the emanation. It is illustrative of his rational regard to detail, of his genial sympathy with the masses, of his manly love for fair play. It indicates, likewise, his complete possession of that double aptitude essential for the making of an able administrator—aptitude for a broad and comprehensive view in the first instance, and for minute discriminative detail afterwards; that twofold capacity, possessed to a very marvel by Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom it is related, that before

his first voyage across the Mediterranean, he planned the whole scheme of the conquest of Egypt, afterwards so memorably realized in the great campaign of the Pyramids—and yet himself filled up the whole draft of the wonderful enterprise, even to the number of slate-pencils to be carried out by the expedition. In the recent draft for the re-organization of the Anglo-Indian government, the same duplex power has been signally manifested by our English administrator. His surety for success in this, is the fact of his being endowed, to a very remarkable degree, with that best substitute for genius—common sense. It is—we all of us, at any rate, possess it to the extent of being able to recognize and acknowledge this much in its regard—it is as the very eye, as the very apple of the eye, to that *sensorium* of the intellect, the judgment. Insignificant, apparently contracting to a point under the light of reason, yet, as the Chevalier de Boufflers has, in allusion to the organ of sight, wittily expressed it, in one of his happiest *bon-mots*, embracing within its small circumference the whole universe: “La prunelle de l’œil est petite, et tout le ciel y est peint.” So, too, with that rarest faculty, after the gift of genius—common sense. It is seemingly very trivial, but it is all-embracing: it reflects everything within it, moreover, with a minute, almost microscopic, particularity. Hence the sound and rational views, the projects large in scope and careful in detail, through the display of which Lord Stanley has earned for himself thus early his high and popular reputation. Hence, without any pretensions to the gift of oratory, without those persuasive attributes, lending a charm to debate, while unconsciously influencing the reason by simply captivating the taste, Lord Stanley has risen to be one of the foremost among the notabilities in the political arena, through the potent sway secured to him by his clear and candid reason, his enlarged sympathies, his conscientious zeal, his pure and elevated principles.

On the formation of Lord Derby’s second cabinet, towards the end of February, 1858, the post originally allotted by the Premier to Sir Edward Lytton was still, at the eleventh hour

of the ministerial negotiations, left vacant, by reason of the generous self-abnegation, inducing the member for Herts to waive his first acceptance of office rather than risk the possibility of an electioneering defeat to his party immediately upon the construction of the new government. Eventually this magnanimous decision on the part of Sir Edward proved to have been altogether superfluous, his return three months later as one of the knights of his ancestral shire being effected triumphantly without even a shadow of opposition. At the approach of the ides of March, however, the caution displayed appeared to be reasonable enough under the circumstances, even to those who were chagrined to note, as mere observers, the slackening of the poet-novelist's grasp upon the wand of power at the moment of its presentation—at what might perchance have proved through a whole after lifetime the one golden opportunity. Here, however, in the nobler significancy of the words, Sir Bulwer Lytton, spontaneously guided by a chivalrous impulse, and without an instant's hesitation—

“Gave up to party what was meant for mankind.”

The Colonial Secretaryship was still left, at the last moment, at the disposal of the First Lord of the Treasury. It was awarded by him to Lord Stanley—and the post, which had been proffered in vain to that noble lord by the late Premier, Viscount Palmerston, was promptly accepted by the member for Lynn Regis in his father's administration. The sequel, as a casualty but of yesterday, is within every one's immediate remembrance. The unprecedented course pursued at a juncture of some difficulty by the noble earl, the newly-installed President of the Board of Control,* left at

* This magnanimous act will henceforth be recorded as not the least remarkable evidence of civism, illustrating the life, genius, and character of the Right Hon. Edward Law, second Baron and first Earl of Ellenborough. A precipitate despatch, followed by an impetuous resignation, denied to the history of our Indian empire the realization of an episode which must otherwise have

the council-board of the ministry a sudden gap, necessitating, at least to some extent, the reorganization of the government. With a self-sacrifice, eminently characteristic of the man, Lord Ellenborough had tendered his resignation to her Majesty, without previously consulting his ministerial colleagues. The acceptance of that resignation by the sovereign forced upon the residue of the cabinet the responsibility of filling up the hiatus caused by the withdrawal of one of the most impetuous, as he was, beyond a doubt, one of the most gifted and knightly of their associates. Thereupon, again, the curule chair and the ivory rod were placed within reach of the great author's acceptance, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton assumed the position originally assigned to him—that of ruler of our Colonial Empire, as her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State at the head of that department. Simultaneously, Lord Stanley, who, as minister of the Crown, seemed threatening to become—

“ Everything by turns and nothing long : ”

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Colonial Secretary, President of the Board of Control—removed from Downing-

inevitably constituted one of the most striking instances of poetical justice anywhere related by the pen of either ancient or modern annalist. It is yet unaffectedly matter of regret with us that circumstances, in every way so untoward and unexpected, deprived Lord Ellenborough (apparently at the very moment when it was fairly within his reach) of that grand avenging opportunity. It would, in truth, have been Nemesis striking inexorably with the sword of Até, had the fatal blow been administered at last to the doomed power of the Directors by that particular man among all the millions of the United Kingdom—one of the most illustrious, certainly one of the most successful, of the Governors-General of India, yet the only one ever insulted by being prematurely and peremptorily recalled. In his instance had been accomplished what was proposed, but never attempted, in that of Warren Hastings, of Daylesford. The rod of empire had been rudely snatched from his grasp :—to have broken it above the heads of his insulters would indeed have been a signal and magnificent vengeance.

street to Cannon-row,* and there took up the tangled web of our Indian policy precisely as it had fallen to the ground when thrown aside by the impulsive hand of the Earl of Ellenborough. Already the young administrator of our affairs in Hindostan has made a clear sweep of the difficulties obstructing his onward course as a reformer at the commencement of his enormous labours of innovation. The axe, indeed, was vigorously laid betimes to the root of many a stubborn obstacle in the preliminary clearance effected by means of Lord John Russell's comprehensive Resolutions. But after that earlier toil, the ruins of the old system had to be swept away by the parliamentary "besom of destruction." And then began in earnest the momentous task confided to Lord Stanley by the Crown and by the Country,—the task he has since performed so very dexterously, vigorously, and (for all immediate purposes) thoroughly: that of reconstructing, from its very foundations, the whole fabric of our Anglo-Indian government. Steering adroitly midway between the Scylla of Lord Palmerston's bill No. 1 and the Charybdis of Lord Ellenborough's bill No. 2—Lord Stanley brought bill No. 3 safely into port as a perfected enactment. His plan proved, upon careful scrutiny, to have none of the serious or rather insuperable blemishes appertaining to each of its unlucky predecessors: insomuch that it rapidly passed as a measure comparatively untouched, certainly unmarred, through all its various stages in both houses of Parliament. It put an end to the old oscillatory, dislocating system of the double government. It established in its stead an India Board, consisting of fifteen councillors, seven chosen by the Company, eight chosen by the Crown—a council-board presided over, as a matter of course, by her Majesty's chief of the department. The designation of that principal administrator of the affairs of Hindostan, after being temporarily transformed from

* Subsequently, on being appointed Secretary of State for India, the noble lord selected, as his permanent official residence, the vacated palace of the Moribund Company in Leadenhall-street. *Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!*

President of the Board of Control into the transition name of Royal Commissioner, was ultimately exchanged for the permanent official title befitting the dignity of the post, its splendour, and its responsibilities. As recently as the date of the privy council holden in the palace at Osborne on the 2nd of September, 1858, Lord Stanley was sworn in before the Queen as her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. In that character, as one of the five great Secretaries of State, he now wields the rod of empire over the whole of those vast dominions, over a population of more than 160,000,000, over territories extending from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, from the frontiers of Burmah to the borders of Affghanistan.

With the appearance and bearing of the Indian secretary every frequenter of the house has long since become familiarized. Each is sufficiently expressive of his character—his manner full of self-reliance, his features marked in their every outline by the unmistakable tokens of an implicit, even haughty, confidence in his own convictions. The compressed lips, the smileless but meditative eye, the solid and compact brow—indicate as plainly as mouth, glance, or forehead can indicate anything, the concentrated energy of a nature that has already risen high in authority; that may yet, in the fulness of time, rise to supreme power as the chief of a future government. Lord Stanley has, even now, in his early manhood, gained for himself so wide and comprehensive a popularity, that, in regard to his probable career in statesmanship, the loftiest future might be safely predicated. His political position is that of the Coming Man—if not Come at last, at any rate, loitering for ten years upon the brink of general recognition.

THE
RIGHT HON. SIR J. PAKINGTON,
First Lord of the Admiralty.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. PAKINGTON.

IN obedience, we presume, to that remarkable law known as the rule of contraries, England is in the habit of awarding to a civilian the chief command of the whole maritime department of the State, the supreme authority over the most thoroughly national—certainly the most popular—of her great warlike professions. A similar proceeding would assuredly be resented loudly and indignantly by the red-coats. Supposing, that is to say, that the Horse Guards were some fine morning startled from its propriety by the apparition within its precincts of a right honourable gentleman in the Windsor uniform—a personage hitherto unacquainted perhaps with any other sword than that wretched little spindling rapier worn at a royal levee, and only designed apparently for the express purpose of tripping the wearer up by getting entangled between those extremely cool silk stockings. Supposing, we say, a phenomenon of this kind were suddenly brought under the shadow of the clock in Parliament-street, and presented to some of those familiar giants in jack-boots as the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief! The nomination, in that instance, would be regarded at once, not only by the army itself, but by the public generally, as an anomaly of the most monstrous kind well imaginable—almost as an insult—decidedly as an extravagance.

Yet precisely the same identical anomaly occurs close by there, time after time, at the Admiralty, and nobody wonders in the least at it, everybody views it complacently as a mere matter of course, and the incident, at first rare, taking place again and again, has come at last to be the ridiculous rule, instead of being only, what it was once, the absurd exception.

The blue-jackets, we suppose, are in some mysterious way differently constituted from their brothers on shore, whether infantry, cavalry, artillery, or engineers. Jack—we are left to conjecture—has some inexplicable weakness enabling him to view with equanimity the promotion of one particular description of landlubber over the heads of all the admirals of the fleet—rear, vice, and full; red, white, and blue—though one might almost imagine the majority to be blue under the peculiar effects produced by these very remarkable circumstances. Since the glorious rule at the Admiralty of that gallant old Earl of St. Vincent, who was as true a tar as he was a severe and even pitiless disciplinarian, the civilians have had it almost uninterruptedly to themselves.

Once certainly during the interval which has elapsed since that epoch of the Jervis rule—the period illustrated by so many of our marine glories, by the immortal victories of Nelson, down to his crowning but fatal triumph at Trafalgar—once, during the half-century which has subsequently intervened, a Sailor Prince, afterwards King William IV., held possession for a while of the almost forgotten dignity of England's Lord High Admiral: long before then, and again ever since then, fallen into desuetude. It was during that momentary return of power at the Admiralty to the grasp of a British seaman, that the salt-water administrator in question, then H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, by appending to an official despatch the laconic and characteristic countersign in the form of a pencilled postscript—"All I can say is, *Go it, Ned!*"—enabled Sir Edward Codrington to dare even the defiance of orders, and to win thus, by a double audacity, the famous battle of Navarino.

Once, again (it was in 1852, during the Earl of Derby's former premiership), a Sailor Duke was, for an interval of ten months, installed as First Lord at the head of the Board of Admiralty—meaning, of course, no other than Admiral his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. And it was during the brief rule of this gallant Percy that the naval resources of Great Britain were so appreciably multiplied and consolidated.

On resuming power in the spring of 1858, Lord Derby reverted unexpectedly to the system already so long in vogue among his predecessors: he deemed it advisable to award the chief lordship at the Admiralty to a civilian. Happily, however, the award was made to an able civilian—to a statesman who had proved his administrative capacity six years previously by the skill with which, as one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, he had presided for nearly a twelve-month over the interests and destinies of our vast and scattered colonial possessions. Otherwise than for the reputation thus previously acquired for himself, as a minister of the Crown, by Sir John Pakington, the public might have been disposed to regard with dismay, as well as regret, the continuance by the new Premier of the incongruous system alluded to, the system by which the battered old hull of the Admiralty had been so often encrusted with Tite Barnacles, its rigging tangled with the trammels of red tape, its hatches battened down and sealed with the seal of circumlocution.

If the First Lord, then, must needs be a civilian, fortunately the one now selected for the office is an administrator who has often proved himself capable of taking enlarged views of statesmanship, and who has already evidenced his solicitude to discharge conscientiously and laboriously the duties devolving upon him as a member of her Majesty's government.

The Right Hon. John Russell—it so happens by a coincidence not altogether unworthy perhaps of this merely casual mention, as one of those amazing facts called by Mr. Timbs "Things not generally Known"—might signify either the noble lord the member for the city of London, or the right hon. baronet the member for the borough of Droitwich. If applied to the former, the identity being indicated by the customary supplement—"commonly called Lord John Russell:" if to the latter, by the additional words expressive of the more generally known and long since legalized title—"commonly called Sir John Pakington."

The First Lord of the Admiralty in fact—now not far removed in age from his sixtieth anniversary, having been born

in 1799—was the eldest son of William Russell, Esquire, of Powick Court, in Worcestershire, by his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Herbert Perrot Pakington, Bart., of Westwood, in that same (to their offspring) doubly-ancestral county of Worcester. Besides being in this twofold way Sir John's ancestral shire, it was also his native county, his birth having taken place in the old mansion on the paternal estate of Powick Court before mentioned. The transformation of name—from his original patronymic to his adopted matronymic—is therefore of course sufficiently obvious: but of that more hereafter.

The education of young John Somerset Russell, heir apparent to the property at Powick, and heir presumptive to the property at Westwood, began at Eton and ended at Oriel College, Oxford: conspicuous among the university contemporaries of the future statesman being the late revered and lamented Dr. Arnold, that paragon of modern schoolmasters.

Immediately after quitting Oxford, the young student, having indeed but then recently attained his majority, first assumed the nuptial bonds, in which he has thrice appeared in the character of a bridegroom: his choice falling, in two out of these three occasions, upon an only child, and twice—far more strange to tell—namely, in the instance of his second and third wife—upon a lady named Augusta Anne! Sir John Pakington having, moreover, been married to the first Augusta Anne on the 4th of June in one year, and to the second Augusta Anne on the 5th of June in another.

It was while still Mr. Russell, junior, of Powick Court, Worcestershire, that the future baronet of Westwood, on the 14th of August, 1822, took to wife Mary, the only child of Moreton Aglionby Slaney, Esquire, of Chiffnal, in the county of Salop. His eldest son, John Slaney Russell Pakington, born to him as the earliest fruit of this marriage, and now consequently heir to his title and fortunes, was himself, on the 4th of July, 1849, united to the Lady Diana, youngest daughter of George Boyle, fourth Earl of Glasgow. Upwards of twenty years elapsed from the date of Sir John's first wedding

before the time of his being left, on the 6th of January, 1843, a widower. During that interval he had altered his name, extended his property, enhanced his local influence in his own county, and assumed a place in the legislature as member for that same constituency, of which, by re-election after re-election, he has ever since then sat in the House of Commons as the representative.

Upon the death of his maternal uncle, Sir John Pakington, on the 6th of January, 1830—exactly, to the very day, thirteen years before the demise of the first wife of the present Sir John Pakington—Mr. Russell, of Powick, succeeded to the estate at Westwood, assuming the name of Pakington by royal permission. The ancient baronetcy had expired with his predecessor. It was not revived, as will be afterwards remarked, until sixteen years later on, when, by a new creation, the honours of the house were resuscitated in the person of the present First Lord of the Admiralty.

Although the Pakingtons are known to have flourished as a family of some repute as far back as the reign of Henry I., the first Sir John Pakington of whom there is any record, the one, moreover, who has long retained the credit of having been the founder of the fortunes of his race, was a lawyer of considerable eminence in the time of Henry VIII., his official position as chirographer, or engrosser of fines, in the court of Common Pleas, leading, in all probability, to his knighthood at the hands of that sovereign. Another Pakington, one Robert Pakington, sat as M.P. for the city of London, in one of the few obsequious parliaments assembled during that same grim despotism. A second Sir John Pakington, Knight of the Bath and privy councillor, was one among the especial favourites at the court of Queen Elizabeth. It was upon the coat of arms of his eldest son, Sir John Pakington of Ailesbury, that the bloody hand was first affixed to the family escutcheon, towards the close of the reign of James I., namely, on the 22nd of June, 1620, that being the date of the old creation of the baronetcy. Queen Elizabeth's favourite was still living when his grandson, the second baronet, succeeded to the title upon his father's

demise ; eventually succeeding, moreover, upon the old grand-sire's death, to the family estates in Worcestershire ; removing thereupon to the ancestral hall at Westwood from the paternal mansion at Ailesbury. A descendant of his, the third or fourth Sir John Pakington, Bart., long retained a seat in the House of Commons as M.P. for the county of Worcester, during the successive reigns of Charles II. and James II., until the memorable close of the Stuart dynasty to the tune of Lillibullero !

It is neither, however, as member for the city of London, nor yet as member for the county of Worcester, that the present chief of the family, the first Sir John Pakington of the second creation, has now for one-and-twenty years sat in the Commons' House of Parliament. In 1837 he was elected M.P. for the borough of Droitwich, and, as before intimated, by that same constituency, he has been now, some half a dozen times, selected as its representative. Three years before the date of his earliest return to the legislature, however, Mr. Russell-Pakington, as he was then, had emerged into something like public life from the comparative privacy of a mere county magnate or country gentleman. It was in 1834 that he was first of all appointed chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, an office the honourable and laborious duties of which he continued to discharge, with the highest credit to himself and his county, for no less than twenty years afterwards—viz. till 1854, when he at length withdrew from its responsibilities. When the Earl of Derby, two years previously to that resignation, nominated Sir John, in 1852, to one of the most important and difficult posts in his administration, it was remarked derisively, that a Chairman of Quarter Sessions had been rashly intrusted, as one of the then three Secretaries of State,* with the solemn prerogative of presiding

* It will be remembered that a fourth secretaryship of state was first of all instituted when the War department was eventually separated from the Colonial department, shortly after the installation of the redoubtable ministry of All the Talents, called the Aberdeen Cabinet, or Coalition Government, when his Grace the

over the interests of our whole colonial empire. It has gradually, since then, however, come to be generally recognized, that in Sir John's instance Lord Derby acted rather shrewdly, than rashly, in the selection. Nor, indeed, apart from the individual abilities of the some-time Colonial Secretary, now First Lord of the Admiralty, can the experience of eighteen years as chairman in the court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for a county like that of Worcester be regarded as in any way incongruous, much less as anything ridiculous, as a preparative for the more important toils of an administrator: especially when accompanied, as it was in the instance before us, by several years' vigilant observation, if not personal participation in, the proceedings and debates of Parliament. It should be remembered, at any rate, in regard to the particular sessions alluded to (those general sessions, held, as the name indicates, quarterly, before two or more justices of the peace), that their records or rolls are confided, according to almost immemorial custom, to the safe keeping of a special officer of the Crown—"the principal civil officer in the county," quoth Blackstone, "as the lord-lieutenant is the chief in military command"—a justice of the *quorum*, known by his distinctive title as *Custos Rotulorum*. Happily, upon this point, it may be already observed, by the way, that Sir John Pakington has contrived to live down the sneers which greeted his

Duke of Newcastle (resigning the seals of the Colonies, for their transference by her Majesty immediately afterwards to the hands of Sir George Grey) commenced his laborious and zealous career as Secretary for War, a career so prematurely closed and so basely recompensed. The Duke of Newcastle has long since, however, been very signally avenged—by the ignominious failure, as a war administrator, of his grace's vaunted successor, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, Lord Panmure. A fifth secretary of state, as already remarked in the preceding biography, was yet more recently called into existence, when, in the August of 1858, the noble lord the member for King's Lynn, ex-President of the Board of Control, and ex-Commissioner for the Affairs of Hindostan, was ultimately sworn in at Osborne Palace as her Majesty's Secretary of State for India.

first nomination, six years ago, as a Cabinet Minister. It is recognized now, that a first Lord of the Treasury might act in many ways less judiciously than by selecting, as one of his ministerial colleagues an able and assiduous Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

Midway between the time of his original acceptance of this chairmanship and the date of its resignation, the member for Droitwich, on the 4th of June, 1844, was united to his second bride, Augusta Anne, the third daughter of the Right Rev. George Murray, the Lord Bishop of Rochester, by that prelate's wife, the Lady Sarah Maria, daughter of Robert Auriol, ninth Earl of Kinnoul.

Within four years from the period of his second marriage, namely, by the 22nd of February, 1848, Sir John Pakington was again a widower. A little more than three years had elapsed, however, when, upon the morrow of the seventh anniversary of his second marriage, he espoused his third wife—again an only child—another bride named Augusta Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Champion de Crespigny, Esquire, and relict of the some-time M.P. for Worcester, Colonel Thomas Henry Hastings Davis, of Elmby Park, in that county.

Eight months afterwards, in the February of the year following, Sir John Pakington was sworn in as a privy councillor, on accepting the seals of office as her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies. Throughout the whole period during which he was intrusted with the guidance of the affairs of that department, the new minister, if he failed to innovate, certainly never once blundered. His policy was characterized, from first to last, by an admirable caution, and, for the most part also, by a slow and deliberate sagacity: insomuch that, bearing in mind the records of his ten months' colonial secretaryship, it seems by no inapt symbol of the qualities transmitted to him from his remote ancestry, generation after generation, that centuries back the elephant should have been selected as the emblematic crest of the Pakingtons.

Together with several of his late colleagues, Sir John, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 7th of June, 1853, received at Oxford, from the hands of the ex-premier, the honorary degree of D.C.L., upon the noble earl's installation as the University Chancellor.

The elevation of the member for Droitwich to the baronetcy—although twelve years have elapsed since the date of its occurrence—will still be remembered by many as having taken place under somewhat peculiar and interesting circumstances. It was upon the occasion of the final retirement of Sir Robert Peel from the supreme responsibilities of office as Prime Minister, when, immediately prior to his resignation, in the June of 1846, that true-hearted and magnanimous statesman made choice of a very select few for this signal and graceful evidence of his friendship. It mattered nothing to Sir Robert that his free-trade measures had been strenuously opposed at every stage by the member for Droitwich—the political antagonist was forgotten in the personal associate; and there, conspicuously in the little batch of baronets, appeared the name of Sir John Pakington.

During the fifteen years immediately preceding his first nomination to office by Lord Derby in 1852, Sir John had been an observant, and latterly also, an active and energetic, member of the House of Commons, ready in debate, laborious and intelligent as a committee-man. In the latter capacity, indeed, he has, it should be observed, in several instances signalized his capacity somewhat noticeably. Once especially, in 1848, as an able participator in the labours of the memorable Sugar Committee, of which Lord George Bentinck was the remarkable and indefatigable chairman: once, in 1855, as one of the more prominent members of Mr. Roebuck's famous Committee of Inquiry into the state of the army before Sebastopol.

As among the most earnest advocates of the educational movement, Sir John Pakington has long since secured to himself an enviable popularity even with the more advanced of the liberal reformers. His labours in the good cause are, in

truth, not unworthy of one who, while upon every occasion consistently maintaining his character as a staunch and resolute supporter of the church establishment, disdains not to follow, heart and soul, in the broad, right-onward track already marked out by the footsteps of his distinguished Roman Catholic predecessor—the undoubted originator of the whole of this long-sustained agitation of the great question of National Education—his Excellency Sir Thomas Wyse, her Majesty's ambassador at the court of Greece. Nothing, perhaps, is more propitious to the general interests of the educational movement, than the cordial co-operation in its furtherance, of so many contrasting religionists, men fervent without bigotry, and earnest without sectarianism. Such has been the outspoken and straightforward sincerity in this way manifested throughout by Sir John Pakington, that, without respect to creed or to party, we believe there would be a very general reliance in the candour and conscientiousness of any measures upon this Great Root Question of social reform, initiated, or even guided in its initiation, by the right hon. baronet the member for Droitwich.

His energies, however, are manifestly and necessarily diverted at the present moment from what (to his honour be it said) has for some time past been regarded as one of his favourite hobbies as a reformer. The National Defences, in his estimation, take precedence now, as a source of patriotic solicitude, even of the long-cherished day-dreams of National Education. Sir John Pakington's administrative capacities, let us hope, are directed nowadays rather to the creation and organization of a Channel fleet than to the multiplication of normal schools, even though they be based upon no abnormal foundation. Whatever our eagerness to note the advance of the educational movement, we should be loth indeed to have that advance precipitated in any manner by what might, through the merest possibility, conduce to the dilapidation of those old wooden walls which under God are the sureties for the continued existence, as a people, of the race in whose behalf this same educational movement is dreamt of as a means of

further enlightenment. Already, under Sir John Pakington's rule at the Admiralty, the outlines of that hitherto hypothetical Channel fleet are at length becoming dimly perceptible. Already there are appreciable additions to that long list of the effective vessels constituting the *matériel* of the Royal Navy of Great Britain—additions sprinkled here and there down the whole grim catalogue—that warlike alphabet of frigates, sloops, and cutters, gun-boats and line-of-battle ships, from the *Royal Albert* to the *Duke of Wellington*, from the *Acorn* to the *Zephyr*. Earnestly bent upon fulfilling the weighty, nay solemn, responsibilities of his office at all hazard, even at the risk of so far neglecting his parliamentary duties as to appear upon the division-list less frequently than any of his colleagues, Sir John Pakington wore the wooden spoon at the whitebait dinner, though with an air of waggery—almost as a decoration.

THE RIGHT HON. J. W. HENLEY,

President of the Board of Trade.

THE RIGHT HON. J. W. HENLEY.

ANY ONE who will call to mind, vividly, the earlier incidents of the French revolution—the revolution, we mean, not of 1789, nor yet of 1830, but that of 1848—the tumults of neither October, nor of July, but those of February, when the hero of the hour, in place of Camille Desmoulins the crack-brained, or of Armand Carrel the transcendental, was another and a far more glorious and chivalric dreamer of dreams, Alphonse de Lamartine—may remember a certain queer, little, fantastic ceremonial that was then for some time a matter of rather frequent recurrence. This was nothing more than the planting of a small shrub, generally a sapling of the most hopeless delicacy of constitution, somewhere in the middle of a *place*, or on one of the quays of the Seine, or at the crossing of two of the great boulevards. Had our dear old friend Mr. Evelyn been among the number of our own contemporaries, instead of living as he did in the days of the dismal Puritans and the Merry Monarch, he must infallibly, if only as the author of “*Sylva*,” have very carefully (after the fashion of Captain Cuttle) made a note of it in his Diary, whenever he came across one of those extraordinary exhibitions of popular zeal in the cultivation of the science of horticulture. It was so mystical a proceeding from first to last; so noisy and yet so dull, and, to a stranger who knew nothing at all about its inner meaning, so utterly incomprehensible.

A multitude of citizens took part in each performance, either actively or as spectators, all of them in a high state of excitement, most of them joining in the choral refrain of the *Marseillaise*. There were dances about the tree when it was planted; civic processions marched four abreast round it as

though it had been some triumphal monument; its branches fluttered with tricoloured streamers, were hung with wreaths of *immortelles*, were lit up, as evening closed in, with a plentiful sprinkling *des lampions*, the little oil globules familiar to the frequenters of Vauxhall. Yet the next morning, and for many days afterwards, there stood the poor little sapling in the midst of an universal solitude; an object of momentary curiosity, perhaps, every now and then, to some vagrant dog; an occasional standing-point for the cocoa-seller, where he pitched his little tin temple and clattered his little tin bell to allure the more thirsty of the foot passengers. There it stood, the miserable shadow of its recent splendour, shivering and withering, dragged and woe-begone, looking for all the world like something as nearly as possible midway between the spectral shade of a Christmas tree and the ghost of a Maypole.

It was the Tree of Liberty. More than that, it was a standing evidence that trees of liberty are not to be transplanted.

One we ourselves have also, here in England: it is the old British oak-tree, the growth, not of a night, but of centuries—nourished with the dews of perpetual Reform, flourishing in the free air and light of Liberalism, rooted, wide and deep, in the stubborn and primeval soil of Conservatism. As Sir Walter Scott sings of the Highland pine, through the lips of the boatmen of Roderick Dhu:—

“Moor’d in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest’s shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow:
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth send it sap anew,
Gaily to burgeon and broadly to grow.”

It is the stalwart produce of ages, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength of generation after generation; scarred here and there, it is true, by the storms that have passed over it, shaken by the thunder, seared by the lightning, but loftier and grander, and more vigorous through

all the lapse of time, through each successive catastrophe, through every variety of vicissitude. And, under the blessing of Heaven, for the One Reason already particularized—because, while bathed all this while in the light and air of Liberty, it has been rooted continually among the iron and dædal granite of that stubborn soil of Conservatism. Striking fresh roots abroad every now and then, as occasion seemed to require, roots riving asunder the rocky obstructions they penetrated, and taking a yet firmer grip than ever of their ample and solid foundations.

If Lord Stanley may be described—and described, we believe, most accurately—as the Member imparting the leaven of more advanced liberalism to her Majesty's Government, Mr. Henley may be defined, with equal correctness, as *the* Minister representing at the council-board of the Earl of Derby's Cabinet all that is most earnestly and rationally characteristic of the ancient spirit of Conservatism. He is the very type of old-world Toryism under its most reasonable aspect—shrewd, keen-sighted wherever he will look (but he won't look sometimes save in his own chosen direction), conscientious to a scruple, precise to a fault—an excellent fault, however, in the habit of a financier. His intellect is eminently logical, moreover, in its way, when you once get to the right side of it. It is logical always, if you frankly grant him his premises unconditionally. His convictions are consistent throughout, and dogged almost to the extent of obstinacy. Yet he is so clear-headed at the very time when he is so hard-headed, that he can be less accurately termed the drag upon the state-coach than the break happily applied at times to the train of political events—regulating our speed at critical moments, when we have been just shunted on to a new line perhaps, and are going down an incline of more than ordinary acclivity.

The President of the Board of Trade, without being a party leader, or having a tail of devoted followers, stands forth so far conspicuously that he may be regarded as the representative of a class, and an important class too, among the motley sections of the lower house of Parliament. He has at

his back those honourable gentlemen once agreeably enumerated by her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, when simply B. Disraeli, M.P. for the county of Buckingham—"the Mileses and the Duncombes, the Liddells and the Yorkes, the pleasant presence of Walter Long, and the stout heart of Mr. Buck—all men of mettle, and large-acred squires." There they all are still, or their genial and hereditary successors; and there, as their sympathizer and mouthpiece in the ranks of the Ministry, is the Right Honourable gentleman the member for Oxfordshire. His nomination to a seat in the Cabinet secures in that way a manifest equipoise to the machinery of the administration. If the Secretary for India is as an additional cog-wheel for accelerating its motion, the President of the Board of Trade might be typified as a supplementary and ponderous fly-wheel to act securely by way of regulator.

The Right Honourable Joseph Warner Henley, now in his sixty-fifth year, having been born in 1793, is the only son of Joseph Henley, Esquire, by the daughter of C. Rooke, Esquire, of Wandsworth. His university education was completed at Oxford with some distinction, where, as a student of Magdalen College, he graduated as B.A. in 1815; nearly twenty years afterwards, namely in 1834, taking his degree as M.A.; and nearly twenty years after that receiving the honorary degree of D.C.L.

Immediately at the close of the year following his departure from the academic shades on the banks of the Isis, Mr. Henley was united in marriage, on the 9th of December, 1816, to Georgiana, fourth daughter of John Fane, Esquire, and the Lady Elizabeth Fane—John Fane being the son of the late Honourable Henry Fane, next brother of the eighth Earl of Westmoreland.

At the general election which took place in the summer of 1841 Mr. Henley was first returned to that seat in the House of Commons which he has ever since then (now during seventeen years) occupied—namely, as one of the three knights representatives of Oxfordshire. Hitherto he had been only

known locally as an intelligent country gentleman and magistrate, resident for the most part—save, indeed, during the height of the London season, and occasionally during the autumn recess—upon his estate at Waterperry, near Wheatley, in that same county, the electors of which ultimately deputed him to a place in the imperial legislature. Besides being M.P. and magistrate, he is also, it may be remarked, one of the deputy-lieutenants of Oxfordshire. His influence and reputation, however, have long since extended far beyond the limits of his county. His earnest and assiduous attention to his parliamentary duties, soon after his first return to the House of Commons, drew upon him the attention of the chiefs of party, and added him as a noticeable unit to that aggregate of the raw materials of statesmanship, known as “rising men,” down in the great manufactory of governments, yonder, in the city of Westminster.

The occasion at length arrived, in the spring of 1852, when Mr. Henley's name, high up on that notable catalogue, was drawn forth into greater publicity by the Earl of Derby, the solitary Prime Minister who has at once the sagacity and the daring to raise entirely new men to the great offices of state, instead of selecting the old and subordinate hacks of place, broken into the harness of red-tape, with all their spirit, fire, and dash taken out of them long ago by the snaffle of routine. The then eleven years M.P. for the county of Oxford became at once a minister of the Crown and a privy councillor. He was a right hon. and the President of the Board of Trade: an office requiring, for the proper discharge of its duties, great abilities, great knowledge of both the esoteric and exoteric mysteries of finance, together with resolute and unwearied application. By his conspicuous display of these very qualities Mr. Henley contrived, in ten months—namely, before the premature downfall of the first Derby Cabinet in the December of 1852—to justify his nomination to the presidency of the Board of Trade by his political chieftain. In testimony of which, no sooner has power returned once more to the grasp of Lord Derby, than again forthwith he nominates

to his former place in the Cabinet the right hon. the member for Oxfordshire.

As affording proof positive of the satisfactory condition of that particular department intrusted to his safe keeping, Mr. Henley's departure for the Continent, upon a brief autumnal excursion immediately upon the prorogation of Parliament, was marked by the more sagacious as an incident, trivial, no doubt, in itself, yet full of happy auguries and most welcome significance. The pulse of the nation must have been throbbing equably, indeed, the whole commercial system, we may be sure, must have been in most healthy action, when a physician of the State, so cautious, so scrupulous, and so conscientious, after little more than a momentary glance of scrutiny, could so far altogether relax his attention and lay aside for awhile the official stethoscope.

LORD JOHN MANNERS,

Chief-Commissioner of Parks and Palaces.

umber

of

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

FIFTEEN years ago—otherwise in the year of grace 1843—there was inaugurated in this country, rather oddly, rather fantastically, but, at the same time, somewhat attractively, a perfectly new social and political movement. It originated among a clustre of generous-hearted ex-collegians, fresh from their academical studies at Eton and Cambridge, “standing upon the threshold of public life,” all the future glittering before their eyes, their ears yet ringing with the heroic music of Plutarch. To many this movement was merely an object of ridicule—to more it was agreeably suggestive of divers apparently novel though in reality exceedingly old-world aspirations. It partook rather of the character of a revival than of an innovation. Its cordial ambition was to restore to their island-home its ancient but forgotten appellation, to render it again what it actually had been once upon a time—merry old England. Than precisely such an ambition as this, of course, to the superficial notice of nothing could well be more ridiculous. They laughed it to scorn with a laughter that was irrepressible, and threatened to be inextinguishable. They responded to the ingenuous ardour of the little group of day-dreamers, who were the authors and the champions of this strange scheme of popular regeneration, with a nickname and a caricature—a capital nickname and a comical caricature. They could by possibility only see the ludicrous side of everything—these universal scoffers! They had studied solely in the school of Heraclitus; listened on the broad grin to the teachings of every philosophy; would assuredly have had an eye merely for the warts and the red nose, if they had ever chanced to meet with Oliver Cromwell; must infallibly have had their whole attention exclusively absorbed

in the contemplation of a certain world-famous dog with no more tail than a cannon-ball (like the Little Spitz of M. A. Titmarsh), if they had some fine morning happened to encounter Alcibiades the Brave and the Beautiful sauntering through the streets of Athens, attended by his favourite four-footed companion. And so it came to pass, as a mere matter of course, that here too, fifteen summers back, among the new class of politicians, these shallower *Æsops* and *Pilpays* of the race of Mr. *Punch* and Monsieur *Le Charivari*, could see no more than what they immediately dubbed, with a sneer, Young England! A party of stripling gentlemen, adorned with white neck-ties and white waistcoats; accepting Hoyle as their rule of faith; raising a maypole as their standard of propriety; aspiring to bring down every giant error with the whirr of a racket-ball; in fact, altogether rendering themselves in every way excessively absurd and preposterous. Nevertheless, everybody, even then, did not come to the same conclusion, any more than everybody coincided in the interpretation ostensibly given by these wholesale deriders to a memorable simile: conceiving, as they evidently did, that when Lord Byron exclaimed—

“O man, thou pendulum ‘twix a smile and tear,”

his lordship signified literally—as, of course, the loftiest type of humanity—a wag. The majority of observers, in effect, regarded the new school quite differently. Even in the midst of the babel of ridicule, Manchester—matter-of-fact, unromantic Manchester—subscribed in a few days, at the bidding of one of the foremost leaders of the Young England party, the princely sum of more than £20,000 sterling for public parks for the amusement of the labouring population. And that same gentle-minded, large-hearted Young Englander is now, for a second time, one of the chief ministers of the Crown, in the appropriate capacity of Principal Commissioner of Parks and Palaces—conservator of the parks of the people and of the palaces of the sovereign.

Shortly after the genial fantasy of Young England first

came visibly and audibly before the community at large, its moral was pointed, the tale of its rise and development was very exquisitely adorned by a literary performance, that made some little noise in its time, and that has since assumed its place permanently among the more popular classics in the ample treasury of our native works of imagination. The novelist who wrote it is now, a second time, Leader of the British House of Commons, and her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer: for the book alluded to is, of course, no other than Mr. Disraeli's literary masterpiece, "Coningsby; or, the New Generation."

Young England has certainly long since had the laugh on its side against the laughers, against those who jeered at it first of all as something so entirely impracticable, and so intensely ridiculous. With one melancholy exception, its youthful advocates have each and all, years ago, won distinction for themselves. That exception, however, being recognizable in the instance of an embryo Canning, in many respects, perhaps, the most brilliant and hope-inspiring of all that little phalanx—one whose scanty verse was poetry, whose few speeches were oratory, whose instinctive tact was as the cultivated sagacity of the skilled diplomatist, whose every aspiration was indicative of an inborn genius for statesmanship, if not even of that innate dexterity and of those spontaneous capacities for organization which are usually the surest precursive signs of the future administrator. Scarcely any one need be reminded, of course, that allusion is here made to the author of "Historic Fancies," the late Viscount Strangford, better known to the generality as the Hon. George Smythe, M.P. for the city of Canterbury. A political aspirant, of whom, relatively to the ideal of those auspicious schemes propounded by the leaders of the New Generation, it might be almost said (as Wordsworth says of the sonnet in the hands of Milton) that in his grasp—

"The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas! too few."

A true heart-brother of young Smythe—now prematurely

dead and buried, but happily, not yet forgotten even by the outer multitude—congenial in taste, kindred in aspiration, sympathetic in every thought and sentiment, was that intimate school-boy friend, to whom the writer of “*Historic Fancies*,” not so very long after they had together quitted the University, penned that exquisite and courtly Dedication:—“To the Lord John Manners, M.P., whose gentle blood is only an illustration of his gentler conduct, and whose whole life may well remind us that the only child of Philip Sydney became a Manners because he is himself as true and blameless—the Philip Sydney of our generation.” Snatched by his untimely demise from the possibilities of a noble future among the rulers of his fatherland, the writer of those earnest words of panegyric and affection has at least left with his fraternal associate the memory of his lofty intellect, and of his yet loftier hopes, together with the inspiring remembrance of his generous and refined appreciation. It is as an amulet for the preservation of all the nobler qualities of youth—the page upon which the kindly hand, now dust, inscribed in truthful characters that loving and eulogistic Dedication.

The Right Honourable John James Robert Manners, commonly called Lord John Manners, now in his fortieth year, having been born on the 13th of December, 1818, is the second surviving son of the late John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, by his duchess, *née* the Lady Elizabeth Howard, fifth daughter of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle. His elder brother, Charles Cecil, present and sixth Duke of Rutland, being unmarried, Lord John Manners is consequently heir presumptive to the four stately titles covered by the eight golden strawberry-leaves, Dukedom, Marquisate, Earldom, and Barony, as well as to all the ample domains accompanying the ancient inheritance, the estates of Cheveley Park in Cambridgeshire, of Haddon Hall, Longshaw Lodge, and Stanton Woodhouse, in Derbyshire—above all, of Lord John’s own palatial birthplace, the principal home and favourite residence of the family, that of Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire.

Educated first of all at Eton, and afterwards at Trinity Col-

lege, Cambridge, Lord John Manners there originally became inspired with those half-fantastic, half-Utopian, yet wholly chivalrous ideas, which eventually resulted in the social and political movement already particularized. His day-dream embraced within it nothing less ample than a scheme of national regeneration. His fantasies were fostered and encouraged by sympathizing companionship, even in the earlier days of his sportive yet brooding boyhood as an Etonian, even upon the green playground near the banks of the Thames at Windsor, but still more, later on, by the sedgy borders of the Cam, when a meditative collegian of Trinity. What is that glimpse caught of his student life, where he is vividly depicted under the pseudonyme of Lord Henry Sydney, comrade of Harry Coningsby, of Oswald Millbank, and of Sir Charles Buckhurst, by the graphic pencil of the noble lord's ministerial colleague, Leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer? Do we not read there, in the opening chapter of the ninth book of "Coningsby"?—"An indefinite, yet strong sympathy with the Peasantry of the realm had been one of the characteristic sensibilities of Lord Henry at Eton. Yet a schoolboy, he had busied himself with their pastimes and the details of their cottage economy. As he advanced in life, the horizon of his views expanded with his intelligence and his experience; and the son of one of the noblest of our houses, to whom the delights of life are offered with fatal facility, on the very threshold of his career, he devoted his time and thought, labour and life, to one vast and noble purpose—the elevation of the condition of the great body of the people." It is the delineation of the temperament, the sympathies, the aspirings, and the enterprise of Lord John Manners, revealed first of all as an Etonian, afterwards as a Cantab, ultimately and more conspicuously as a member of the imperial legislature.

In his twenty-third year—that is, in the autumn of 1841—Lord John Manners was first returned to a seat in the House of Commons, being then elected M.P. for Newark, a constituency represented by him until 1847, when there occurred a hiatus in his political career of two whole sessions, during

which he remained excluded from participation in the labours of Parliament. It was in the earlier part of 1841, immediately prior to his entrance within the walls of (the then) St. Stephen's, that the noble lord issued his maiden work* through the press—a modest little volume, comprising within it a collection of fugitive pieces in verse, preceded by a more ambitious and elaborate metrical performance, a poem in four divisions, entitled “England's Trust.” Upon the occasion of Lord John Manners' appearance upon the hustings in Guildhall during the course of the violently—it might even be said virulently—contested election of 1849, when the ex-member for Newark sought in vain to be returned as a member for the city of London, one of the least generous of his political antagonists unfairly hurled against him a shaft of ridicule, all the more poignant in the stinging wound inflicted upon its recipient, because barbed by his own antithesis, and winged with his own rhymes. The verses thus derisively quoted against Lord John Manners were, in fact, extracted from that very poem of his but just now mentioned, “England's Trust” (iii. v. 227)—a couplet worth while, however, having been thus disingenuously cast back upon its author, if only by reason of its there eliciting from his lips that instant and graceful repudiation—

“Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility!”

Scarcely had the ring of the rhyme ceased its vibrations in Guildhall, when the intended scorn was simply but most effectively and effectually silenced. “Rather,” exclaimed Lord John Manners, “would I be the foolish stripling who wrote those verses, than the discourteous man of middle age who has so ungenerously quoted them against me.” The blow recoiled upon the instant: it was the poisoned arrow, suddenly transformed into the boomerang.

Appended to this initial volume of verse, are a cluster of

*England's Trust; and other Poems. By Lord John Manners. One vol. 8vo. pp. 155. Rivingtons. 1851.

minor pieces, headed "Memorials of Other Lands," commemorative of Lord John's excursion in company with his elder brother, then Marquess of Granby, during the summer and autumn of 1839, successively through France, Spain, Switzerland, and the Roman peninsula. Crossing back into the French dominions by way of the Pyrenees, the two brothers had passed with heavy hearts out of the northern frontiers of Navarre, the old heroic appanage of the kings of France, the land of Pampeluna and of Roncesvalles, leaving the Carlist cause dying out in despair, in spite of the triple glory reflected upon the banners of the hereditary ruler of the ancient realms of the Cid, el Rey Don Carlos, by true-hearted and knightly champions of the royal cause, like Elio, Cabrera, and Zumalacaregui.

Instead, however, of persevering in his unavailing lamentations over the fallen fortunes of the Spanish Bourbons at the heights of St. Sebastian, or again over the perished race of the English Stuarts, when pausing before their tomb in St. Peter's, Lord John Manners next addressed himself to the public in prose, and this time, in truth, right hopefully. He expressed at last in print the thoughts, the wishes, the genial ambition, that had been germinating in his mind and heart almost from the days of his childhood. He published these long-cherished views of his in the form of a little pamphlet, entitled "A Plea for National Holidays." Scarcely two years afterwards, at a large public meeting in the North, Mr. Disraeli referred thus earnestly to this apparently trivial publication, and to the serious motives which had led to its original appearance:—"I remember," said the now Leader of the House of Commons, upon the occasion referred to—it was upon the 11th of October, 1844—"I remember when my noble friend near me first published a slight pamphlet—slight in form but not in spirit—which was to advocate the just and proper recreation of the people. I, who know him well, know the strong convictions which led him to take that step. I remember the frigid reception with which even many who were intimate with him greeted it, the ready ridicule which was lavishly bestowed by

opponents. He came forward to proclaim a great truth to a careworn population: he presumed to believe that the people might be overworked." It was the first signal for the hopeful rising of the Young Englanders—the inaugurative commencement of a cause some time ridiculed, very soon successful, eventually, as we have seen, nay, as we see nowadays, in the person of its more conspicuous advocates, absolutely and completely triumphant. Already it has been here recalled to the popular recollection how, as far back as 1844, Manchester—not Dreamland, not Tempe, not Arcadia, but calico-weaving Manchester—answered the call of Young England, to a pleasant "tune" enough, the ringing out of one-and-twenty thousand golden sovereigns, for a public park, where the fustianed artisan, shaking himself free for awhile from devil's dust, might, as thoroughly as ever did King Charles II., enjoy at length the unwonted luxury of "sauntering." Out of the apparently frivolous, but really earnest and practical agitation, set afoot fifteen years ago by the leaders of the New Generation, there has sprung up, among other priceless boons to the toiling million, the beneficent efforts made of late years, far and wide, in behalf of what is at last familiarly known to us one and all as the Early-Closing Movement. Hence are the Mechanics' Institutes throughout the country being every succeeding year more and more numerous attended. Hence the number of those seed-plots of talent has been appreciably increased and more than ever sedulously cultivated. Hence the open places for general recreation, the parks and pleasure-grounds attached to the cities and boroughs in this busy land of ours, are multiplied, are multiplying, over all the pleasant country-side. Hence the more general practice of the manlier sports and pastimes of the English, evident since the publication of the plea put forth, in the winter of 1842, by Lord John Manners, has manifestly in no way interfered with the rapid development of the resources and energies of the population.

It was a ridiculous movement in itself, of course—the prigs of Whigdom had so averred. There was no gainsaying the wisdom of that supercilious chuckle indulged in by all the

Viponts, the excruciating laughter convulsing the diaphragm of every Tite Barnacle within the precincts of Whitehall. Yet the movement was somehow really and eminently successful nevertheless: it disappointed its revilers after all, by resulting in a series of benefactions. Its greenness was manifested only very refreshingly through the verdant sward of many a goodly acre of urban parkland. The anti-cricketers, who had intended to laugh Young England out of all countenance so very boisterously, were themselves stumped out, caught out, bowled out, in the first innings with ignominious rapidity. What added to the singularity of the fervent response thus accorded to the suggestions—certainly unusual, seemingly frivolous, propounded to the multitude by a little cluster of the scions of a few noble families, youthful politicians like the eldest son of Viscount Strangford and the second son of the Duke of Rutland—was the remarkable fact that the most cordial welcome anywhere vouchsafed to them came direct from the hands and hearts, the horny hands, the unsophisticated hearts, of the toil-worn population, whether agriculturists or manufacturers. An enthusiastic reception was given to Lord John Manners on the 26th of August, 1844, at the Athenic Institution of Birmingham, where, in an earnest address to the assembly, he explained at some length the aim and significance of the condemned movement. A greeting no less ardent was his a little later on in the same twelvemonth, on the 3rd of October, 1844, when, together with his two principal associates, he appeared before the Athenæum at Manchester, and spoke upon the old favourite theme with a fervent zeal, testifying as plainly as spoken words could testify anything—

“ That a wrong to conviction he would not endure ;
That he fought for his Love when he fought for the Poor.”

A week afterwards, on the 11th of that same October, he was speaking in a kindred strain to an audience inspired by congenial sympathy, yet an audience composed, for the most part, not of city artisans or pale-faced mechanics, but sturdy farmers

and lusty yeomen, down at Bingley, in Yorkshire.* In spite of the abundant ridicule provoked by the first movement of the cause, there proved, indeed, to be something strangely contagious about the decried principles and scouted sentiments enunciated by the leaders of this New Generation.

An excursion in the sister island, undertaken by the noble lord the member for Newark, simply with a view to his obtaining some pleasurable relaxation after the drudgery of the parliamentary session of 1846—brief though the tour was in its duration, beginning on the 19th of August and terminating before the close of September, brought the young politician face to face with the wants and woes of a very different population. That Lord John Manners was vigilantly observant throughout all the meanderings of his journey, although at the time merely a visitor to Ireland, in the capacity of a gay autumnal traveller in quest of novel glimpses of the beautiful and the picturesque, was evidenced very agreeably a few seasons afterwards, upon the publication of a little volume,† in which these Hibernian wanderings were commemorated. During that same year 1846 the noble lord was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Leicestershire militia; from which, however, he has since then altogether withdrawn.

His compulsory absence from the House of Commons between 1847 and 1849, inclusively, afforded him leisure for pleasanter experiences in the way of yachting than those celebrated among his earlier poetical effusions (page 80), through the grotesque medium of the serio-comic verses entitled "A Calm at Sea," in which, with a quaintness à la Hood, he told the tale of his sufferings on board the Duke of Portland's yacht the *Clown*. Another ducal yacht, the *Resolution*, the property of his lordship's father, the Duke of Rutland, carried him through a delightful cruise in the

* A collection of these speeches appeared the year afterwards, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "Young England: Addresses delivered by," &c. 8vo. pp. 48. Hayward and Adam. 1846.

† Notes of an Irish Tour. By Lord John Manners. 12mo. pp. 148. Ollivier. 1849.

Scottish waters, with a companion whose artistic abilities, coming to the aid of his own skill in author-craft, enabled him to recount, in all the splendour of an illustrated folio, the incidents of their voyaging; and to describe in letter-press, half prose, half poetic, the exquisite scenery depicted in vivid hues upon alternate pages by means of a series of admirably-coloured lithographs. The charming volume here referred to* is inscribed upon the fly-leaf to his Grace, the owner of the *Resolution*, by "his dutiful servant and affectionate son, the authors"—the writer and the draughtsman. In the same year appeared Lord John Manners' second volume of verse, many of the productions comprised in it having already been published originally piecemeal in the periodicals. It was entitled "English Ballads, and other Poems:" and, as its precursor, nine years previously ("England's Trust, and other Poems"), had been admiringly dedicated to the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, so likewise this companion volume,† none the less, we doubt not, in its author's estimation, *parvum non parvæ pignus amicitiae*, was affectionately dedicated to Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P.; another of that chosen little band of Young Englanders. Like almost every one of the noble writer's literary compositions, these, too, were memorial leaves—leaves penned, as the second one expressed it, "in memory of happy hours passed, and historic scenes visited together," with the sympathizing associate in whose honour was composed that amiable sentence of dedication.

Scarcely had Lord John Manners re-entered the House of Commons in 1850, as M.P. for that borough of Colchester—by which he has again and again since then been re-elected as the representative—when he at once resumed his place among the more genial debaters in the lower branch of the legislature. It was effected, this immediate resumption of his former re-

* Sketches and Notes of a Cruise in Scotch Waters. By John Christian Schetky, Esq., and Lord John Manners. Folio, pp. 74. M'Lean. 1850.

† English Ballads and other Poems. By Lord John Manners. 8vo. pp. 159. Rivingtons. 1850.

cognized and honoured position among the practical philanthropists in Parliament, by the speech delivered upon the evening of Friday, the 14th of June, 1850, during the discussion upon the Factories Bill—a speech * shortly afterwards carefully revised and separately published.

At the commencement of the year following, the member for Colchester, on Wednesday, the 22nd of January, 1851, read to his constituents in their own Literary Institution, a lecture evidencing, by the fact, the scene, and the purport of its delivery, the interest felt by him in the prosperity of that one particular establishment, his sympathy with all institutions of the like character, and, more than that, his capacity for taking a broad, comprehensive, and statesmanlike view of an important theme—a theme eminently worthy of analysis by one of England's future administrators. The lecture,† in fact, embraced within it a survey of the national Church in its relation to the Colonial empire. It was judiciously printed almost upon the morrow of its oral publication at Colchester, and is still to this day especially deserving of perusal, as in many respects the most striking testimony yet afforded by the noble lord of his ready mastery of one of the most delicate and complicated problems of legislation. Another popular lecture,‡ delivered by Lord John Manners, a little later, inculcated to those whose lives were for the most part absorbed in mercantile occupations, the earnest recommendation that they should secure to themselves the advantages inevitably accruing from the cultivation of polite literature.

It was during the summer of 1851, upon the 10th of June, that Lord John Manners espoused the only daughter of the

* The Factories Bill : a Speech. By Lord John Manners, M.P. 8vo. pp. 20. Ollivier. 1850.

† The Church of England in the Colonies : a Lecture. By Lord John Manners, M.P. 8vo. pp. 34. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1851.

‡ The Importance of Literature to Men of Business. [One of a series of lectures so entitled.] By Lord John Manners, M.P. 8vo. pp. 68-74. Griffin and Co. 1852.

late Colonel Marlay, C.B.—Catherine Louisa Georgiana—a young wife snatched from him in less than three years afterwards, by her premature death in childbed, on the 7th of April, 1854. Happily, however, there had been previously born to them, in the second year of their nuptials, on the 16th of April, 1852, another child, a son, still surviving—Henry John Brinsley, who, through his father, is next heir presumptive to the dukedom of Rutland. A month previously to the birth of this infant, the noble lord had gained the summit of his political ambition.

He was enrolled a privy councillor: he kissed hands on accepting office as a Cabinet Minister. He was appointed by Lord Derby her Majesty's Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, of Works and Public Buildings, retaining power in that capacity with the rest of his colleagues during the chief part of 1852—from February till December. It was to Lord John Manners, by reason of his official position, that the inhabitants of the capital were indebted for the princely organization of all the various arrangements connected with the magnificent historic funeral of the Duke of Wellington, probably the most gorgeous and imperial ceremonial that has ever marked the obsequies of any man not a sovereign.

The estimation formed of his administrative abilities, six years ago, by his political chief, a leader keenly observant, and gifted with no ordinary powers of discrimination in regard to the particular aptitudes of those brought into immediate communication with him, was signified in an unmistakable manner when Lord Derby, in the spring of 1858, unhesitatingly nominated Lord John Manners to the very same post awarded to him by the noble earl upon the construction of his former government.

During the lapse of the half-dozen years intervening between the two periods of his accession to power, he has repeatedly had the opportunity of proving himself ready in debate and laborious in committee. Of those opportunities he has always availed himself with eagerness, never otherwise than creditably, often very successfully. Perhaps the most effective,

certainly the most comprehensive, speech delivered by him in the house, during this interval, was the one* pronounced on Wednesday, the 5th of March, 1856, in reference to the bill introduced by Sir William Clay, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, the measure by which that honourable baronet designed to effect the total abolition of those obnoxious rates so odious to Dissenters, so dear to the Church Establishment.

Apart from his general ministerial responsibility as the official guardian and conservator of the Parks and Palaces, as Chief Commissioner of that department, Lord John Manners has for some time past, as one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, been especially intrusted with a share in the peculiar responsibility of preserving one of the noblest edifices in the land—that majestic old palace on the banks of the Thames, in which the tars of England find a home in their decrepitude. It is satisfactory, we cannot but think, to remember, in reference to the avowed architectural tastes of the noble lord, now for a second time the Minister of Public Works in Great Britain, that seventeen years ago he penned two contrasting descriptions—here expressive of scorn, there of admiration—descriptions which, though lightly touched in, might soothe the shade of Mr. Pugin, and be regarded even by the fastidious taste of Mr. Ruskin with some degree of complacency. The contrasting passages alluded to occur in the noble lord's earliest publication (*England's Trust*, iii. 103—115):—

“Go! stand in yon old abbey's gloomy aisle,
And mark the glories of that wondrous pile;
Gaze, through the summer evening's solemn gloom,
On mullion'd arch, low crypt, and marble tomb;”—

and so forth, in words dimly delineative of what Coleridge called “frozen music,” or “poetry in stone”—a grand old

* Speech delivered by the Right Hon. Lord John Manners, M.P., on the Bill of Sir William Clay, Bart., M.P., for the Total Abolition of Church Rates. 8vo. pp. 30. Rivingtons. 1856.

Gothic cathedral. Following immediately upon which, comes this faithful outline of the hideous modern conventicle:—

“Then some new stuccoed chapel’s order view,—
The built-up altar and the cushion’d pew;
The mid-way galleries, that just supply
The space required for slighted symmetry;”

and so on through all the dreary characteristics of the self-same scene, long afterwards limned inexorably, as with a pencil of flint, upon a more enduring tablet, by the hand of Robert Browning. Carelessly and faintly though the lines of these pictures were traced by Lord John Manners, very nearly half his lifetime back, they are nevertheless valuable indications of a tender and reverent love for art, delightful to note thus early, and earnestly indicated, by the minister twice chosen to be the custodian of our parks and palaces.

Let us hope much, and as confidently as may be, from his revived ædileship. Heaven witnesses there are reasons enow in our unfortunate metropolis for what has come at last to be almost a despairing aspiration. Nightmares in colossal bronze, raised in mid-air upon our loftiest arches; regal ostlers taking their steeds to water in our most public places; pigtailed old gentlemen rampant upon chargers defying all the blandishments of Mr. Rarey; galleries, in every sense of the word, too low, both in taste and actual elevation, to be the home of High Art; monstrosities everywhere demanding to be cleared away as with the hammer of Thor, or the bludgeons of Iconoclasts—to be replaced afterwards from the designs worthy of some native Palladio or insular Vitruvius. If the noble lord cannot, as by the flicker of a harlequin’s wand, change this brick and plaster London of ours into a lordly city of marble palaces—after the approved fashion of the great classic pantomimist told of by Suetonius—he may at least aid in leading back again through the metropolis the old limpid river of the Thames. He may transform into something bearing the semblance of fountains, two miserable syringes hitherto alternately squirting and dribbling, objects altogether as entirely

dispiriting as they are updeniably ridiculous. He may, beyond this, in the background yonder of that stately spectacle of wretchedness, rear an edifice worthy of containing under its palatial roof-tree the art treasures accumulated on pictured walls and shrine-like pedestals by the wealthiest, if not the wisest, among all the great civilized races of Christendom.

THE END.

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